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BROTHER-HELP:

THE HEROISM OF

HUMANITY AND BENEVOLENCE

IN EVERY AGE.

“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”—MATTHEW, vii. 12.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.



LONDON:
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TO

GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.,

THE MUNIFICENT BENEFACTOR TO THE POOR OF THE METROPOLIS,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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* This name has been misprinted "Hall" in the text.

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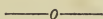
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INTRODUCTION.



“BROTHER HELP!” what a noble subject for contemplation! What a field of human sympathy does it embrace! What a world of disinterested benevolence does it suggest! To write its history, would be to tell of philanthropy in all countries and in all ages, especially of that highest form of philanthropy, the Christian.

“If a man love God, he will love his brother also;” and how many have gone forth into the world’s dark places to manifest this love to their fellow men, through difficulties and dangers, perils and persecutions, and even in the face of death itself? To record their exertions, to set forth their heroic self-sacrifice and unfailing constancy, is the object of this book.

“Brother help” is made illustrious by the noble deeds of public philanthropy, but it also as frequently exhibits itself in the routine of every-day life. Kindly acts abound everywhere; deeds of generosity are as common among merchants as among monarchs. Friendships are as strong in the obscure haunts of poverty, as in the halls of opulence. Indeed, there is no condition in life in which sympathy does not exist, or in which “brotherly love” is not required; for all men are mutually dependent.

Brotherly love is, indeed, the greatest of the Christian graces. It is the spirit of our Lord walking abroad in the earth, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, clothing the naked, giving hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind. Hence have arisen our institutions for the alleviation of human misery, our schools, our hospitals, and our asylums, with all those public charities which are our brightest glory as a people.

Our progress in science has been great, but the greatest of the sciences is the art of doing good, and of doing it in the right way ; and we have still much to learn in this matter. But of this we may be sure, that when our last solemn hour shall come, it will not be of so much importance to us then, whether we have tunnellled mountains, or made the lightnings do our bidding, but rather if we have ministered to the afflicted, and bound up the broken heart ; for it is not what we have done for *ourselves*, but what we have done *for others*, that will avail us on that day, “when the Son of Man shall come in his glory,” and shall say, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me :” for “inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto ME.” Therefore, as a parting admonition, we say, “Let brotherly love continue.”

THE AUTHOR.

BROTHER-HELP.

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CHAPTER I.

BROTHER HELPERS IN EDUCATION.

“Ignorance is God’s curse ;
Knowledge the wings with which we fly to heaven.”

SHAKESPEARE.

—

SIXTY years ago a great moral darkness overshadowed this land. Religion was at its lowest ebb ; the morals of the people were degraded ; the infidelity of the French philosophers and the principles of the French revolutionists prevailed to a great extent among the middle and working classes. The government of these times, no way in advance of the people, was a system of the most abominable corruption, while many of the laws, political, civil, and religious, were a disgrace to the statute book. It may be supposed that the ignorance of the people was correspondingly great ; it was so ; but the rulers found out at last that “ignorance was power,” just as know-

ledge was power ; that the power of ignorance was the power of an idiotic demon, but that the power of knowledge was as the power of an angel of light.

Yet this truth was slow in making its way, and is at this time scarcely recognised ; it was for a long time contended by the highest authorities in the land, by best paid dignitaries of the church, by legal functionaries high in office, and by the majority of the aristocracy, that "ignorance was bliss ;" that the education of the people would be followed by revolution in church and state, and by a total disruption of all the ties that bind society together ; that infidelity would so increase as to be overwhelming, and that the rights of men would be so expanded as to bring down in one fearful crash kings, nobles, and all the influential, from the highest to the lowest. The unpaid magistrates, the county squires, the landed gentry, the clergy, the farmers, all looked upon "knowledge" as their bitterest enemy, and set their faces against it with a pertinacity and determination which would have done them credit in a better cause.

But brother helpers were at hand. There were high philosophic as well as high philanthropic minds abroad, who began to see things in a very different light ; who looked upon education as the mighty lever which was to elevate the masses in the scale of being ; who believed, and that sincerely, that enlightenment was the best handmaid of true religion ; and who thought also, that unless the people were thoroughly instructed in legal, scientific,

domestic, and civil economy, the chances were, that England would go backwards instead of forwards, and that her "decline and fall" would be inevitable.

Then came a mighty contest between the powers of darknefs and the powers of light. On one side were Christian love, truth, justice, and humanity. On the other side were bigotry, falsehood, self-love, and self-interest. Then came the great brother helpers in this cause of promise and of hope, and they were not few nor unimportant. There was Bedford, and Russell, and Brougham, and Denman, and Stery, and Corston, and Sturge, and Allen, Fry, and Gurney; the Bishop of Norwich, and good King George himself, never more sane, and never more clear-sighted, and never more true to the principles which seated him on the throne than when he said, "It is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be able to read the Bible."

The king was at the time surrounded by advisers, who would have been willing for him to have moved in an opposite direction; but the old man had too much good sense in him not to see the small blue speck in the sky, which heralded a bright and glorious sunshine. He emulated the old-fashioned English farmer, was fond of his broad acres, of his hunters and his hounds, of rusticity in more ways than one. He was also self-willed and obstinate; but he had a good deal of common sense, and Queen Charlotte had a good deal too, and so the educators found in George III. a good man and a true, and for his straightforward and bold conduct at this period,

when things swang so nicely in the balance, every friend to enlightenment, improvement, and national progress ought to feel greatly indebted.

Education itself is a subject of such a comprehensive character, that it requires more than can be here said to show its important bearings on society. It is yet in its leading-strings, although a million annually is set apart by the government for its development. We can never succeed in carrying out its benefits, but through practical men—men wedded to the cause from conviction, and who are thoroughly practical in its details; such men as those whose exertions in the cause we feel it a duty to mention; such men as Lancaster and Bell, Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Wilderspin—men that worked at the break of day, through storm and tempest, amid rocks and quicksands, through evil report and good report. In distress, in penury, or the midst of domestic affliction, they were indeed true brother helpers, and their efforts, both theoretically and practically, ought not to be forgotten. The principles they propounded, and the skill with which they carried them out, have laid the foundation of really true and effectual education; for education, to be effectual, must be a combination of the most judicious practices founded upon the science of mind and a due and proper estimate of the human faculties. To legislate successfully for them is to legislate for social progress, for happiness, for peace, for morals, and for religion; for the religion of love, duty, obedience, honest industry, integrity, and usefulness, which it should ever be our aim to promote

by all the means in our power, to the glory of God and the good of man.

The educator, Pestalozzi, was one of the first brother helpers in this cause, and is every day more and more familiar to English ears. It is forty years since his fame reached this country. In the evidence appended to the Report of the Education Committee, in 1818, Mr. Brougham alluded to the school of Pestalozzi at Yverdon; since that time, the principles of the Pestalozzian "method" have been making a gradual but slow progress. The government schools of the present day are greatly indebted to Pestalozzi, as they are to Wilderspin, and it is therefore interesting to know something about the life, efforts, principles, and exertions of this man in the great work of human improvement; for, as we have said, the true educationists are the greatest of brother helpers, for they direct the minds of men to the highest issues.

Pestalozzi was born at Zurich on the 12th of January, 1745, and by the premature death of his father, who was a physician, became an orphan when he was about five years old. He was brought up by his mother, who was a good and talented woman. In his early years his habits were eccentric, and he was quaintly distinguished by his companions by the nick-name of Harry Oddity. He possessed a quiet and almost effeminate disposition, which made him among his schoolfellows at once the object of general affection and the unvindictive butt of their heedless sports. In the bustling games—in the eager sports of boyhood—he rarely joined, and was

inferior in their manual acts of dexterity and quickness ; but he was warm-hearted and tender-hearted, generous and charitable in the extreme—always the first to wipe away the tear of grief, to stay the hand of punishment, to beg off offenders, and to comfort all in their distresses ; and many instances are recorded of his exercise of brother help to his companions as well as to others.

On one occasion, during the troubles that afflicted his unhappy country, a poor woman, who had frequently supplied him with a draught of milk, had her cows stolen during the night and carried away. They were her only support, and the loss of them would have reduced her to beggary. She searched all over the district in which she lived, but found them not, and began to despair of their recovery. Henry heard of her distress, took compassion on her, and started off by himself after the lost cattle. After he had travelled several miles among the mountains, making inquiry of every mountaineer he met, he at last obtained a trace of their track. They had been taken away by some of the recruits going to the frontiers ; the lad followed on their wake, and at last, after two days more travelling, day and night, scarcely allowing himself any time for repose, he came up with the thieves. They still had the cows in their possession, and were driving them before them for the sake of their milk. He boldly demanded their restoration ; the recruits laughed at him, and threatened him with chastisement ; he expostulated, but to no purpose. He was fainting

for food, and begged some of their bread, but they refused him, and inflicted on him a severe beating, at the same time driving him away from the place at which they had resolved to spend the night. The poor lad was compelled to retreat; but he did not go far, for in the middle of the night he arose, when his cruel enemies were asleep, and got possession of the cows, which he drove in the direction of their home, and before the morning dawned he was far beyond the chance of pursuit. He subsisted on the milk of the animals as he proceeded homewards, and at last, after much toil, fatigue, and the want of sleep, restored them safe and sound to their owner.

This was a noble trait in his character, and there were others of a similar kind. He had wandered one evening a considerable distance from his home, for he was a lover of solitude, till he reached one of those rapid rivers which serve as the boundary of some of the Swiss cantons; while he sat musing on the stump of a tree, he heard wailings and moanings on the other side of the river. He was not long in ascertaining from whom the sounds proceeded. They were from a poor woman, the wife of a soldier who had been killed in a skirmish some miles off, who had been obliged to leave the battle field with her two infants, and they were twins, to make her way back to her canton, friendless and forsaken. Near the spot at which they stood, there had been a wooden bridge, but this had been broken down by the soldiers, and there was now no way of crossing the river except at a

ford about fix miles below. The night was setting in, and the poor woman with her twins, in an exhausted condition, had sunk down in despair beside the turbid stream. What was to be done? He called to her as loud as he could to be of good cheer. He had luckily some bread in the bag which he used to carry with him in all his rambles; but how to transport it across the torrent was a difficulty. Observing, however, the trunk of a large tree which had been laid low by a recent tempest, he determined, if possible, to launch it on the stream; by means of leverage, and the use of the branch of another tree, he got it within reach of the stream. He seated himself upon it, trusting to God for protection and success, and launched out into the roaring waters. He was carried a considerable distance down the eddy, but nevertheless landed safely on the other side, remaining with, sustaining, and comforting the mother and the babes, till the following day, when assistance presented itself.

Thus we see, that although Pestalozzi was not one of those bright boys that illuminate school-rooms, astonish pedagogues, and give promise of intellectual brightness, he had that within him which passeth show. Maternal solicitude and love had deeply imbued his mind with religious feeling, and developed in him that spring dew of the soul which waters all our affections and sympathies. Thus, while he was looked upon by those who could neither comprehend nor appreciate him as a being of whom little could be hoped, energies and powers were at work within his heart, destined to be one mighty

engine of moral improvement to his countrymen and to the world at large.

The bent of Pestalozzi's mind was for the ministry; but alas! he was not adapted for that, for his first appearance in the pulpit as a candidate for ordination was a complete failure, owing to his excessive nervousness—a nervousness frequently the accompaniment of a refined genius, as in the case of our poet Cowper. Renouncing, therefore, divinity, he applied himself to the law; here he also fortunately failed: for although the law is a profound and intellectual study, and lawyers are quite equal to other men as regards probity and honour, it was not the right thing for a young man of rare and sensitive endowments. It was, however, while applying himself as a probationer in the law that he first thought upon the subject of education, of its errors both in rulers and teachers, and of its effect upon the people. He was then only nineteen years of age; but, being convinced that a life of idleness was incompatible with intellectual or moral energy, he put himself to a farmer, a man of high intellect and warm heart, who interested himself much for the poorer classes. He now entered upon the small patrimony his father had left him, purchased a tract of waste land in the canton of Berne, in the neighbourhood of Lenzburg, on which he erected a dwelling-house with the necessary out-buildings, and gave it the name of Neuhof, *i.e.* the New Farm. Here he devoted himself successfully to the cultivation of his estate, and in these his brightest days fought and obtained the hand of

Anne Schultheß, a young woman on whom nature and education had vied in bestowing their accomplishments, and who, though the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in Zurich, set at defiance the voice of public opinion, and all the considerations of worldly interest, to share the affections and destiny of a man whom it was her glory to appreciate and understand.

This marriage put Pestalozzi in possession of a share in a flourishing cotton manufactory, and while it thus improved his worldly means, brought him in contact with another portion of the population; and the observations he made among them, and his comparisons of the manufacturing with the agricultural portion of society, brought him back to the conclusion that the then prevailing systems of education were by no means calculated to fit mankind for the discharge of their duties in after life, and the attainment of a tranquil and happy existence, and kindled in him a zeal and energy for which no sacrifice was too great, no difficulty too appalling.

Pestalozzi now thought it a fit opportunity to make the experiment, how far it might be possible by education to raise the lower classes to a condition more consistent with a Christian state of society. His establishment was converted into an asylum, in which fifty orphan, or pauper children, were provided with food, clothing, and instruction of that kind calculated to lead them to acquire those practical abilities and industrious habits by which they would be enabled to keep themselves in a situation favourable to their improvement. His object was to

flow, not how the State might provide for the poor and correct them, but how the poor might be taught to correct themselves. His design was not so much confined to the establishment of a private charity as to effect a reform in the popular education of the country. He wished to purify the affections, which he saw descend into low propensities, to substitute intelligence and true knowledge in the place of cunning and ignorant routine, and to restore to the Word of Truth, which had been perverted into a dead creed, its proper place over the heart and life.

Such were his generous intentions; but his means were in almost every respect inadequate to the task. His knowledge of human nature, and the laws by which it is governed, was deficient from youth and inexperience; on the difficult art of fostering the growth of the young mind he was quite a novice; his establishment required organization—required legislative talents; but these Pestalozzi did not possess.

Pestalozzi entered upon his experiment with the full idea of brother-help in his mind. His heart was charged with goodness: his affections were aroused to the highest pitch, his sympathies excited to the full; but, alas! like many other great men ardent in the pursuit of a grand object which arouses and calls forth the highest efforts of genius, he never calculated the *expense*, or he made false calculations of the return of the labour to be expected of the children. The mixture of agricultural and manufacturing labour, of domestic economy and commercial

operations, had also the effect of bringing confusion into almost every part of his establishment, and concealing from his view the real state of his circumstances. His thoughts were all on the moral means he should employ, and thus his establishment every year became more certain of failure ; and as this circumstance became partially revealed to him, it had the effect of rendering his mind more perplexed, and the distressing apprehensions that at last arose robbed him of much of that calmness and serenity of temper which are indispensable in great enterprises.

The asylum at Neuhof commenced in 1775, and closed in 1790. During the interval, however, Pestalozzi made a series of discoveries, and left a highly interesting record of them in various publications ; but his voice was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness ; his affairs got worse and worse ; his friends laughed at him and reviled him ; his enemies persecuted him ; and his creditors threatened him with imprisonment. The asylum was forced to be broken up, and his condition was indeed truly deplorable. Now was he quite destitute of assistance, treated with ingratitude, and even insult, by most of those he had served ; separated from the few that might have been grateful, cast down by a succession of misfortunes, and tormented by the consciousness of having contributed to them by his own miscalculations, he consumed his days in pain and sorrow, on that spot which he had made the abode of love and mercy, while the cause that lay nearest to his heart seemed irrevocably overthrown.

In this state he lingered, when the French Revolution proved the danger of giving to an uneducated and brutal population political power, and revealed to Pestalozzi the danger of giving an undue impetus to that fickle feeling of the lower classes, which prompts them continually to change their institutions. He now learned that man uncurbed by authority is less likely to attain moral and intellectual improvement than when he is under the wholesome regulations of social institutions; and his mind gradually arrived at the important conclusion, that the ameliorating of outward circumstances will be the effect, never can be the cause, of mental and moral improvement; or, as our Divine Lord expresses it, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you."

Leaving his family behind him, Pestalozzi proceeded to Stantz, where the new convent of the Ursulines, then building, was assigned to him for the formation of an asylum for orphans and other destitute children, and ample funds were provided for making the necessary arrangements. The children presented themselves in numbers; many of them were utterly destitute, and some had not even a place of shelter. The house, however, could scarcely afford this; the walls were damp—it was full of dirt and dust, and scarcely any convenience existed for the development of his plans. Most of the children were in a distressing and diseased state, and exhibited the physical, intellectual, and moral neglect to which they had been exposed. Nor were these the only difficulties

with which he had to contend: the parents distrusted him, from his being a Protestant, many of the children were taken away through their whims and caprices, and Pestalozzi, unsupported by the ordinary props of authority, was treated with contempt as a mere hireling, and was compelled to adopt, as the great instrument of instruction, the extraordinary power of love as the basis of the relation between teacher and child.

While Pestalozzi was thus, in matters of discipline, reduced to the primary motive of all virtue, he learned, in the attempt of instructing the children, the art of returning to the simplest of all knowledge. He was entirely unprovided with books or any other means of instruction, and in the absence of both materials and machinery he could not even have recourse to the pursuits of industry for filling up part of his time. The whole of the school apparatus consisted of himself and his pupils, and he was therefore compelled to consider what means should be used for the accomplishment of the object he had in view: the result was, that he abstracted himself entirely from those artificial elements of instruction which are contained in books, and directed his whole attention towards the natural elements which are deposited in the child's mind. He taught numbers instead of cyphers—living sounds instead of dead characters—deeds of faith and love instead of abstruse creeds—substances instead of shadows—realities instead of signs—he led the intellect of children to the discovery of truths through the application of their faculties, which he sought not to

cram and overlay with scholastic jargon, but to develop and strengthen, and thus he led them to the apprehension of truths which, in the nature of things, they could never forget. Instead of loading their memories with a collection of words, he made them acquainted with the great facts of nature; instead of building up a dead mind and a dead heart on the ground of a dead letter, he drew forth life to the mind and heart from the fountains of life within, and thus established a new art of education, which to follow requires, on the part of the teacher, the highest philosophy, the acuteest observation, the keenest tact, and which cannot be had for sixty or seventy pounds a-year.

Thus, in the midst of his children did Pestalozzi forget that there was any world besides his asylum, and as their circle was a universe to him, so was he to them all in all. From morning till night he was the centre of their existence; to him they owed every comfort and every enjoyment; and whatever hardship they had to endure he was their fellow sufferer: he partook of their meals, and slept among them; and in the evening he prayed with them, before they dropped into the arms of slumber. At the first dawn of light it was his voice that called them to the light of the rising sun, and to the praise of their heavenly Father. All day he stood among them; his hand was daily with them, joined in theirs; his eye, beaming with benevolence, met theirs, beaming with joy; he wept when they wept, and was glad when they were glad; he was to them a father, and

they were to him as children. Such love could not fail to win their hearts; discontent and peevishness ceased, and between seventy and eighty children, whose disposition had been far from kind, and whose habits had been anything but domestic, were thus converted in a short time, by the principle of sympathy, sustained by religion, into a peaceful family circle in which it was delightful to exist.

But, alas! war, that curse of the human race and of everything good and humanizing, destroyed again the hopes and aims of the educator. In the summer of 1799, the Austrians took possession of Italy, and Pestalozzi was forced to abandon his interesting experiment at the moment when it began to promise the fruits of success. Disappointed at seeing the works of his hands suddenly destroyed after the greatest difficulties and dangers had been conquered, and the reflection that the enemies of the cause had now an opportunity afforded them of reviling and ridiculing what was on the point of being established upon the evidence of incontestable facts, preyed heavily on his mind, and in a fit of despondency Pestalozzi fled into the solitude of the Alps, and amidst the rocks and steepes of the Gurnigal sought rest for his weary soul and health for his exhausted body.

But he did not long remain inactive in seclusion, but again determined to resume his experiments. He applied to the Helvetic Government, and, in consideration of his past services, was granted a pension of about thirty pounds a-year. He then went to Burgdorf and obtained access

to one of the public schools, with liberty to try his experiments. The school itself, however, remained under the management of its former master, who, eyeing his new colleague with great suspicion and some jealousy, contrived in a short time to get him removed. He was soon after admitted into a school of infants, and was left at full liberty to try his plans on children between the ages of three and eight, and the good dames gave him full sway over their little innocent barbarians.

This, however, did not last long. Fusher, one of the Under Secretaries of State to the Helvetic Government, a friend of education and the experiment, had been directed to organize the schools at Burgdorf, and he thought of Pestalozzi, and to him the castle of that place was assigned as a teacher's seminary; but the plan was delayed from time to time, from want of funds, and, Fusher dying, Pestalozzi was left without official employment; he therefore united himself with a schoolmaster named Kruefi, who was intrusted with the care of twenty-eight fatherless children of Protestant descent, who had been driven by war from their native soil. After Fusher's death, Pestalozzi and Kruefi formed a union of their schools in the castle, the possession of which the central government now transferred to Pestalozzi.

Here he set to work under difficulties of every kind; but, through the intervention of some members of the government, in the beginning of 1800 he was enabled to announce the opening of an establishment which con-

tained twenty-fix pupils. Of these about one-third were the sons of the representatives of the principal cantons of Switzerland; another part belonged to the wealthier class of tradesmen and agriculturists, and the rest were the sons of respectable families, reduced by misfortunes, who were placed under Pestalozzi's care by friends or relatives, some of whom he also admitted at his own charge. Nor was this all. Not forgetting the claims of the poor to brother-help, he founded also an asylum for orphans, which was to share in all the educational and domestic advantages of the great school.

Pestalozzi was now in the zenith of his success. It is a fact, of which the life of almost every distinguished man affords evidence, that the great mass of the public, who are dull of comprehension and slow to acknowledge merit, are in the same proportion offensively lavish of their admiration as soon as a man rises thoroughly above them. Such was the case of Pestalozzi; he who had been ridiculed, spurned, ill-treated, and sneered at, now that his star was a little in the ascendant was extolled to the skies as the man of the age, and so high ran the tide of popularity in his favour, that he was chosen to be one of the deputies sent to Paris in 1802, in order to form a new constitution for Switzerland.

After some other vicissitudes, the school of Pestalozzi was transferred to Yverdon, situated on the south end of the Lake of Neufchatel, and here he laid down a comprehensive plan of instruction embracing every branch of human knowledge. His leading principle was to

begin with the education of the senses and to work through them to the understanding, which is a natural progress, and to build up the Christian soul through the word of God and the sympathies of the heart. Perhaps the educator kept the child too long in sensual instruction—perhaps he intellectualized too abstractedly—perhaps he refined away the straightforward motives and principles of the Gospel; but he did certainly make a grand effort for the humanization of his pupils, for extending the Saviour's kingdom of love, holiness, and truth, and for the adoration of the great and good Creator.

One of the favourite branches of study with the pupils of Pestalozzi was singing. He made it subservient to the affections. The cheerful songs with which his youthful choir saluted the rising sun, or the lonely breezes of returning spring, or the bounty of the harvest, were true hymns of praise, adoration, and thanksgiving. Nor did they omit to bear reference to their brother man. Christian love, Christian fortitude, Christian hope, and Christian resignation, formed many of their themes; and, like the harp of David of old, the evil spirit was exorcised by the music of the youthful choir.

But Pestalozzi was of too comprehensive a mind, he went too thoroughly against all deep-rooted prejudices; the image-makers were in danger, the scholastics were jealous of him; they felt their occupation gone, or if not gone, in excessive danger. Personal enemies also surrounded him, and a vile wretch, one Joseph Schmid,

whom the great man had taken into his house from motives of charity, began to revile and ridicule him who had saved him from destitution. This is not an uncommon case; for gratitude is built upon a high superstructure of the soul, and few attain thereto. At first, this wretch's operations were all covered; but after Mrs. Pestalozzi's death, in 1815, he threw off the mask completely, and set himself up in opposition to all Pestalozzi's oldest and most faithful friends, and soon drove them away one after the other from his side. Mrs. Niederer was assailed by the basest calumny, and the educator himself was accused of all sorts of crimes, not even omitting that of blasphemy. He was accused of making himself a second Saviour of mankind, because his pupils called him the "master," and his peculiar mode of instruction the "method," and his philosophy the "idea." His enemies rallied and made fresh head against him, stimulated by those aspersions; all his follies were resuscitated, all his mistakes—and they were not a few—brought up again to ruin him. No institution could stand against such an attack; it fell into disorder, for the good man's heart was broken, and his energies were destroyed.

Thus was Pestalozzi, at the age of eighty, overwhelmed with grief and sorrow of the most intense kind, and with mortifications more bitter than any he had ever before experienced; but his courage in this severe trial did not forsake him; the consciousness of his having been impelled by worthy motives through the whole of his career

supported him ; the reflection that the whole desire of his heart had been the brother help of his brother man ; that for this he had renounced all worldly profit or the accumulation of wealth, lightened the heavy weight of his misfortunes. He remained calm, and hopeful, and trustful, in the midst of all his sorrows, and God, who is ever merciful, and knows when to take us from the world he has sent us to illuminate, released Pestalozzi from the heartache and all the natural shocks that flesh is heir to, on the 17th of February, 1827, at Brugg, in the canton of Basil, and his mortal remains were interred in the ground which owed its fertility to the vigorous exertions of his ripened manhood.

Such is the outline of this brother-helper's life. It is, of course, out of our province to go into the merits of his educational system ; but this we may say, that the spirit of his method is destined to live in this and in other countries, because it is a spirit of love and disinterested goodness. The only difficulty in its application is to find educators completely imbued with his thorough Christian philosophy. The task which he undertook will not be accomplished in one or two generations ; but the seeds are sown and will germinate, because they are in unison with the Gospel. The infant-schools have already dipped into the spirit of Pestalozzi's "method ;" the government schools are following in their wake, and although very much at sea at present, and utterly inadequate to the requirements of the nation, may, if not stifled by the weight of official interference, or made

vehicles of patronage and nepotism, after a while succeed in getting hold of a truly philosophical as well as practical method of physical, intellectual, and moral training.

The educational career of Fellenberg is equally interesting to us at the present day, connected as it is with the improved and improving state of education. His principles were in part identical with those of the great "master," as he was called, and the field of operation was Switzerland. The principles he enunciated are best given in his own words.

"We commence our work," he says, "with the conviction that the destination of every child is indicated by Divine Providence in the natural turn of his mind, and that no educator should allow himself to misapprehend or prevent, according to his own contracted ideas, that which the Creator has ordered in infinite wisdom; so that, by drawing forth the faculties, both intellectual and moral, with a view to society, he may fulfil the duties which Christianity imposes upon it in reference to every child that is born within its limits; and the most important object of the teacher should be to preserve as much as possible the child-like innocence of the pupil, and that cheerfulness which is its inseparable companion. *The child should be brought up to desire, in the security and joy of his heart, the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and to feel the warmest interest in their happiness.*

"In order to accomplish these objects, he who educates must, gentle as the Saviour himself, be willing that little children should come to him, and bless them when they

come by the exercise of his love. The great end of being should be the great aim ; and this object is to be obtained by presenting, as early as possible, to the study of the child the two great books of God—the book of creation and the book of redemption, with one other—the book of God's providence, as seen in the ways of men : that is, in history. This being carefully and effectually done, where is the being who would not rise from the life that now is towards that which is to come ? and who would not do homage in humility and prayer to the great Almighty, and fulfil the ends of his being in duty to his fellow men ? Every sound system of education must rest on the instructions of Jesus Christ. The best example for the educator is found in the Saviour of men, and in the result we should aim at no other object than the realization of the kingdom of God, to which he has directed mankind."

Such were the amiable views of a man who, in spite of his patrician birth, felt it a higher dignity to call around him the poor, the depressed, and the ignorant, for the purpose of making them love each other, and of being useful to each other, and to set forth the love of God by the love of man ; and he commenced the execution of his theory by associating two or three poor boys with the children of his own house. Finding that his plan was practical, he proceeded upon a more extended field at Nofwyl, six miles from Berne, the capital of the canton of Switzerland, situated on a high elevation in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills. The Jura mountains

form its northern boundary, and its southern is the Bernese Alps. It is surrounded by a valley of about eighty feet deep, from which it is separated from the neighbouring villages. The village itself was formerly a private country seat, but, being purchased by Fellenberg at the close of the last century, it rapidly rose in importance, and now, (1835), forms a little village containing nearly four hundred inhabitants, exclusively under his control. It comprises; 1. A farm of about 600 acres; 2. Two workshops for the fabrication or improvement of agricultural instruments, and of clothes for the inhabitants; 3. A lithograph establishment and printing-press, in which music and other things are printed; 4. A literary institution, for the education of the higher classes; 5. A practical institution, for those who are destined for trade; 6. An agricultural college, for the education of the labouring class.

On entering the village, an open square, or rather playground, presents itself, furnished with instruments for gymnastic exercises and a hillock of clean sand on which the younger boys exercise their ingenuity in building castles. The square is surrounded on three sides by the building devoted to the literary institution, and sheltered on the west by a little wood composed of a variety of trees, which serve as a place for botanical observations, and as a retreat during the heat of summer. In pleasant weather the lessons are not unfrequently given here, in arbours furnished with seats for the purpose.

The principal building on the east court was inhabited

by eighty pupils, under the constant superintendence of Fellenberg and four of his sons. The basement story is occupied by the kitchen and store-rooms, the first floor is divided into four sections by the halls, which traverse the buildings in length and breadth. One of these sections is occupied by the superintendents, another by the dining-hall and music-rooms, a third and fourth by the chapel, and three large rooms for study. The second floor is devoted to class-rooms, the library, and the collection of casts. The third and attic stories contain the dormitories for the pupils and chambers for the superintendents. Between twenty and thirty instructors are employed, most of them professors of considerable eminence, who have no necessary connection with the pupils, except during the hours of instruction.

Beyond the Literary Institution is a second court furnished for gymnastic exercises, and on the east side of this are gardens assigned to the pupils, as a means of amusement and exercise. At a little distance, on the side of a hill, is a circular cold bath of hewn stone, ninety feet in diameter, and ten feet deep, in which the boys are taught to swim.

On the west side of the court is the château, or family mansion, and in the rear of it are two buildings occupied by twenty or thirty pupils of the Practical Institution, and still farther to the rear is a second cold bath of stone, only two feet deep, designed for the use of the younger pupils. Adjoining this is a building 150 feet long, the lower part of which forms a sheltered avenue for riding and driving

and gymnastic exercises in bad weather. The upper stories are occupied by the class-rooms and dormitories of the Agricultural Institution, in which the children of the labouring classes are taught practical agriculture, and receive three or four hours of instruction daily in the common branches of education. One of the chambers in this building contains a small collection of metals and minerals, and of wild and cultivated plants from the neighbourhood, together with two models of clay made by the pupils themselves, representing in relief the surface of Switzerland.

One of the most interesting branches of the Institution at Hofwyl is the colony of May Kirk, at the distance of five or six miles. It consists of eight or ten poor boys, who were placed under the direction of a teacher, on a spot of uncultivated ground, from which they were expected to obtain the means of sustenance. It was designed as an experiment on the practicability of providing for the support and education of destitute orphan children. Mr. Duffer gives the following notice concerning it :—

“It was a beautiful day in the month of August, 1832, that I accompanied M. Fellenberg on horseback to see the little colony of which I had heard so much. We quitted Hofwyl, and, after passing some rich cultivated land, ascended the Jura ridge of mountains. In an opening of a pine forest, looking down upon a beautiful view, with the glaciers of the Bernese Alps in the distance, stands a moderate-sized cottage, built after the Swiss

fashion, with all the appendages under the roof, surrounded by about seven or eight acres of ground cultivated with all the neatness of a garden.

“With a joyous but yet anxious look, my venerable companion seized the rein of my horse, bade me be silent, and go in. I did so, and found twenty little boys at their lessons round a table. I had not been in an instant before M. Fellenberg followed. All the faces beamed with joy, and every little hand was stretched forth to catch that of its benefactor. No father returning from a voyage could have been welcomed with greater joy, and no children could have had their welcome returned with more parental affection. It was one of the most pleasing and touching sights ever witnessed. Twenty-five boys, the eldest not above thirteen years of age, were inhabiting together a cottage which had been entirely constructed by themselves, and their comrades who had preceded them. It was a neat comfortable dwelling, at a distance from any other habitation of man. In the room first entered was the fuel for the winter, neatly piled; hard by lived the cow, and close to the cow-house was the kitchen, where a large marmot spoke that well-directed industry, even in this spot, so little favoured by the riches of nature, could earn its wages—subsistence—and that of no despicable description. Above the kitchen was the dormitory, with the agricultural implements neatly arranged round the walls, while the bedsteads were constructed of the rude unpolished timbers of the forest. The boys were, as before said, in the school-

room, where they went through many of their exercises before us. The library did not contain many books, but one of them was a German translation of Robinson Crusoe. The boys had sunk a well, and after conveying the water in a running stream through the house, directed its course in such a manner as to irrigate a portion of their meadow. The garden was a terrace of earth thrown up by dint of labour. When I considered that only a short time before the whole of this was occupied by a forest, and that no hands had been engaged in clearing it but the little ones I saw, and those of their fellows who had preceded them—when I considered the barrenness of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood, and beheld the productiveness of theirs, and when I considered the beautiful scene I had witnessed between the little workmen and their master—I felt convinced that nothing but a benevolence and intelligence of the first order were necessary to reclaim both the inhabitants and the waste soil in our own country.

“The agricultural or rural school was not less interesting. It was a primary object with Fellenberg, on its establishment, to render labour honourable, to inspire the pupils with an attachment to the soil they cultivated, to lead them to find happiness in the enjoyment of their faculties and in the result of their labours. They were taught to find resources of intellectual occupation and employment in every process of labour, in every soil they till, in every plant or insect they encounter, in every change they observe in the air, or the earth, or its pro-

ductions, and were especially led to recognize in all, the hand of the Deity—to acknowledge his blessings.

“Their physical education rests upon the same principle as that of those who are destined to literary pursuits—the most simple methods of living, and the habit of performing for themselves all that the cleanliness and comfort of their rooms, for lodging, eating, and instruction, require. They are also exposed to wind and weather, go bareheaded at all seasons of the year, and barefooted in the summer. Their beds are of straw and their clothes as homely as possible, but always kept whole. Their food, which they cook themselves, consists, like that of every Swiss peasant, of soup, vegetables, bread and milk, and meat once or twice a-week, and wine, which is not quite so good as our cider, at the grand festival of harvest home. The healthful aspect of the lads, their strength and activity, speak forcibly for this mode of training.

“The daily routine of the school was as follows:—The pupils are awakened at five o’clock. Half-an-hour is allowed for washing and making their beds. After a lesson of about an hour they say their prayers, and breakfast; here the task of each individual is assigned for the day by their teacher, Vehrli. At eleven they return to dinner, and then have a second lesson of an hour and a half. At five or six, according to the season, they have a lump of bread and a third lesson of an hour and a half, and at seven they sup. An assembly is then held for the service of the day, which is closed with devotional exercises, and the younger pupils go to bed. The elder again

receive instruction, or occupy themselves in a useful manner. During the winter, when the employments are not sufficiently active, they pass an hour in the evening in gymnastic exercises.

“During the summer they are occupied almost entirely with the labours of the field, proportionate to their capacity and strength. The youngest are employed in gathering stones and weeds; ten or twelve hours are now devoted to labour, and three or four to instruction when circumstances allow. During hay-making and harvest, instruction is omitted, and the pupils have sometimes volunteered to labour seventeen hours daily. The time that is not devoted to field labour is employed in making straw mats, ropes, netting, and the like. As an additional occupation, as well as a useful one, all the pupils are taught to sew, so far as to mend their own clothes, and this they do at various odd spare moments.

“In addition to this, every pupil has some part of the household economy intrusted to him. One lad, for example, is assigned to keep each of the rooms clean, another to take charge of the tools, another the slates; and, in order to give the habit of responsibility and regularity as well as to accustom them to occupation, their tasks are arranged and superintended by three persons called the household council, and are changed every three months, in order to accustom them all to each branch of duty: even the little children have some task assigned to them, that they may imbibe the same spirit and the same habits.

“They are all also furnished with opportunities and inducements to voluntary labour on their own account. Each of the younger boys has a little garden spot for vegetables, and another for flowers, which he cultivates himself in leisure hours, and he disposes of the produce as he pleases. If he sell them to the establishment, they are credited to him, and he is paid at the end of the year. A fruit tree is also assigned to every two or three boys, who take care of it, and dispose of the fruit in the same manner.

“An annual pedestrian journey in the mountains of Switzerland forms an important addition to the means of improving the physical as well as the intellectual faculties. The pupils are divided into parties, each under the care of one of their teachers. The length and nature of the journey, the daily distance to be travelled, and other circumstances, are proportionate to the age and vigour of the parties. Each one who is able carries his own flock of clothing in a knapsack, and they are taught to content themselves with the humble lodging and scanty fare of real mountaineers. They are even inured to fasting. Their excursions sometimes extend over a fortnight or even longer, and the boys are left very much to their own resources, and are exercised in all the difficulties of mountain travelling—in climbing precipitous rocks, leaping dangerous chasms, chasing wild animals, and catching fish in the mountain streams. Thus they are prepared for more real activity of life, while they are exercised in difficulty and danger—the best school for

man—and thus on their return to their studies, labours, and duties, they feel invigorated and refreshed. The higher class pupils had a most comprehensive plan of classical, mathematical, and general instruction—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, the Continental languages, History, Philosophy, Science, and the great round of what goes by the name of Natural History ; that is, the great facts and features of the sentient world. But Fellenberg required religious instruction as the principal, the most essential part of education, to which all others are auxiliaries. He deemed that every branch of study, every amusement, should contribute to the great end of moral development. He thought religion and morality naturally interwoven, and that it would be no less unreasonable than hazardous to present faith without the duties which it involves. At Hofwyl, therefore, the natural evidences of religion went hand in hand with the Gospel revelation. Every appearance of nature which exhibits the wisdom, goodness, and power of God, was with a faithfully conducting hand made to bring the child or youth continually nearer to the invisible Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor. Every favourable moment was seized to lead the pupil to reflect on the superiority of the works of God over the works of man, in their beauty and perfection, and in the display of skill and wisdom which they exhibit. When the mind is once filled with this idea, the transition is natural and easy from the human manufacturer to the Divine Creator—from the imperfection that marks all the pro-

ductions of the one, to the perfect fitness and perfection of the other.

“In proportion,” says Fellenberg, “as the conscience becomes awakened and attentive, we must lead the pupil by means of its voice to the supreme Judge, and to an intimate consciousness of the existence of the Deity. As he proceeds, we must direct his attention to that which passes within himself, and lead him to observe with wonder and adoration the infinitely kind and wise hand whose operation he cannot but perceive in many events of life.”

Without the relation of man with man the moral law has no application, nor can it be fully comprehended. We may become accessible to the voice of the laws which regulate our intercourse with our fellow men, only so far as they appear before us. Thus the pupil is taught, in the little world of children in which he lives and acts, to look for every example of abstract truths. The occurrences of the day, the errors, the failings of themselves, the spirit which has reigned in their studies or amusements, are taken as themes of observation, tending to establish or illustrate some moral principle, duty, or deformity, and thus the pupil is prepared to observe man in a more extended sphere of action, and to reason and judge without embarrassment concerning more important relationships.

In establishing the Institution at Hofwyl, Fellenberg resolved to cherish religion by all the bonds of brother-help and brother-love, and he therefore avoided

all strictly sectarian doctrinal instruction, and Catholics, Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, were all to be found under his roof. He considered it hazardous to present the difficult dogmata of any sect to the mind of a child. But he gave full scope to all the doctrines of the sacred Scripture, and omitted none, and public worship was celebrated in a reverential and truly devotional manner. Yet some were not satisfied with this. They would have specific doctrines introduced—not merely contending for the broad universality of the Gospel, original sin, the sacrifice of Christ, the Spiritual birth, the joys of heaven and the misery of hell ; but they would have pressed upon him doctrines of which the Scriptures afford but vague and uncertain evidence, and no proof ; and thus it was that this good man, like many other good men, had his efforts maligned, his character assailed, and his great system, founded upon the love of God and the love of man, savagely attacked. High dignitaries of religion levelled their fiercest shafts at him ; political as well as religious intolerance attacked him violently, and did all in their power to bring his system into obloquy and disrepute. But Fellenberg contended successfully with his malignant opponents, and nothing tended more to his success than the fearless, open, uncompromising spirit with which he advocated his principles.

Such is a brief outline of Fellenberg's system, his noble example of brother-help, and of the comprehensive principles by which he was guided. There is a great deal in the detail to awaken the heart and the mind of

the meanest to a power of doing good, second to none. There is not a country squire of the most obtuse intellect, or of the most refined dilettanteism, who might not gather from these pages how to do good extensively among his tenantry. Nor is there a clergyman of the Church of England, active, benevolent, and sensible as they are, who might not very considerably improve his flock by drinking in this philosophy of the soul and conscience, and by seeing that the education afforded in the village-school was one that appealed to the sympathies, the reasoning powers, and the daily duties of its scholars. To the higher classes of teachers in this country, whether they move as Heads at Cambridge or Oxford, at Eton or Harrow, at Shrewsbury or Bedford, there is much for them to learn—a great move is making—but there is yet a great deal to be accomplished. Education is not yet out of its leading-strings—the Government schools need as much reform now as the old institutions of thirty years ago did then. The true spirit of the method is not yet awakened : they exhibit much of body, but little of soul, much of the form, but little of the life ; and unless care be taken, notwithstanding that the enormous sum of a million of pounds sterling is voted for educational purposes, all will be a failure ; the true men of education are wanting for the work—for a system of nepotism has driven them from the field, and the whole of the great scheme is in danger of being a focus of patronage. But with this, brother-help has little to do. We rather call upon all those who have the means and the opportunities

to do the best they can in the several spheres, great or small, that surround them. The lord, the baronet, the squire and the squireling, and above all a good clergyman, can do more individually than the Government, and upon them lies a heavy responsibility. The harvest is great, but the labourers are still few. Let us pray that the Lord will continue to send fresh labourers into this great field of human improvement, and in answer to their exertions and their prayers bless them with success.

The name of Joseph Lancaster stands at the head of the best of those who, with noble self-devotion, gave themselves up to the education of the poor; and it is beyond question that the exertions of this individual in this scheme of Christian love will be productive of more extraordinary changes in the history of mankind than can be effected by the greatest legislators and conquerors. And it is remarkable, and yet too common to make it remarkable, how humble are the instruments whom God chooses to employ in bringing about those changes which, in his moral government of the world, are deemed by him necessary and beneficial to his creatures. If ever there was a man called from the lowest haunts of poverty to be a burning and a shining light, and an instrument of good to those sitting in darkness, intellectual and moral, it was the man of whom we speak.

Joseph Lancaster was born and brought up in a street which, of all others in London, was at the time of his birth, and is at the present day, one of the most wretched in the metropolis. It contained the haunts of prostitutes,

thieves, and vagrants. It was Kent Street, Southwark ; and in one of its small houses, little better than hovels, lived Joseph's father, who had been a soldier, and was a sievemaking by trade. The earliest recollections we can obtain of Joseph are derived from those who, sixty years ago, were personally acquainted with him. It appears that in his early years, although born in the midst of wickedness, he had a great antipathy to it. He was of a reflective, serious turn of mind, and was at the same time possessed of much originality of character. He had a good mother, who taught him to read at an early age, and his father, although reduced to such a degraded neighbourhood, was a hard-working and honest man. Joseph has been known to declare that from his earliest days something within him told him that he was born to do some good in the world, and his heart was moved to pity and compassion by the sin and misery he saw around him. He was fond of reading, and studied the Bible night and day. After a while he felt the spirit within him calling upon him to preach to the poor people around him, which he did from the threshold of his father's miserable habitation. By some his admonitions were received with favour, by others with ridicule ; and he got pelted and persecuted. He attached himself to no sect, and, indeed, knew of none. He seemed to be a natural-born Quaker, looking to the Spirit of God alone as his guide and director. Joseph was charged with a want of orthodoxy, and such a hubbub was raised against him that his more serious hearers took alarm, and left him to the

merciless ruffians, who pelted him with mud and filth, and who assaulted and abused him as he walked the streets. Disgusted with the treatment he received, he left his home with no one but God to direct him—started for Portsmouth on foot, walked the whole of the distance, subsisting as he could by the way, he scarcely knew how, and at fifteen years of age entered, as boy, on board a man-of-war. Here his activity recommended him to the captain, who behaved kindly to him ; but he had not been long on board before he began to preach to the sailors as he had preached to the blackguards of Kent Street. He made converts, and became a centre of evangelical light between-decks ; and he used to read his Bible to a little group of sailors, in a dark corner, by the obscure light of a ship's lantern, while others were drinking grog and singing "Dibden's Songs." He was somewhat imprudent in arguing the pacific principles of the Gospel, and spoke about the wickedness of war, and the sin of slaying a fellow-creature. This was worse than heresy or blasphemy on board ship, and set the captain against him. The Methodists were at this time doing great things in England, and by a very large and very influential class "Methodism" was looked upon as bad as "Atheism," or republicanism, and as likely as either, or both, to overturn the established order of things. Joseph was persecuted in every possible way ; every trick was played upon him that funny sailors could invent—and Jack's imagination is particularly fertile in this particular at all times ; so that, at last, the captain, finding

the ship's company in a state of disorganization through Joseph's apostleship, took the opportunity one night of setting him ashore on Portsmouth Hard, with some salt junk and hard biscuits, his clothes, tied up in a bundle, and a guinea in his pocket, which he gave him, as he said, to go and set the Thames on fire.

Joseph came up to London, but with no intention of setting the Thames on fire. He went to his father's house, but found he had removed to a house not far distant from the place where now stands the monster Tabernacle of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon—whom God bless and prosper—and here he formed his first project of opening a school for poor children in a little room at the back of his father's house. His terms were fourpence a-week, and he soon filled his little room. He then added to his first room a second, and so successful was he as a teacher, so kind and considerate and indefatigable, that children crowded round him to receive the benefit of his services. Among those who came to him for instruction were many who could not pay. Joseph thought those who could not pay must be more in want of education than those who could, and therefore he took care that they at least should not be sent empty away. This was generous, nay, it was something more, it was magnanimous; but for it he had to live upon short commons, and almost to deny himself the common necessities of life. He admitted more than half his scholars free, and the "cry was, Still they come!"

After a while, finding his scholars increasing, Joseph

took a house nearly opposite where the normal schools of the British and Foreign School Society now stand. His fame as a schoolmaster was increasing—the benevolence of his disposition, his kindness to his pupils, had gained him a name. Children flocked to him, and some came from great distances. He soon filled the lower rooms of the house, and had more and more applications. There was a long narrow garden, inclosed between two high walls, at the back of the house; he covered this over with canvas to keep the wet out, and made a school-room of it, and admitted all who came till he filled it. He had hitherto conducted his school after the old plan, giving each scholar what instruction he could, and then leaving him for others; but being, from the natural benevolence of his disposition, loth to turn children away, he organized a plan by which he made the boys *teach one another*; *i. e.*, the older and more advanced boys were set to instruct the less advanced. To carry out this idea, he soon found it necessary to organize a complete discipline, directing his scholars by word of command, and marshalling them through their scholastic duties. Classes properly graduated were formed, monitors were appointed, various kinds of educational machinery invented, and scholastic aids resorted to, old and new. But the great feature of the new system and of Joseph's establishment was, that all were taught to read the Bible. No other book of religious instruction but that was allowed in the school; no creeds, no catechisms, no tests; all were freely received, all freely instructed, of whatever

creed, sect, or religion they might be. Thus he went on solely, singly, with his heart, his conscience, his soul in the work. Still new scholars presented themselves, and every now and then, as circumstances rendered it necessary, a new temporary roof over the garden walls and a few bits more of old canvas were put in requisition to keep out the wet, which they did very imperfectly.

Thus he went on: his system was becoming famous; and then it was that a noble man of the Society of Friends, one Joseph Sturge, came forward as a brother helper; a good woman, equally noble, presented herself at the school, saw its merits, and resolved to help also. This was Mrs. Fry. She solicited her immediate friends and connection, and succeeded in obtaining about twenty-six guineas to pay for the education of the boys Joseph had educated for nothing. Soon after, the then Duke of Bedford and Lord Sommerville made a private visit to the school, and that nobleman at once saw the important theory that it involved. He saw that it comprised the education of the whole of the people of England and of the world. He was delighted with Joseph's plans, organization, and manners—for the educator was as noble in his bearing as he was in his projects—and he did not leave him without a very handsome donation for educational purposes.

A subscription was now commenced for the purpose of building a school-room of proper capacity. But a vast deal of apathy was experienced on the subject: many feared that the people would be made too intelligent;

that a community was born to work, not to think ; that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing ; that to put education into the hands of the people would be like putting a sword into the hands of a maniac ; and that people who were taught to read and write and cast accounts would not work—that they would use the knowledge so gained to read wicked books or to commit wicked forgeries, or to falsify accounts. Others feared that religion would suffer. Some of the early subscribers also hesitated ; the popularity they sought by connecting themselves with the good movement was likely to be overwhelmed by public clamour, and they ratted. One did not like to take the responsibility of standing first in a subscription ; another, very properly, did not like to stand before his father, who was out of town ; a third was indisposed ; and a fourth, a man of great wealth, could do nothing till he had consulted his wife, who foresaw that, if girls were educated, they would not be fond of household work and domestic slavery, but would go off as milliners and dressmakers. But the good old Quakers were staunch, and the Duke of Bedford was staunch, and Mr. Brougham came into the field, and a subscription was soon after raised, to the amount of about six hundred pounds. The school-room was extended, and in a short time afterwards, not more than six weeks, the school presented nearly eight hundred scholars, organized, drilled, disciplined, and conducted by himself and by monitors chosen from the boys, the first of whom was Thomas Harrod, one of the most devoted of men to

his friend and master, Lancaster, and the most efficient boy master of the school.

Every one prophesied, except those few who were practically acquainted with Lancaster's energy and the number of his expedients, that he would be overwhelmed with noise and confusion; but the school presented the greatest order and discipline, and, although deficient in some particulars, set before the world the pleasing and beautiful spectacle of nearly a thousand children in one room receiving instruction from one man.

Joseph's labours were not limited to the schoolroom; he loved the lilies of the field, the wild hedgerows, the woods, the meadows, and the commons. He knew that to bring his pupils into contact with a beautiful creation was a part of instruction. Therefore, at stated intervals he led his monitors and boys into the country—in the hay harvest time, in the corn harvest time, in the nutting season, and even in the snows of winter, that they might see and enjoy the loveliness of nature. During these excursions, Joseph was a boy among boys: he ran with them, jumped with them, and rolled in the hay with all the delight of a youthful urchin. He was indeed not more than six or seven-and-twenty at this time, handsome and well proportioned, with a noble countenance such as Michael Angelo would have loved for its grandeur, and Da Vinci for its sweetness. His country excursions gave health and delight to all those who took them, were a fine relaxation from study, and to many of the pupils, some of whom had never seen an ear of corn, and did

not know how it grew, it afforded a knowledge of nature such as they would not have received in any other way. Many an amusing and laughable account of these exploits have come to the writer's notice, all of which had a powerful tendency to brace up the nerves, soften the feelings, and sweeten the tempers of the young people.

The success of the school being now established, it was proposed to raise a fund for the training of masters for such schools as might be established in different parts of the kingdom, and a considerable sum was raised for that purpose; while, for the school itself, new subscriptions came in rapidly. The liberal party in the country determined that the people should be educated, knowing that an educated and enlightened people alone were the best supporters of all political improvements. King George III. with that straightforward independence and firmness of purpose which distinguished him as a king and a man, gave Lancaster his patronage and support. He admitted him to a personal interview, when he exhibited his system in part before the king and queen, who were both delighted. The king, upon parting with Lancaster, uttered a noble sentiment: "It is my wish that every poor child in my kingdom may be taught to read the Bible."

Joseph Lancaster now travelled all over the kingdom, and gave lectures on his system to crowded auditories, Harrod being left in charge of the school, which he conducted with great efficiency. He also set up schools in various places, supplying deficiencies with money taken

from his own pocket and the proceeds of his lectures ; but at length he became embarrassed, and was obliged to put his accounts into the hands of others, and from that time he was no longer a free man—the inevitable consequence of getting into debt. He was now “cabin’d, cribb’d, confined” in his movements, his mind was distressed and perplexed, and he either was or fancied himself ill-used. He was indeed terribly afflicted and beaten down, and in one of his letters to Harrod, he says, almost despairingly, “My, God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?”

He was indeed as a brave warrior beaten down to his knees. A report was industriously circulated that the king had withdrawn his patronage, and before he could well recover this blow, a more decisive one was hurled at him from one of the dignitaries of the church. The Archdeacon Daubeney had before preached against him as a dangerous innovator and fower of heresy ; he now raised his voice against him in the walls of the cathedral in solemn denunciation. Had he possessed the power he would have inflicted upon him the curse of Ingulphus. He warned his brethren to be on their guard against the projected improvements in the education of the poor. He accused Mr. Lancaster of excluding from his plan the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel necessary to salvation. The plan itself he stigmatized as calculated to answer no one purpose so much as that of amalgamating the great body of the people into one deistical compound, and he designated the founder of the system as one who, in those

days of rebuke and blasphemy, had become the author of a deceitful institution, the whole secret of which was for the purpose of neutralizing all established opinions, consisting in the rejection of all peculiar tenets, and the adoption of a kind of *Philosophical Deism*; an institution which called to mind the crafty design of the *Apostate Julian*! He finally declared his firm conviction that the arch enemy of mankind had an interest in the new system of education, and that poor Lancaster was his emissary and apostle upon earth!

It must not, however, be supposed that the church entirely sided with the fiery archdeacon. There always have been and always will be, and the number is increasing daily, good, great-hearted, liberal, independent, and pious men in the church, who from love to their Heavenly Master's cause are ready, even against their own personal interests, to stand up for what is right, without regard to persons or parties. The right Rev. Dr. Bathurst, then Bishop of Norwich, who, to the many proofs of his philanthropy, which his pastoral life afforded, felt it his duty to espouse the cause of the educator—he and other dignitaries of the church, and a large number of clergymen, declared for the Lancasterian system, and some preached local sermons for the benefit of schools founded on Lancaster's plan.

But the most formidable opposition arose from Dr. Bell, who in 1797 had published a pamphlet entitled "An Experiment in Education made in the Asylum at Madras." This pamphlet detailed a plan of putting a school

under the charge of the elder boys, and Lancafter was charged with stealing his plan from him, and foisting it on the world as his own. The book of Dr. Bell was republished, and the war raged between the partizans of Bell and Lancafter for some time, and much acrimony and bitterness were displayed on both sides; and that excellent body of people, the Society of Friends, of whom Mr. Lancafter was one, fell in for a portion of undeserved censure and even abuse from those who thought themselves friends to church and state, but who were, in reality, their worst enemies. It would have been well if the contending parties had called to mind the acute remark of the Roman moralist: "That the name of the inventor of a thing does not so much belong to him who first conceives the idea of a thing, but rather to the man who exerts himself so indefatigably and so fearlessly, and calls out so long and loudly that *he compels mankind to hear him.*"

Dr. Bell, after his first publication, in 1787, was not even heard of till Lancafter had established his schools half over the kingdom, and it was proved that Dr. Bell's monitors were not boys teaching other boys, but young men of eighteen years old, whom we are in the habit of calling "ushers." It however led to good. The National Society was formed, and has been and still continues to be a powerful engine in the education of the people. The clergy at the present time are as zealous in the cause as any of the other religious bodies, and for the most part exhibit the greatest liberality in the conduct of their

schools, without any reference to sectarian opinions. It is a great pity they did not do this at first.

Poor Lancaster never recovered from his embarrassments, although his friends continued to support him. He was a ruined man in heart and purse, his spirits failed him, and he met with many mortifications. He was offered a guinea a day to continue in the drudgery of his school, which was sufficient for his wants; but he who had been a lecturer before kings and princes, and who had his mind fixed upon developing his system, thought his energies should not be tied down to the school form—it was stupid to expect it. He continued to struggle with difficulties which do not find a parallel in the history of benevolent undertakings, and was at last arrested for debt.

He struggled on for some time after this, raised a little money, and opened a school near London on his own account; but this fell through for want of means. He was again in difficulties. His school no longer bore the name of Lancasterian; this was expunged by his helping friends, and was a severe blow to him, and in a fit of the deepest humiliation and mortification, and of utter disgust, he embarked for America; here, to the everlasting credit of the Americans, he was cordially received, had state honours conferred upon him, and a small pension granted him. He busied himself by lecturing on and establishing schools in various parts of the New World, and was beginning to grow old. A subscription was raised for him by his former friends and supporters, but he spurned it with indignation, and refused to receive a farthing of it.

This seems to have been the last act of his life ; for, very shortly after the subscription was tendered to him, he, upon crossing one of the streets of New York, was knocked down by a passing vehicle, which sad accident ended in his death.

Such is a very brief outline of the exertions of a poor young man, in the cause of intellectuality, truth, and goodness. I hardly know if, taking it as a whole, it is a stimulative. In a worldly point of view, Lancaster would have done better had he stuck to his fourpenny school, hoarded money, let it out at high interest, and circumvented his friends and neighbours. Thank God, all do not so. Thank God that the true worth of a man is not according to the weight of his dirty gold. Thank God that the true measure of a man is not in the length of his purse, and that he is not gauged by the extent of his worldly success. Our reward is not here ; an approving conscience, a conviction that we have endeavoured to do our best "in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us," is our only reward in this world ; beyond, the true recompense of worthy exertion is to be found, where One who took man's nature upon him, to do and to suffer, to bear the world's reproach, bitter cruelty, and scorn, is seated on the right hand of God, with open arms to receive all those who have believed in his name, walked in his steps, and taken his yoke upon them. Farewell, Joseph ! the Lord was with thee, is with thee, and shall be with thee for evermore !

The name of Hall stands also foremost among those

“brother helpers” who have exerted themselves in their own domestic sphere, and within the immediate circle of their influence. The late John Hall was a man of the most active benevolence, and exerted himself in every way for the good of his fellow creatures. In the year 1825, being deeply convinced, by personal observation, of the large amount of ignorance, and its companion depravity, in the counties of Bucks, Berks, Wilts, Herts, and some of the more outlandish parts of Middlesex and Surrey, he set to work, with a vigour almost unexampled, in providing the means of education for the destitute population of those places. Having made various journeys for the purpose of ascertaining for himself the state of the neglected towns and villages of these counties, and having obtained a mass of the most appalling facts in justification of his views, he at once determined upon soliciting the aid of his own immediate friends, and of those benevolent persons, principally of the Society of Friends, ever zealous to do good. In the course of seven years he raised a very considerable sum, the greater part from his own relations, and succeeded in bringing not fewer than 10,000 children within the means of a religious and useful education. At this period it was held to be dangerous to give the children of the poor any but the most meagre sort of instruction; reading, writing, and arithmetic were imperfectly taught, but all other kinds of knowledge were strictly prohibited. The Bible was considered to be the best book, which it no doubt is, for the teaching of religion, and it was thought the only

book necessary for all the other purposes of school instruction. Mr. Hall was the first to see that the community at large required knowledge of a secular kind, and in the schools which he founded he ensured the teaching of history, geography, grammar, natural history, and the leading branches of social science. He not only founded, and in fact endowed his schools, but he became their constant visitor and examiner, testing and proving, from day to day, the results of the good he had attempted. No single individual, from the time of Joseph Lancaster, ever did more for the cause of education; and what he was enabled to do was not because of a superiority of genius or intellectual endowment—not because of eminence of position—not from a love of fame, or a hankering after the world's applause, but from a sincere desire to do good, and from the delight he experienced in the great and important work. It was he that first saw the degraded condition of teachers, and he was the first to set on foot a plan for their benefit; and it was he who first saw the necessity of an especial training to fit them for their important duties. He was especially the father of such persons; he fostered those who exhibited the least signs of energy and talent, gave them encouragement by sympathy with their labours, and rewarded them by his bounty.

Nor was this all in the character of Mr. Hall which gave him the title of a "brother helper." He was anxious for the spiritual good of the community. He published, at his own expense, in a cheap form, *Porteus's*

“Evidences of Christianity,” which he distributed gratis, in large numbers; likewise several books on cottage or garden economy, and Franklin’s “Way to Wealth,” all of which were gratuitously distributed among the poor working men and labourers wherever he went. He also published the “Philanthropic Repertory,” being suggestions to the benevolent on doing good in the right way. The work might have been called “The Handy Book of Philanthropy.” The plans he introduced into this work were of three kinds: 1st. Those relating to popular education—the establishment, management, and discipline of schools, hints for teaching and teachers; 2nd. Those relating to provident institutions; 3rd. Plans and suggestions for benefit institutions of a general nature. The first section comprised dame schools, infant schools, cheap village schools, day schools for manufacturing and populous districts, sabbath schools, moveable school-rooms, agricultural schools, seamen and fishermen’s schools, libraries for schools, libraries for colleges, perambulating libraries, and the like. The second section comprised district societies, benefit clubs, loan societies, self-supporting dispensaries, &c.; and the third section, among other suggestions of the highest importance, both in a national and social point of view, contained also hints for the formation of a Christian Benevolent Society, for the purpose of ascertaining the educational, domestic, and social wants of the labouring classes, with a view to their improvement on the sound principles of philosophy and philanthropy.

Here, in a volume of a hundred pages or so, was brought forward a vast amount of information on the right way to do good ; and there can be no doubt of this little work giving not only a stimulus, but a direction also, to the labours of many persons desirous of assisting their fellow-creatures. Clergymen and dissenting ministers profited largely by the suggestions contained in this little work, and many of the most efficient institutions in cities, towns, and villages arose from its emphatic and practical teachings. The late Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, warmly approved of Mr. Hall's plans, and recommended them to the notice of his clergy. So also did the late Bishop of Bath and Wells, and many of the inferior clergy. It was not the will of Divine Providence that Mr. Hall should live to see the effect of his endeavours to do good realized, but his example may be a stimulus to others to follow in the useful path wherein he walked.

On one occasion, Mr. Hall, after being at a school public meeting at a place called Chesham, was returning home in his gig late at night, when his horse was suddenly seized by a man, and another came towards him with a bludgeon, threatening death if he did not deliver his purse. The good man, without being in the least alarmed, said, "Though thou talkest so loud and lookest so fierce, thou wilt do me no harm ; let me put this medal round thy neck for bad behaviour," at the same time taking a school medal from his pocket, suspended by a ribbon. The man at the horse's head called out, "Don't touch him, Tom ! don't touch him ! he is the

school man—leave him alone : for God's sake, don't touch *him*, or we shall go to perdition if we do !” The man nearest to Mr. Hall lowered his bludgeon, and the former fellow called out, “Beg your pardon, fir ; we didn't know it was you. My boy goes to your school, and I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head if I was to swing for it. Good night, fir, God blefs you !” and so the men departed—affording one more instance of the power of a good man over the minds of the evil and the desperate, and thus giving us encouragement to walk honestly and courageously in the path set before us.

Every one must have heard of Mr. Wilderspin, the inventor of the infant school system. He, too, was born in poverty, brought up with little or no education, and in his early life followed some of the most laborious occupations. When a very young man his attention was called to the state of education among the poor, and he saw that education was required for “infants.” He went down to Lanark, where Robert Owen, of infidel principles, had founded one of his “communities ;” and he there saw an attempt being made to train infants as a separate body from the other children ; but the school was without order, method, or discipline, and religious instruction necessarily formed no part of it. Wilderspin came back to London, and commenced his labours at Brewer's Green, Westminster, assisted by a few friends, among whom was the present Lord Brougham, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Zachary Macaulay, Thomas Babington, and others. Here he assumed a systematized

method of instructing infants, and visitors from all parts flocked to see the pleasing novelty. Upwards of 200 children, under six years of age, received instruction in one room, and displayed the most perfect order and happiness. The principles which guided Wilderspin were sound and philosophical, and founded on nature. He did not cram the minds of his pupils with words, but with a knowledge of things. He gave lessons from nature—from common things rather than from books. He trained and developed their moral feelings, excited their sympathies, and taught religion by example. He beautifully illustrates his own method of management in the following account of the commencement of his operations. The sense of vision being the principal inlet of the mind, seemed to be the grand secret of infant education. He says—

“Most of those who had been entered as pupils did not come at the time my labours commenced, and we had, after much exertion, an entirely new brood. These came on the Monday morning, and as soon as the mothers had left the premises I attempted to engage the affections of their offspring. I shall never forget the effort. A few who had been previously at a dame school sat quietly, but the rest, missing their parents, crowded about the door. One little fellow, finding he could not open it, set up a loud cry of ‘Mammy, mammy!’ and in raising this delightful sound, all the rest simultaneously joined. My wife, who, although reluctant at first, had determined, on my accepting the situation, to give me

the utmost aid, tried with myself to calm the tumult, but our efforts were utterly vain. The paroxysm of sorrow increased instead of subsiding, and so intolerable did it become that she could endure it no longer, and left the room; and at length, exhausted by effort, anxiety, and noise, I was compelled to follow her example, leaving my unfortunate pupils in one dense mass, crying, yelling, and kicking against the door. I will not attempt," he continues, "to describe my feelings, but, ruminating on what I then considered egregious folly, in supposing that any two persons could manage such a large number of children, I was struck by the sight of a cap of my wife's, adorned with coloured ribbons, lying on the table; and, observing from the window a clothes-prop, it occurred to me that I might put the cap on it, return to the school, and try the effect. The confusion, when I entered, was tremendous; but, on raising the pole surmounted by the cap, all the children were instantly silent, and looked up in mute astonishment; and when any hapless wight seemed disposed to renew the noise, a few shakes of the prop restored tranquillity, and perhaps produced a laugh. The same thing, however," he wisely remarks, "will not do long." The charms of this wonderful instrument soon vanished; but he had got the key of the position—visible illustration; he had found the clue to the proper training of infants. It was evident that the senses of children must be engaged; that the grand secret of training them was, to descend to their level and become a child.

Some of the facts brought forward by Mr. Wilderspin during his early career are very instructive and touching. Little children have great sympathy. He says he can truly say that he does not recollect a single instance in which punishment—such as holding up a broom—has been inflicted on a delinquent, but some of the others have come and attempted to beg him off. “Please, sir, may he sit down now?” and when asked the reason why they have asked the little offender to be forgiven, they have answered, “Maybe, sir, he will be a good boy.” And he says, “I have often been convinced that children can operate upon each others’ minds, and be the means of producing, very often, better effects than adults can. I have seen them clasp a child round the neck, take him by the hand, lead him about the playground, comfort him in every possible way, wipe his eyes with their pinafore, and ask him if he was not sorry for what he had done; when the answer has been ‘Yes,’ then they have flown to me. ‘Master, he says he is sorry for it, and that he will not do so again.’ In short, they have done that which I could not do—they have so won the child over by kindness, that it has caused the offender not only to be fond of them, but equally as fond of the master and the school.”

Equally impressive are his remarks on moral training, and the illustrations he combines with them. He asks, Would it be of any benefit to a child’s health to teach it to repeat *certain maxims* on the benefits resulting from exercise? Neither can it be of any service to the moral

health of a child to teach it to repeat or to store in its memory the best maxims of virtue, unless we have taken care to exercise an activity of virtue. How frequently persons utter their surprise at the bad conduct of their children, and say they have been *taught better*, and ought to *know better*; they forget that they have not, by working on their sympathies and affections, their brotherly love, trained them to virtue. The heart must be affected, not by kind words, but by kind actions. One kind action influences a child more than a volume of words; words appeal only to the understanding, and frequently pass away as empty sounds, but kind actions influence the heart, and, like the genial warmth of spring, disperse the mists which cold treatment has engendered in the moral atmosphere. Let children feel that you love them, and they will love you, for love begets love. Without the engendering of sympathy nothing can be done. Example is the great teacher: it is by the force of its magnetic influence alone that true goodness can be awakened. Example acts as a talisman on the innermost powers of the soul, and excites them to activity.

“The great defect in the human character,” he says, “is *selfishness*, and to remove or lessen this, is the great object of moral culture. How happy were mankind, if instead of living each one for himself, they lived really and mutually for each other! The perfection of moral excellence cannot be better described than as the attainment of that state in which we could really love our

neighbour as ourself. The prevalence of self-love in our character will be very obvious to those who have to do with children ; and it is this passion that they have to eradicate by lessons of brotherly love, brother help, and sympathy. The children may be brought to feel that for them to impart happiness is for them to receive it ; that by being kind to their little schoolfellows, they not only secure a return of kindness, but actually receive a gratification themselves for so doing ; that there is more pleasure in forgiving an injury than in resenting it. The love of our neighbour is the great point to attend to : self-love and social are the same.

“ In the work of moral culture, it will not only be necessary to watch the child’s conduct under the restraint of school discipline, but at those times when it thinks itself at liberty to indulge its feelings unobserved. The evil propensities of our nature have all the wilyness of serpents, and lurk in their secret places watching for a proper opportunity of displaying themselves, and of coming forth. Children must be taught in the *playground* as well as in the schoolroom, for it is there that they will show the true bearings of their character. The playground may be compared to the world. If they are fond of fighting and quarrelling, it is there they will show it ; if they are artful, it is there they will seek to practise their cunning ; if they are kind and affectionate, it is there that some little incident may be made use of to call it forth. It is in the playground, then, that the good teacher should make use of all his observant and

reflective powers, for the purpose of training up children in love one to another, teaching them the law of right and wrong, and of doing to others as they would others should do to them.

“The reasoning faculties of children are also to be developed by this system, and advantage is taken of their little fallings out to teach justice. It may happen that little John has built a structure of bricks—which constitute the chief plaything of the establishment—the finished operation is watched by Peter, and, it may be, envied; the spirit of mischief being upon him, he approaches, and, by a slight touch of the foot, overthrows the building. John, perhaps, is patient, and with a gentle reproach merely sets himself to rebuild the house, or he is a fiery child, and gives Peter a blow on the face. The teacher has witnessed the whole transaction—the most guilty, as he always finds, complaining first and clamorously. Thus does Peter, loudly lamenting his slap on the face, but carefully concealing his intromission with the brick building. The bell is rung for a jury trial; Peter, emboldened, repeats his charge, and the jury agree that it was very wrong of John to slap Peter on the nose; but it is stated by the master that such questions have two sides—should not John be heard? The justice of this is unanimously allowed, and John, for the first time, lets out the fact that Peter kicked over his octagon. An instantaneous reaction takes place in his favour, and Peter, when asked if he kicked over John’s octagon, unwillingly admits the fact, but pleads that he only gave it

one kick—to which he receives a reply that he only got *one* knock on the nose. The verdict is now against Peter, but as it is the general opinion that he has already been punished, the *children of the jury* themselves propose that the parties should kiss each other and return to the playground with their arms round each other's necks!

“There are in infant schools continual displays of kindness towards each other among the children, of forgiveness of injuries, of the returning of good for evil, and of the contrition for error, and a refined moral perception and liveliness of conscience, that are admirable and astonishing. One out of many instances may be mentioned. A child who had in a fit of passion struck his little schoolfellow, was brought out by the teacher and placed on a stool before all the assembled infants. His crime was told them—that he had been beating his little schoolfellow. Silence ensued—an expression of mingled pity and astonishment appeared on every countenance. ‘What must I do to him? Should I let so naughty a boy go unpunished?’ Several voices answered, ‘No, sir.’ The little offender, who was of a very proud disposition, stood in full silence. Again the teacher put the question, ‘What shall I do with him?’ A little tremulous voice replied, ‘Forgive him this once, if you please, sir.’ It was the injured little boy! I was delighted beyond expression, and my delight was still more increased, when on turning to the obdurate offender, whom the prospect of punishment could not move, I found him in tears; the power

of love had melted his feelings and awoke a sense of wrong, and confession of it, which ended in his being seated again by the side of his generous and forgiving schoolfellow. What could have been more noble, more dignified, than this behaviour of a child not more than six years of age?"

Such a system of instruction, such a judicious plan of moral training, ought to have procured for its inventor and promulgator the highest honours and emoluments, especially when it is considered that Mr. Wilderspin did not content himself with merely dotting down the thing in a book and publishing it to the world; he did what was of far more importance—he carried it out practically in the school-room, and trained teachers in his theory and practice. And more than this; he went about from town to town throughout the length and breadth of the land, trusting to none but God to aid him, and to nothing but his own very slender resources to carry him onward from day to day. His lectures were sometimes very poorly attended, and he was put to the greatest straits. At other times, through the active benevolence of clergymen of the Church of England, who were always his friends, and among the first to acknowledge the claims of his system, he was enabled to make some progress. But he had hosts of enemies; many were jealous of him from the mere circumstance that he was a man who had invented a great and good thing, while others laid claim to his invention or insisted that he was not the author of it, endeavouring at the same time to fix upon him the

infidelity of Owenism, and to blast his reputation in other ways. Some of the infant schoolmasters whom he had trained, and who were indebted to him and his system for their daily bread, were the most bitter of his enemies, and took every means to blast his character and fame by the vilest vituperations, while, as it was afterwards proved by a rigid investigation, both were without the slightest stain. But this opposition did him serious injury. The philanthropists took alarm. Schools were founded without the aid of his practical genius, and failed from the utter incapacity of the teachers employed. This brought his system into disrepute, and his great improvements, in the way of moral training, were in danger of being lost for ever. But the poor man worked on; his health had been greatly shaken from a series of domestic troubles; he had several illnesses, and sank lower and lower in poverty. He was of too noble a disposition to beg or to complain, and it was by accident, as some would call it, that the author of this book found him in the greatest distress in a mean lodging at Hackney. He was at the lowest ebb when God raised him up friends. The writer of this immediately took up his case, and the first person written to was the late great statesman Sir Robert Peel, who, touched with brother love, immediately replied in a way worthy of his high fame, and sent him a handsome donation. The man was saved by the prompt and generous act of the prime minister. Other friends now came forward; the teacher was on his legs again, and hard and resolutely at work.

He worked on with renewed vigour for some time, but, his health again failing, a subscription was set on foot for his relief, and to purchase him a small pension. The good Scotch people came nobly forward, as did many of our English noblemen and others. But, although more than a thousand pounds were collected, this sum would secure but a very small annuity, and the Government was applied to, who, much to their credit, granted him a pension of one hundred pounds a-year, which, in the decline of life, he now enjoys, with the inward satisfaction of having done something to do the world good, and of standing in the glorious list of "brother helpers."

With such men and their exertions before us, with a Government disposed to carry on the noble work commensurate with the requirements of the age, we are encouraged to hope. But we must not look to systems or to theories, but to men. The schoolmaster, the teacher, whether of the high or the low, has a mission to fulfil. On him, under Providence, depends the destinies of this mighty empire. "The child is father to the man," and he who forms the mind of the child, forms, to a great extent, the future individual; and in the present times the formation of the individual character moulds the character of the age for good or evil. The fertility of literature, the progress of machinery and industry—whose benefits indeed ought not to be lightly valued—and the advance of commerce through free-trade principles, have concurred with every other circumstance, to give an extensive appetite for the acquirement of wealth. In

every city, in every country town, in every village, the leading man in the place is not he who is the most enlightened, or he who has the purest morals, but he who has the most money. Money ! money ! is, alas, the mainspring of our actions and our efforts, the first divinity of our modern idolatry. At the present day the most sublime conquests are made by the cunning speculator ; and the finest monument of our national superiority is the “ Lady of Threadneedle Street,” with her numerous family of joint-stock provincials, while the grand aim of our unceasing toil—the slavery of money-making—is to feed vanity, and “ make a show ;” to make believe we are more than we are, by good dinners, fine houses, splendid equipages, and bedizened flunkeys. But the possession and preservation of our mere social, sensual, or corporeal existence is not the end of life. The true end is the life of humanity, that life in which Christianity displays itself the most entirely. That life is an atmosphere of good created by its energies, and sustained by the Giver of all good. Thus it is that moral education should be held paramount to the physical and intellectual. The being who lives only to satisfy the exigences of sense is an *animal*, and if his intellectual powers are used simply to perfect his earthly existence and to increase his sensual pleasures, he but places himself among the first rank of *animals* ; and he only becomes MAN when he gives up the sensual and the intellectual to the control of the moral, when he acknowledges that the great aim of his life is virtue, and the great glory of

his soul is religion. In the same manner, an aggregate of men given up to animal life is a *herd*, but one degree removed from brute natures. When the physical and intellectual powers are combined, and numbers join themselves together for mutual protection against hunger, cold, and foreign aggression, it is a tribe or clan; but when numbers combine together for the development of justice, truth, and goodness, through wise and beneficial laws and institutions, it then becomes, in the highest sense of the word, a *nation*.

In such a nation law and justice will become identical, and will assure every man of his rights and liberties. Public freedom will not consist in cross-grained liberalism, but in the recognition of the great social principles of government; and religion itself will not so much be kept alive by the perpetual warring of sects and parties in or out of the pale, and the conflicting of personal views or interests, but by the genuine spirit of an unfeigned piety, and a noble disinterestedness walking in moral majesty through the land. For this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, we want "brother helpers" in every department of the body politic, through the machinery of the church, the law, the magistracy, the representation, and through every local institution down to the village schoolmaster; who, though last, is not among the least of the world's regenerators.

From a thousand institutions, say we let such men go forth as missionaries of thought, ripened by profound meditation, and ennobled by a holy disinterestedness;

such men, instead of teaching others to live by dark and deep expedients for the sake of acquiring riches, will show them how to walk with singleness of eye, forward and straightforward in the light of day, for eternal riches. Capable of every sacrifice, except the convictions of conscience, such apostles of truth and righteousness, whether from the pulpit, the bench, the counting-house, the shop, the factory, or the field, will in the end renovate society. Rich in the true treasures of the soul—wisdom and religion—and fired with the sublimity of patriotic virtue, they will go forth like Him upon the white horse—conquering and to conquer.

The harvest is indeed great, but the labourers are few; let us pray that the Lord will send labourers into his harvest. The country still lieth in darkness; ignorance prevails, vice prevails, libertinism prevails, cupidity, covetousness—nay, even infidelity—to an alarming excess prevails, although her nakedness is veiled from the gaze of day. Much has been accomplished, but much still remains to be done. The friends of education must not expect centralization, and the power of patronage, to go far in a work which requires the free spirit of philanthropy to walk abroad. A Government always does too much when a people do too little. Neither morals nor education, any more than religion, can be propounded *ex cathedra*, or “dogmatically,” or through “Government office regulation;” they must be sustained by the spirit, energy, and devotion of the people themselves. Without their hearty union, all the plans and systems of Govern-

ment will become like a body without a soul, which speedily turns to corruption, and must be buried out of sight; but, with a people's cordial co-operation, education, if thoroughly Christian, will become the powerful lever of levers to the elevation and benefit of mankind.

CHAPTER II.

BROTHER HELPERS IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

“There is no cause,
 Save the cause of Liberty, can justify vain man ;
 But she baptizes the mailed brow with glory,
 And sanctifies the naked sword, when drawn
 With holy virtue for the immortal mind
 And righteous conscience.”—MARTIN.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their seasons of misfortune. Like them, prosperity enervates and adversity strengthens their constitutional individuality. The slavery of a nation is like the slavery of a single man, repugnant to nature, and an insult to the great and good Being who made man free; and hence it has been found that wherever the proud foot of the oppressor has trod, sparks of liberty have flown up in his face, and the blackest period of the night of tyranny has been the dawn of freedom in all countries and in all ages. The voice of God was heard by Moses in the bush on Mount Horeb, and he was commanded to lead his people out of the house of bondage; and mighty indeed were the works by which God manifested his power of deliverance. The rivers were turned into blood, and the firstborn were

slain. Then opened the Red Sea a passage; then were overwhelmed the tyrant and his host; then God sent bread from heaven to his people, while he still guided them onwards by a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, till he brought them, with hymns of joy, of triumph and thanksgiving, to the Promised Land.

The history of the Exodus of the Israelites is a lesson for tyrants of every grade; but they have ever been slow to profit by it or even to understand it. Through the brightest ages as through the darkest, people of every clime have been deprived of their natural rights, and fearfully degraded, till rebellion has become a virtue. Then have arisen some of the greatest "Brother Helpers" of mankind; and hence it is that the most elevating passages in the history of our race are those national resurrections, as we may call them, in which the popular spirit, that had seemed extinguished, has suddenly shot up into a blaze, and the cause of liberty and independence, after having been given up for lost by almost all men, has been raised from the dust and set on high by one man's patriotism, which no despair could quench. Even if human life were a mere game, every such rebound of a people from depression and degradation would be pregnant with interest and excitement. But the occasion is always one on which far higher qualities are called into exercise than mere skill and dexterity, or any kind of talent or knowledge. Ability, great and varied, there must be, of course, but the sustaining inspiration of the effort is always the moral grandeur and strength which

the crisis develops, both to individuals and in the heart and soul of the nation. Of all other means and resources by which contests among men are influenced and decided, there is generally more store in the hands of the established tyranny, than in those of the young power that attempts to throw it down; there is no reason, at least, why the counsellors and generals of the former should not be fully the equals of those of the latter in political wisdom and military service, while with armies and the whole material strength of war, they are much more likely to be plentifully provided. If the issues, therefore, depended solely or chiefly upon the conflict of physical or intellectual elements, the chances would always be greatly against the success of even the most righteous insurrection. But the life and best might of such a cause is its *moral force*. "Twice is he armed that has his quarrel just;" besides the blessing of Heaven, which may in that case attend him, his sense of his cause being a just one, is as good to him as another right hand, and braces every fibre to double vigour. On his side, too, everything is at stake. The struggle is not for mere power or glory, but for existence itself, or for all that makes existence dear. Hence the care, the vigilance, and activity of leaders and followers; the circumspection and economy in all things; the quick seizure of every advantage; the great deeds that are achieved; the important ends and objects that are attained with the scantiest means. Hence, a perseverance to the death for it is "brother-help" in its noblest form; hence, a tenacity of purpose which nothing can put aside; hence, a

greatness of endurance which fatigue, and hardship, and loss, and peril, only strengthens and hardens. Then it is that the contest is crowned with victory, and that moral force triumphs over the physical and intellectual, and freedom is secured.

It is cheering, also, to observe how often it has happened that a national regeneration of this kind has been essentially the work of a single individual. The circumstances, in all such cases, may be said to have called forth the man, and also provided him with the means of accomplishing what he did ; but still, without the man to turn them to account, the circumstances would have existed to no purpose. They were at most the ready instruments, which, with all their aptitude, would have been dead and useless had they not been taken up, forged and welded, by the living hand. It is cheering, we say, to perceive in this way what one man can do. It helps to keep alive that faith in goodness and in right, which each of us is in danger of losing in this artificial state of society, when the individual seems to be wholly swallowed up in the throng, and justice and truth are confounded. Nothing could be conceived better fitted to train mankind to any yoke of bondage to which it might be attempted to subject them, than the extinction of all strong belief in the efficacy of individual exertion, and the general diffusion among us of the conviction that each individual in the system of society was no better than one of the units of a battalion, or a helplessly revolving spoke in one of the wheels of a great machine.

Of ancient and modern nations, almost every one has, at one period or another of its existence, been served and saved by individual men. Moses, Brutus, and other heroes of ancient date, set examples never to be forgotten. Of the modern European communities, almost every one has been served and saved in the manner of which we have spoken. Thus, Spain has had her Pelayo, England her Alfred and her Cromwell, Scotland her Wallace and her Bruce, Sweden her Gustavus Vasa, Switzerland her Tell, France her Maid of Orleans, Portugal her Alphonso Henriques, Holland her William of Orange, America her Washington, and Italy her Garibaldi. These were individual minds of strong faith, of exalted hope, and of boundless universal charity—the charity that feels for “brother-man,” on the grandest scale, and a faith that sees and believes in the helping hand of God; that believes in the triumphant force of right over might, and in the supremacy of the great moral instincts of our nature, through which nations as well may work out their own salvation and deliverance from tyranny, if so they will.

The story of Lucius Junius Brutus and the expulsion of the Tarquins, inspires us with a love of freedom in our very boyhood. It is a subject of intense interest, uniting as it does, the beauty of female chastity with the highest sacrifice made upon the altar of public good. The noble Roman, almost in the infancy of Roman power, after having freed his country from public as well as private tyranny, was ready, although his heart wept blood, to sacrifice his two sons to secure the stability of the re-

public. He loved his country better than his children. The other Brutus, no less heroic and no less self-immolative, loved his country better than his dearest friend, and Cæsar fell at the base of Pompey's statue. It is the fashion now-a-days to look upon these instances of heroic action with an eye somewhat askant and doubtful, and to look upon the great liberators of ancient days as very simple-minded gentlemen, acting from an infatuation or an impulse neither reasonable nor justifiable. To such persons the soul-stirring story of Virginius, and the beautiful and innocent Virginia—the sacrifice of an only daughter by a righteous father to save her from pollution—is only to be regarded as a fine event, well worthy the histrionic powers of a Macready, and no more. But with us such instances of heroism have a deeper meaning; they tell us that there is something in this world higher than the world itself, that patriotism is no name, that duty is no clashing cymbal, and that virtue is something more than a penny trumpet. The love of country is the love of brotherhood on a large scale; the amelioration of a nation's condition is brother-help in its most comprehensive meaning. It is well for us, even in these days of shilling novels, that we can follow with interest the world's political benefactors. First on our list stands the noble Alfred, not vainly called the Great. He was born a king, but almost without a kingdom. The state to which he had succeeded called him not to power and enjoyment, but to severe toils, to sharp trials, to anxious responsibility—for the invader was mighty in the land,

and the people groaned under his sway; and, as is said by the Saxon historian, "The inhabitants of one county dared not to give assistance to those of another, lest their own family and property should in the meantime be exposed by their absence to the fury of these barbarous ravagers. All orders of men were involved in this ruin, and the priests and monks, who had commonly been spared in the domestic quarrels of the Heptarchy, were the chief objects on which the Danish idolaters exercised their rage and animosity. Every season of the year was dangerous, and no man could esteem himself a moment in safety because of the present absence of the enemy, for he could rule from afar as well as near."

There is nothing more beautiful for our contemplation throughout our annals than this period. With a country prostrate, debased, and devastated, Alfred, young as he was, had fought by his brother's side throughout the terrible contest. Having become king he fought battle after battle, employed stratagem after stratagem, made sacrifice after sacrifice, now victorious, now defeated, but never discomfited or subdued. At length, in the year 878, the Danes succeeded in overrunning and occupying nearly the whole of the fertile English counties; the young monarch became a fugitive, and he is said to have taken refuge with one of his cowherds. We are told to laugh at and disbelieve the story of the burnt cakes and the scolding of the thrifty housewife, not because it is unlikely, but because it is *infra dig*. But true or fabulous as this story may be, such was the depth of

depression to which England was at this time brought, that all hearts quailed and all spirits seemed to fail. Everything was in the hands of a foreign enemy, the courage of the people was quite broken, all resistance, or thought of resistance, was at an end, and it was all but a complete conquest. The invaders were wholly masters of the country; and Alfred, so far from having the poorest remains of an army, had not even a soldier left.

But despair never entered his noble heart; he felt that the whole energies of an oppressed people had centred there. On a little bit of dry ground which then rose in the midst of the now drained marshes formed by the waters of the Thone and the Parret, he posted himself. Here, like a magnet of attraction, he drew towards himself hearts great and magnanimous as his own; here was once more a rallying point established for the scattered friends of the king and the country. From this focus of brotherly union courage again revived. A host of patriots went forth, inspirited by a love of God, of Christ, and of their country, to expel the idolater, the oppressor, and the invader from their shores. It rained blood for a time; the rivers and the sea coasts, the mountain torrents and the gentle rivulets of the vale, were crimsoned by the mighty strife, and the bones of dead men paved the way to a mighty deliverance. The invaders were driven from Wessex and the inland places, and beaten to the sea coasts.

And now arose out of this grievous adversity of the time the power which, from then until this day, has made

England the glory of the world. It is to Alfred that we owe our navy, and his navy, like ours, was more than a match for whatever opposed it. Gunboats of mail are now the fashion of the time, and in the Armstrong gun we have a weapon of offence and defence such as the world never saw ; but mightier than the most ponderous missile, and greater than the thickest plate of mail, is the spirit that lives in us, and which was born in those great days of the Saxon Heptarchy. It is in this that, after all, we must trust, for this depends upon God, and has faith in truth and righteousness.

In looking at the career of this truly great prince we are not more struck by his military power than by his civil capacity, and we see in his history how a noble mind, big with the spirit of freedom, is as equally a benefactor to his country in her social system. Alfred not only subdued the Danes, but he instituted just laws ; he not only achieved military renown, but he established peace and security throughout the land, while he diffused the gentle spirit of Christianity into the humblest cottage. Thus it was that he earned to himself the epithet of "Great," which has descended with his name ; for he is not only one of the greatest princes that figure in history, but, in every point of view in which he can be regarded, one of the brightest characters that ever adorned human nature.

Next on the list of brother helpers to their country stands the name of William Wallace, dignified by the name of the Hero of Scotland, a name of which he was

in every way worthy. This noble patriot was born about the middle of the reign of William III., but the exact year is not known. He belonged neither to the clan of the high feudal nobility nor to the free tenants of the yeomanry, but to that middle rank of gentlemen which, by the proud barons who esteemed themselves the companions of kings, was considered nearer to the condition of their vassals than to an equality with themselves. It was this portion of the nobility who, during the whole period of Wallace's career, opposed and thwarted him with mingled feelings of pride and fear, who compelled him to be what he undoubtedly was—the champion of the people, the liberator of his country by means of the lower classes of his countrymen, when the selfishness and venality of most of the great lords had consented to give it into the hands of a foreign power.

The youth of Scotland's greatest hero is said to have been passed chiefly under the care of his uncle, a man of religious station, but who, contrary to the priesthood at that time, was imbued with the noblest ideas of independence, and who felt for a country falling gradually into the hands of an oppressor. This man was living at Danepiece, and afterwards removed to Kilspendy, a village in the rich district called the Carse of Gowrie. From thence he sent his nephew to Dundee, where he received some "school learning," but to what extent is not known. Here, however, he became acquainted with John Blair, who was of his own age, and who entertained noble views of the free-born dignity of man; thus the two youths formed a strong

friendship and a lasting attachment to each other. When Wallace became celebrated he did not forget his old school-mate—who had then become a Benedictine monk—but sent for him and appointed him his chaplain; and it is a subject of deep regret that a Latin Life of his master and patron, which was written by Blair, has, with the exception of a few fragments, been lost or destroyed. It was probably at Dundee—which Edward visited on his triumphal progress, subsequent to the battle of Falkirk—that Wallace saw the conqueror. His father, Sir Malcolm Wallace, upon the first publication of the order for all to come in and take their oaths of allegiance to the English monarch, had fled from Elderslie into the mountainous district of the Lennox, accompanied by his eldest son, and it is generally believed that he was, not long afterwards, slain in an encounter with the English at Kyle, in Ayrshire. His mother, meanwhile, had taken refuge with her father's relations, and Wallace, now advancing into manhood, found himself driven from his paternal home, an object of suspicion to the Government, and avoided by those cautious and timid friends who regarded Scotland as lost, and preferred the quiet servitude of ignominy to the desperate chances of insurrection.

Over all this—pent up in the silent restraint which for a season he was compelled to observe—he brooded and rankled in secret; with a mind, however, bursting with the noble idea of freeing his country from the gripe of a merciless oppressor. But this great idea might never have been realized but for one of those accidents which so

often decide the destinies of nations and individuals. It appears that Wallace had formed a virtuous attachment to a beautiful lady, who resided in the town of Lanark, who had become his affianced bride, and that in passing through the streets of that burgh, well armed and richly dressed, he was recognised by a troop of English soldiers, who surrounded and insulted him. Wallace at first would have prudently got clear of their insolence, but a contemptuous stroke which one of them made against his sword provoked him to draw, and the culprit was laid dead at his feet. A tumult now arose, and, almost overpowered by numbers, he escaped with difficulty into the house of her who was to have been his future bride, and through it, by a back passage, into a neighbouring wood. For this ready aid the unfortunate lady was seized next day by William de Heselpe, the English sheriff, and with inhuman cruelty condemned and executed. But the revenge of Wallace, when he heard of the unhappy fate of his beloved one, was as rapid as it was stern. That very night he collected thirty faithful and powerful partisans, who, entering the town when all were in their beds, reached the sheriff's lodging in silence. It was a room or loft, constructed like most of the buildings of those times, which had to be reached by a high stair. Up this Wallace rushed at midnight, and, beating down the door, presented himself in full armour, and with his naked weapon, before the affrighted officer, who demanded whence he came. "I am William Wallace," he replied, "whose life you sought yesterday, and now thou shalt answer me for my poor

maiden's death!" With these words he seized the naked victim by the throat, and, passing his sword through the wretch's body, cast it down the stair into the street. He then collected his soldiers, and, as the stir and tumult arose, drew off through the streets into the woods which surrounded the town.

Merited as this hot revenge was then considered by all who smarted under the yoke of the English, it was loudly pronounced by the Government an audacious murder, and not only drew after it the usual consequences of proscription and outlawry, but excited an eager and immediate pursuit. Wallace, however, was intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the country, and found little difficulty in defeating every effort for his apprehension. It is from this period that we must date his systematic and determined resistance to Edward and his mighty power of oppression and wrong; for this incident convinced him that there must be for ever an irreparable breach between him and the Government which he had outraged. A feeling of his own strength gave an energetic consistency to his future life, and concentrated his love of liberty and his animosity against his oppressors into one deep and continuous principle. "It was from this time, therefore," says an ancient historian, "that all who were of better mind, and who had become weary of the servitude which was imposed by the domination of the English, flocked to this man like bees to their swarm, and he became their leader." And a noble leader he was. Bold as a lion; crafty as

a fox ; quick and deadly in his spring as a leopard ; nimble as a cat-o'mountain. His perseverance, his expedients, his noble exploits in battle, his skill in retreat, his constancy under misfortune, his noble behaviour when victorious, all prove him to be a man worthy his time and the great cause he undertook to sustain. But he fought an unequal battle. Edward and his vast armies could easily have been subdued, for multitudes of armed men are but as snow-flakes falling on a river, when set against a righteous principle ; but when a people themselves become treacherous to the cause they have undertaken to sustain, then it is that God leaves them to their fate. The true, the heroic, the disinterested Wallace, was hated for his virtues, envied for his success, and infamously forsaken and betrayed by his professing friends. He was taken by surprise in his mountain fastnesses, brought to London, tried, condemned, and executed. His head was placed upon London Bridge and his quarters distributed through the country. The right arm was sent to Newcastle, the left arm to Berwick, the right leg to Perth, and the left to Aberdeen. "They hewed his body," says Langtoft, "into four quarters, which were hung up in four counties, as a warning to all who, like him, raised their standard against their lord, and these mangled remains would be gazed upon instead of the gonfanons and banners which they had once so proudly displayed."

The spirit of liberty died not, however, with Wallace. It is an easy thing to cut off heads and limbs and distribute them to the four quarters of the earth,

to burn martyrs, and to scatter their dust to the four winds of heaven—such things scatter seed abroad; and Liberty, instead of being annihilated, springs, phoenix-like, from its own ashes. Bruce—the Bruce—now resolved to put himself at the head of his countrymen, and to call them up to yet another struggle for their liberty and independence. He was the grandson of Robert Bruce, the competitor for the crown with Baliol, and was now about thirty years old. His father and grandfather having adhered to the English interests in the late contest, or having, perhaps, been forcibly detained by Edward under his own eye, he had till now resided at the English court. That his detention here was compulsory, appears to be proved by the stratagem to which he was obliged to resort in order to make his escape from London. He had already been concerting his plans with some connections in Scotland, when a friend, having learned that he was watched and in danger of being betrayed, not venturing to give him a direct warning, sent him one day, by a servant, a pair of spurs and a purse of money. The hint was sufficient—Bruce lost not a moment; having ordered three horses to be shod with the shoes turned backwards, in order to perplex his pursuers, he set off, accompanied by two trusty servants, in the middle of the same night. When his flight was discovered, orders were given to scour the country in all directions; but he eluded or outrode them; and, on the 10th of February, 1306, which was the seventh day after he had set out from London, he made

his appearance in the midst of his friends at the Castle of Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire. From thence he immediately proceeded to Dumfries, where, in an interview in the Dominican church with John, called the "Red Comyn," he fell into a sad grievance. It has been assumed, on good authority, that during the interview Bruce had obtained incontestable proofs that the "Red Comyn" had determined to betray him; being a man of prompt deed, and acting from impulse, he charged him with the fact, which the other as resolutely denied. They came to words, and fell to blows, and in the heat of the dispute, the Bruce plunged his dagger into the breast of the traitor—that he was a traitor, was generally believed then, and is generally believed by the Scotch till this day.

At all events, this affair did not weaken the cause of Bruce. His countrymen clustered around him; and having made his way to Scone without opposition, he was crowned there on the 20th of March. A sudden reverse was, however, awaiting him; for Edward had lost no time in collecting his strength, and a powerful force, under the command of Aymer de Valence, soon arrived in the neighbourhood of the royal residence, and an engagement took place, on the 9th of June, at Methven, near Perth, which ended in the total defeat of the ill-equipped and hastily-mustered Scotch army. Several of Bruce's most distinguished adherents were taken prisoners, and hung, drawn, and quartered, after the custom of those times.

The royal Bruce was now compelled to seek safety in flight. Having placed his wife, his two sisters, and his youngest brother Nigel in the Castle of Kildrammie, in Aberdeenshire—where they soon after fell into the hands of the ruthless Edward—he himself retreated to the wilds of Breadalbane. “He was left,” said Hollinshed, translating from the old Scottish chroniclers, “so desolate, and unprovided of all friendships, that he was constrained for his refuge to withdraw into the woods and mountains, with a few others in his company, and there lived on herbs and roots oftentimes, for lack of other food. Yet,” continues the narrative, “though he was thus left desolate of all aid and succour, having his brethren and other of his friends murdered and slain, to his utter discomfort and ruin, as was then supposed, he nevertheless had a constant hope of some better fortune, whereby, in time to come, he might, by the aid of God, recover the realm out of the enemy’s hand, and restore the ancient liberty thereof to the former estate. As for the pains which he took in living, barely for the most part by water and roots, and lodging oftentimes on the bare earth, without house or other harbourage, he was so accustomed to it, by haunting the wars in his youth, that the same grieved him little or nothing at all. But, to conclude, such was his valiancy and most excellent fortitude of mind and courage, that no injurious mischance or froward adversity could abash his invincible heart and warlike breast.”

But now comes Death. He walks abroad, looking out

for some glorious work to do—he touches the English king with his unrelenting spear, and the proud, the vaunting, the cruel and ruthless king bites the dust. Pomp and state, armies and vassals, cannot save him—he is cut short in his career of victory and spoliation, and succeeded by impotency and indolence. Bruce was neither dead nor asleep, but alive and awake. The young English king, however, by the advice of his councillors, collected the mightiest host that England had ever seen, for the eternal subjugation of Scotland. Every one is aware of the issue, so glorious to Bruce and the Scottish arms. The ever-memorable battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 21st of June, scattered Edward's proud armament like chaff before the wind, struck from Scotland the last link of her chain of bondage, delivered her from the curse of war for many years, and left the great hero of her liberties on a throne which, so long as he lived, was never again either shaken or assailed.

Bruce did not lose in peace the renown which he had gained in war; but, on the contrary, by the wisdom of his civil government, resembled our English Alfred—and thus he greatly heightened the fame which he had acquired over all Europe, as well as the love and honour in which he was held by his subjects at home. Nor did he pursue his enemies with continual hatred, but bemeaned himself as became a man—with gentleness and goodness, truth and equity. Bearing, at the same time, the tortures of a cruel disease, he was kind and gentle to those around him, and emulous of doing the greatest of good

to all his subjects far and near, being, as it was said beautifully, in the love and trust of God, upheld to goodly works, and in the satisfaction of a clear conscience, which he estimated more than all the fame of his martial deeds or glorious victories.

It is somewhat curious, but it was at the very period in which Wallace and Bruce were battling for the liberties of Scotland, that a similar system of wholesale and retail tyranny was being enacted in Switzerland. It was in the year 1289 that Albert succeeded his father, Robert, as Emperor of Austria and Lord of Switzerland, and no sooner did the sceptre devolve upon him than he determined to govern the Helvetians with absolute sway. He refused to ratify the promises made to them by his father, and resolved to erect their whole territory into a principality for one of his sons. He at first attempted to bargain for three of the cantons, who had formed a bond of union for the surrender of their independence; but, finding them inflexible in their resolution to be free, he determined to attain his object by force, and, as Duke of Austria, subject the brave Switzers to a state of bondage or vassalage.

Having, therefore, marched a considerable force into the territory he wished to subjugate, so as to render resistance ineffectual, he commissioned a number of his officers to demand of the cantons instant submission. The Swiss burghers and the Austrian delegates met at the great hall of Altorf, and the former, in reply to the insolent demands of Albert, pointing to a roll of charters

which embodied their rights and privileges for many ages, replied, "These are our wealth, our sacred patrimony which we inherit from our fathers, of which we are to render an account to our children. We are neither slaves nor subjects to any particular prince, we are citizens of the empire, and members of the august body which recognizes the emperor as its head. It is to that head we are united. Homage paid to any other would be baseness, and we should be unworthy of the freedom we have enjoyed so long, were we to give up the rights and privileges of our country, or renounce those prerogatives which are dear to us as our honour, and far dearer than our lives."

This noble answer—and the more because it was noble, as is always the case—inflamed Albert with rage. He immediately made choice of and sent to the cantons three nobles as bailiffs or governors, who were notorious for their depravity, and infamous by the corruption of their morals. Satan could not have advised better. The names of these men were Gessler, Landenburg, and Wolfenchieffe. He assigned to each of them their residence, in, of course, very strong castles, provided with numerous military munitions—these castles, with large landed territories, being situated in the respective cantons which they were directed to subdue and bend by all sorts of means to the will of the ambitious potentate.

Gessler was appointed governor of the district of Uri, and of all the bailiffs was the most arbitrary and tyrannical, for he scrupled not to commit the most severe acts

of oppression—in fact, he delighted in it, for power likes to exercise itself. Besides the allowance of the utmost licence to the soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants everywhere treated with insolence and contempt. On one occasion, Gessler passing on horseback before a house built by Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, cried, “What ! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice? If they are to be thus lodged how are we to be?” He then commanded the inmates to be turned out, ordered that it should be the post of one of his guards, and stationed in it a military company.

A parallel instance of tyranny occurred in the conduct of the young Lord of Wolfenchiess at Unterwalden. He had entered the house of Conrad of Baumgorton, and finding no one present but the lady of the house and her female servants, conducted himself with infamous rudeness. He then in the most peremptory terms ordered the ill-treated lady to prepare for a bath. While in the act of doing so, Conrad arrived, and having speedily learned the indignities to which his wife had been exposed, drew his sword, and, rushing into the bath-room, sacrificed the young nobleman on the spot.

Such acts of tyranny frequently repeated soon roused the spirit of the Switzers to the most deadly resistance, and soon their spirits found an embodiment in the person of William Tell, who was born at Bürgen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, about the year 1275, and,

like his forefathers, was the owner of a cottage, a few fields, and a vineyard. Ah ! these cottages, fields, and vineyards give birth to great men in all ages. Tell was endowed by nature with a bold and energetic mind, and was distinguished not only by great physical strength and manly beauty, but by great moral courage. He was, above all the “ lads of the village,” skilled in the archery of the cross-bow—the rifle of those days—and few men could match him. He was married and had an only son, equally bold and noble-minded as himself.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes that must follow his iron rule, and soon associated himself with three other patriots, who were willing, as he was, to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. These were Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, Walter Fürst of Uri, and Arnold de Melchthal of Unterwalden, who were concerting measures for the deliverance of their country from the yoke of Austria ; of these, Arnold was the more intimate associate of Tell.

One evening—as is related by a German historian of the time, and whose relation may be depended on—as William Tell and his wife were sitting at the door of their cottage watching their son, now about ten years of age, who was amusing himself with a bow, the father of his friend Arnold, an old man nearly eighty years of age, appeared, led by a peasant and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife rushed forward, and, to their inconceivable horror, discovered that the poor old man was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons.

He was called upon to explain this fearful fight, and the old man, having been led to a feat, soon satisfied their impatient curiosity.

It is a picture for a tragedy—but truth is truth, and fact is stranger than fiction. It appeared that old Melchthal and his son and granddaughter were in the fields, loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which seemed to suit his fancy, ordered the owner to unyoke the beasts that he might drive them away. Adding insolence to tyranny, as is usual, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well drive their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, the old man's son and Tell's friend, was so enraged at this insolence that he aimed a blow at the soldier, and broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated, but the old man, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to flee, and endeavour to conceal himself among the mountains. But he had scarcely departed, when a detachment of guards surrounded the old man's dwelling and dragged him before Gessler. The haughty governor, enraged at the attack upon the soldier, called upon the father to give up his son. The old man resolutely refused, when Gessler replied, "If you will not let *my* eyes behold your son, *yours* never shall;" (there is a pretty playfulness of wit in these tyrants sometimes). He then gave orders, in the coolest Austrian fashion, just as it has been done in our

days by Haynau ; not that he should be whipped—as this monster whipped the women, and as he himself was whipped by the coalheavers or carters—but that his eyes should be burnt out. This was a pet cruelty of the dark ages, and the cruel mandate was immediately executed, and the poor victim of tyranny was dismissed, dark and blind, with eyes burning and blood streaming.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, but with a heart bursting with a desire of vengeance. It is a wild justice this vengeance, sometimes. He inquired the exact place of the old man's son's concealment—it was in a secret cavern of Mount Rhigi. Tell then threw around his person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized the quiver full of sharp arrows, and, taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, was soon far away among the mountains ; those blind eyes threw light—a fiery light—into his soul, and stood like torches of deliverance on every rocky peak. The deed of savage ferocity rode on the winds from district to district, the Switzers saw that the measure of their degradation was full, and from that moment all the proud host of Austria were as dust, in the balance of a people's wrong.

But God suffers people to go mad whom he determines to destroy. Geffler saw that the storm was in the distance that might break on his own head ; there was a mysterious look in the eyes of the people, and a dogged silence and an insubordination couched in their very steps. To test it and to subdue it was his object ; so he commanded one of his marshals to set up in the market-place of Altorf, a

pole, upon the point of which was a cap—the ducal cap of Austria—Nebuchadnezzar’s image on a small scale—and an order was promulgated to the effect that every one who passed it should bow in proof of his homage, submission, and fealty to the state.

Bow, bow, bow, cringe, crawl, knock the forehead on the flints, lick the dust—this has been the cry of tyrants at all times, but it has never yet succeeded in producing true humility or real submission; rather has it brought things to that crisis of ripeness which ends in utter discomfiture to those who thus vainly try to govern. As a background to this picture, numerous foldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the “emblem;” those who bent not, to be punished with chains, imprisonment, or death—or all. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent in the oppressor.

The proceedings of Tell, in the interval, were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. “Werner Stauffacher,” cried Tell, “the time is come for action.” “Proceed,” said Werner, grasping his hand, “I am ready.” After further brief conference, they by separate ways carried round arms to their friends in the towns and villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when the whole were at last distri-

buted, they both returned to Stauffacher's house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grute, accompanied by ten of the most tried adherents.

The lake of Lucerne was now reached and a boat procured. Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. "Arnold awaits us," said William, "and the fate of our country depends on this interview." With these words he leaped into the boat, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and, hoisting sail, the little craft flew over the waters.

Presently, as it is said, the wind moderated, and, ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common in these mountain lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grute, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Fürst had arrived, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feelings to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He addressed his co-patriots—he first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and, having shown the necessity of immediate and combined action, is related to have added, "That the time was at length come for action, that the country required the sacrifice of every man's life, if necessary." He then drew his sword, and invoking Heaven to preserve them in their great enterprise, and to inspire them with courage and wisdom, called upon them

all to swear implicit obedience to him as their leader. This done, he revealed to them his plan of the campaign, which was, for all the different sections of patriots to proceed by secret paths through the mountains to a general rendezvous, from which they were to pour down upon Altorf.

The plan of future proceedings was then sketched out, and it was further resolved, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked no one should be guided by his own private judgment, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that, should any be taken prisoners by the enemy, they would prefer torture or death to the betrayal of any secrets. Nobler than all this, they resolved that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of the servants or bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Fürst, and Melchthal, and the other patriots, again stepped forward, and, raising their hands and giving each other the sacred kiss of fraternity, swore "brother help" to their countrymen and to each other, and that they would if necessary willingly give up their lives for the freedom of their country.

After this solemn oath, and an agreement that New Year's Day should inaugurate the movement, Arnold returned to Tlantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and

Fürst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object that caught his eye was the handsome cap, embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked round it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf as they passed bowed their heads profoundly to the emblem of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and, leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. The captain of the guard, at length observing him, who alone amid a cringing populace carried his head erect, went to him and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Geßler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have imagined that the intoxication of power could carry any one so far as to impose such a degradation upon the people. This bold language somewhat surprised the captain, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor. Tell, in no way discomfited, boldly told Geßler that such an act of tyranny, so far from subduing a people, was the surest mode of incensing them; and indeed his speech was so bold and commanding, and, at the same time, breathed so much of true eloquence, that the governor was struck by it. He soon discovered that it was Tell who spoke.

Thus far of historic truth. And now comes an episode

which is a tradition of ages, and to doubt which would be heresy in Switzerland. Philosophical researchers, commentators, divers into dusty manuscripts, book-worms, and the doubters of our refined generation, ever anxious to exclude the imaginative and the truly heroic from our histories, will not have the story of Tell which follows ; but, being a tradition of the people, orally communicated from age to age from father to child, we must—we cannot refrain from making it a part of our narrative.

It appears that Gessler had the day previous captured the son of Tell among the mountains, a lad of some twelve years old ; and while he was conversing with Tell he was struck with the resemblance which existed between him and the boy “Walter.” He ordered them to be brought into the presence of each other, which soon convinced him of the fact. He had heard of Tell and of his exploits as an archer—for Tell was celebrated through the whole of Switzerland as the first shot—and he determined, in a fit of sportive vengeance, to try the skill of so celebrated a man. He forgot, as all tyrants forget, that human nature has its sympathies, its feelings, and its rights, and therefore it was a refined act of torture—equal to tearing by red-hot pincers, or flogging with thongs of steel—which he determined to inflict upon the patriot. He ordered the son to be bound to a tree, placed an apple on his head, and told the wretched father to hit the apple or prepare to die.

Here was a situation for a father and son ! Here, in

the midst of a public square; with his countrymen looking on at his degradation; with a tyrant frowning and swearing from his steed upon him; with his poor son bound to a linden tree, and he himself commanded to shoot! Hermann Geßler watched every motion. His long bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and, taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he placed on the string of his bow. After hesitating a long time—and, as we may suppose, his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length, uttering a mental prayer, roused himself, drew the bow, aimed and shot, and the apple, struck to the core, was impaled on the arrow.

The market-place of Altorf was, as we are told, filled with loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell to the ground, thus exposing the hidden arrow to view. Geßler demanded concerning the concealed arrow. "It was for you," replied the indignant father, "had I slain my son." This speech so incensed the governor that he ordered Tell to be placed in chains, while he prepared to quit Altorf, fearing an insurrection of the people. He determined also to take Tell with him, to prevent his being their leader.

Tell was forthwith conducted to Fluelen, the little port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of

Mount Rothstock. Gessler followed, and entered the boat, which had been prepared with the utmost despatch. As soon as he was aboard, Tell was brought in chains, and safely secured in the hold of the vessel. The whole then set sail; there being twenty soldiers on board, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunen, a distance of three leagues and a half, intending, as it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, to lodge the redoubted Bowman in the dungeon of Kuffnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine when the boat set out, and to Gessler everything seemed promising. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed. Tell, meantime, loaded with chains, gazed, with eager eyes shaded with melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grute, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of their country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his eyes were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth from his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long a bright blaze arose, visible all over Uri. The heart of the patriot beat high within him, for he felt that his friends were true, and would rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which was in reality the signal-fire to arouse the cantons—but they could not believe this.

But now, with the rising flames, the wind rose also, and a fearful storm began to blow. In a short time, the

waves rose furiously—the water dashed into the boat, which became unmanageable to those on board, not one of whom had the requisite seamanship to guide her in the tempest. The thunder rolled overhead in fearful boomings, while the lightning played from rock to rock, and quivered on the lake in sheets of flame. The pilot gave up his charge in despair. Tell was unchained, and, known to be as good a sailor as a bowman, put into temporary command. He was told that his life should be given to him, and also rewards, if he saved the vessel. “I will try, by the grace of God, so to do,” he replied. Guiding the obedient boat at his will, Tell pointed her head in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and, encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness in which they were now enveloped prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night—the dying light of the signal-fires on the mountains serving as beacons in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Lessigen and Fluelen are two mountains—the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemming in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offered not a single platform where human foot could stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon Tell in fullen silence. As the prow of the

vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing, with ominous looks, that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers had recognized their position, and pointed it out to Geffler, who with angry voice demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, turned his helm hard a-port, which suddenly brought the boat close to the rock; he then, seizing his faithful bow, and taking a spring which sent the now unguided boat back into the lake, sprang lightly on the shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for the heights which border the main road between Aol and Kuffnacht, and, choosing a small hollow on the road, hid himself under the cover of the bush, intending to remain in ambush until Geffler should pass that way. It appears that he had the greatest difficulty in getting on shore after Tell had escaped; but at length they effected a landing at Brannen. Here they provided themselves with horses, and, proceeding in the direction above alluded to, advanced towards Kuffnacht. In the spot still known as the "hollow way," and still marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more captured, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was denounced against his family. Tell now felt that the

safety of his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required this bad man's death. He therefore, boldly showing himself, and before there was time for his apprehension, pierced the tyrant's heart with one of his arrows. This bold deed being accomplished, the excited hero speedily effected his escape, made the best of his way to Aol, and thence soon gained the village of Steinen, where he found Warner Stauffacher preparing to march. The news, however, which Tell brought removed the necessity for further immediate action, and prompt measures were taken to arrest the progress of their allies. A joy, which deeply proved the wrongs of the people, spread over the whole land, and although they delayed to strike the blow for universal freedom from the Austrian yoke, the final decision of the patriots was only the greater.

On the morning of New Year's Day, 1308, the Castle of Rofsburg, in Obwalden, was adroitly taken possession of, and its keeper, Beranger of Landenburg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he would never again set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, during the earlier hours of the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, marched towards the Lake Lowerz and destroyed the fortrefs of Schwazan, while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday, the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwalden met and renewed that fraternal league, which has endured to this day.

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Straßburg, one of her ablest generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of 4000 men, intending to attack Upper Underwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wolfhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number, to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton, while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Edgerfon on Morgarten, in the canton of Schwytz, ostentatiously displaying a coil of rope, wherewith to hang the chief of the rebels;—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds one of similar conduct and similar results, when Wallace repulsed the invader of Scotland. Philip of Spain also provided his hundred boxes of gags, screws, limbos and the like, upon the invasion of the Spanish Armada. Austria also, under Field-Marshal Haynau, made no secret of her preparations of whips and thongs, to be exercised on women and children in these our days.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Fürst, in order to oppose the formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of the “Lady of the Hermits.” Four hundred men of Uri and three hundred of Underwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army.

Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, some of their past deficiencies. Early on the morning of the 15th of November, 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of destroying them. The latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries, after the fashion of the old clans. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hill sides and from overhanging cliffs upon their foes, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians now broke—their ranks were scattered, and presently a complete rout, with a terrible slaughter ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Osfenthal and the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten beneath the halberds, arrows, scythes, iron-headed clubs, and other rude weapons of the peasants, led by Tell and his friends. Leopold himself, although he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape, while the Swiss, animated by victory, marched to Underwalden, where they again defeated the Austrians. In this battle, Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates felt they had regained their independence—they only required

certain rights and liberties. They then renewed their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to at Brunnen, on the 8th of December in the same year.

All that remains to be told of the Swiss hero's life is the immemorial tradition that Tell was the father of Swiss liberty, was the same man that shot Gessler, in 1307, and that he assisted at a general meeting of the commune, at Uri. According to Klengenbourg's "*Chronicle*," written towards the close of the fourteenth century, "*Wilhelmus Tellus*," as he calls him, "the liberator of his country, became, after the battle of Morgarten, administrator of the affairs of the church of Berenger, where he died in the year 1354."

The patriotism of women in regard to their country, combined frequently with the highest loyalty to their Sovereign, well entitles them to the character of brother-helpers. There is not a more extraordinary instance upon record than the patriotism and devotedness of Joan of Arc. At this time, owing to a combination of events, France was reduced almost to the state of an English province. Bourges, and the territory that belonged to it, were all that remained to Charles, while Paris, and the whole of northern France, were in the possession of the English. Orleans was now invested, and made a noble resistance; but the Duke of Bedford, with a large army, had cut off all supplies, and it only required the aid of a few weeks of famine to insure the fall of this city, and with it all the hopes of France.

But man's necessity is God's opportunity; for at this

moment deliverance was at hand. This deliverer was not, however, a prince, a warrior, or a statesman, but a poor country girl—a good and devout one, an artless and sincere one. It was Joan of Arc, the daughter of a humble farmer, remarkable only for her piety and devotion; but for these she was famed all over the department in which she resided. Her temperament was enthusiastic and melancholic, and, passing much of her time among the hills, she there mused in solitude over the wondrous legends of saints and virgin martyrs, which had been impressed upon her tender infancy. The passing traveller frequently brought news of the cruel war that was desolating the fertile plains of France, and occasionally the quiet marches of Lorraine witnessed the destructive progress of hostile bands. From her earliest years Joan had listened to these tales of horror, and the miseries of the land became mixed with her dreams of heaven. As she approached towards womanhood, her ardent imagination pictured forth the glory of setting her country free, and of staying the progress of an unnatural war; and she fancied that she saw bright lights in the heavens, and heard angel voices calling her to the mighty work. There was an old prophecy, too, which had declared that France should be restored by a spotless virgin, who was to be the brightness of the Virgin Mary's glory upon earth. Joan, in her devotion and enthusiasm, thought herself that virgin, and that a mighty mission was presented to her. She believed in her own inspiration, and she had faith in its power and success. She

heard voices, that spoke to her as they did to Tasso and Dante, and, long before, to Socrates, and many others. The voices were those of heaven—they told her what she should do; they told her that she was to deliver her country from the hands of the English, and that she was to crown the youthful monarch of France with her own hands at Rheims.

Here was enthusiasm—here was poetry and imagination in opposition to armed hosts and sharp-cutting steel; here was innocence and devotion set up to subdue the hard hearts and stern councils of the most sagacious statesmen and warriors! The girl took up her abode in the churches, and fasted and prayed without any intermission. The fame of her sanctity now spread—she was looked upon as a saint, and the multitude flocked to her. She was thereupon brought before the Sire de Baudricant, the French commander at Vaucouleurs. He determined to satisfy himself as to the reality of her mission. He confronted her with a priest, armed with a stole, a crucifix, and holy water, and the clerk adjured her if she were an evil spirit to depart from thence. Joan crawled on her knees to embrace the cross—a sure sign, as was supposed, that she was no witch or forcerefs. “I am called,” said she, “by a voice from heaven to deliver my country. I am called to save my king. The voices have said it: there is no help but in me. God is with me. Christ is my salvation—the holy mother of God is my guardian spirit. I am called to go to the king.”

The people of Vaucouleurs were carried away by the

enthusiasm she had inspired them with ; they believed that she was destined to save France. They urged upon Brandrecourt the necessity of receiving her mission. Armour was put upon the maiden, a horse was brought to her, spurs were affixed to her heels, and, with two squires to attend her, she departed for the royal camp. The country through which she had to travel was occupied by the English, and many were the perils she encountered ; but there was always an angel near to deliver her. On one occasion she was challenged by a party of English horse, and nothing but her address and the swiftness of her speed prevented her from falling into their hands. " Pass," said she, in French, and galloped through them. On another occasion the keeper of an inn where she lodged for the night, suspecting her to be on some secret embassy, sent off for assistance, that she might be seized ; but Joan having had intimation of it by her voices, got up and departed long before daylight, and so evaded the danger. But at last she got safely to Chinon ; and the accomplishment of such a journey was in itself a miracle.

Joan was introduced to the king, surrounded by his court and council ; she entered the apartment with an undaunted air. " Gentle dauphin," she said, " I am Joan the maid ; I come with a commission from the queen of heaven to drive out your enemies and conduct you to Rheims, where you shall receive the crown of France, which is your right." Charles looked upon the maid for a moment, and when he gazed upon her delicate

and gentle features, and saw the bright fire of enthusiasm glowing in her eyes, he could not refrain from believing in her sincerity. He took her aside, entered into conversation with her, and, having satisfied himself of her loyalty and devotion, brought her forth again to his nobles, and declared himself convinced that God had placed the fate of France in the hands of the maiden.

From this moment the mission of Joan was received as divine. France soon rung from one end to the other with the glad tidings of a deliverer. Some even looked upon her as the Virgin Mary herself, the ancient guardian of France. Joan was now confronted with the highest dignitaries of the church, and the more subtil members of the universities; but her answers to these high personages were clear and to the purpose. "If God intends to deliver France," said one of her interrogators, "where is the use of fighting?" "The help shall come while we are fighting," replied Joan. "What sign have you to give us?" inquired Friar Jegain. "The sign that I am to give," she replied, "is the 'raising of the siege of Orleans.'" One of the black-letter doctors ventured to suggest that she was ignorant. "I know not A from B," she replied, "but I know what you know not—that I am commissioned by a power above you and all of us, and even above myself, to raise the siege of Orleans and to see the king crowned at Rheims."

Ordeals and examinations were now at an end; Joan was installed as a knight, a splendid milk-white charger was brought forth, upon which she mounted, and she had

a squire, two pages, and two heralds. A complete suit of armour was made for her. Her sword was an ancient blade bearing the mark of five crosses, emblematical of the five wounds of Christ. Her standard, which was made to her order, was white, dotted with *fleurs-de-lis*. On it was a figure of the Saviour seated on the clouds, while the angels knelt before him. She gave another standard to her chieftain, who was to bear it aloft at the head of a body of priests, which at her request was to follow her in all her military progresses. When mounted on her snow-white charger, in her bright new armour, and with her banner spread before her, the people were entranced, and the effect upon the army was electric; it infused new courage to the wavering, imparted more strength to the strong, and order at length pervaded the whole of the community, from the highest to the lowest.

A great convoy of provisions was prepared at Blois for the relief of the garrison of Orleans. Joan went forward at the head of it, with a body of French horse. As they approached the city, the garrison beheld her virgin banner floating before her, and they immediately armed and sallied out at the several gates like so many mountain torrents, shouting, "The maid from heaven, the maid from heaven has come to save us!" They attacked the English, who came to prevent the convoys entering the city, with such vigour that, under the cover of the fortie, Joan, her escort and stores, were safely lodged within the walls of the town—Orleans was saved. The English

camp was now as sad as the city was joyous. Consternation fell on the English army. The English generals in vain attempted to check the despondency; the soldiers believed that Heaven and the Virgin were against them. But the siege of Orleans was not yet raised; it was for Joan now to display the soldier as she had hitherto represented the saint. A grand assault on the English entrenchments round the city was resolved on. It began at about ten o'clock. Joan planted a scaling-ladder on the walls of one of the English bastions, and mounted to the parapet; she was struck by an English arrow, and fell into the ditch below, but was seen again on the trench, encouraging her countrymen to ascend the height. When she waved her banner and flourished her sword upon the parapet, the English thought her an angel of God, and a panic seized them. The English were now suddenly assaulted on all sides. The French became masters of the tottering walls of the Tournelles, which were heaped within and without with piles of dead bodies. The English were entirely defeated, and that evening Joan entered the city in triumph.

Another battle soon took place. Joan had gone to meet the king. She was received with great honours by the court: she told them to cease feasting and dancing. She told the king to advance upon the English at once. "Ride on," said she, "in the name of the Lord, and conquer. The English are delivered into my hands, you have but to smite them." Encouraged by this confidence, the French advanced. The English were

utterly dismayed; they were slaughtered in heaps; twelve hundred remained dead on the field, and Talbot, and many other English lords, were taken prisoners.

Immediately after the battle, Joan rode to the king, and insisted on his repairing to Rheims. Many cities were in the hands of the English, but they all opened their gates to him when they beheld the Maid. On the 15th of July, 1429, escorted by Joan and a host of priests, Charles made his solemn entry into Rheims; and two days afterwards he was anointed and crowned in the Cathedral Church. Next to himself, the most conspicuous figure in the ceremony was Joan, who stood close by his side, bearing aloft her white standard; when the king was crowned she threw herself at his feet, and said, "Gentle king, the will of Heaven is accomplished. 'Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

The mission of Joan was ended—from henceforth her spirit of direction seemed to fail, her "voices" were no longer heard, and she went to the abbey church and hung up her suit of white armour before the shrine of St. Denis. She declared that the vices of the French court had taken her spirit from her, that God and his holy laws were abused, and that her power was gone; and so it was. Charles held her in subjection near his person, to make what use of her he might; but the talisman was broken, and after a few adverse skirmishes she was at last taken prisoner, and carried in triumph to the English camp.

For sixteen days she was sharply interrogated by men who were eager to detect a lurking devil in everything she said, and who cross-examined her and twisted her words with all the adroitness of the schools. Though frequently puzzled by the long hard words they used, Joan pleaded her cause with great spirit—at times confounding the doctors by her prompt and clear replies and her plain good sense, for still on all points but one she was perfectly sane. When the Bishop of Beauvais saw that her simple eloquence was producing an effect, he raised his voice angrily and silenced her. The principal object was to terrify and entrap her into a confession that she had been dealing with evil spirits, and was a forceress; but Joan maintained that her visitants were not ministers of darkness but angels of light, and that it was impossible Satan could have any influence upon one so pure and innocent as herself. She was then brought to a scaffold in the cemetery of St. Owen, tied to a stake surrounded by faggots, and, under pain of being burned to death, made to recant. Whether she did so or not is not known; but it is certain that she abjured what had been wrung from her under torture, and again asserted her divine commission.

On the 20th of May, only seven days after her trial, she was brought to the stake at Rouen, the whole square being filled by the English soldiers and her enemies. At the sight of the stake, and of the faggots which they were heaping round it, she shuddered and wept. The cart in which she rode halted; a monk delivered to her a short

discourse, reproaching her with various infamies, and he ended with these words, "Go in peace, Joan, the church can no longer defend thee." Execrable mockery, worthy a fanhedrim of devils! The poor maid then knelt and prayed aloud, fervently and in tears. Much as he hated heresy, and hard-hearted as he was supposed to be, the Cardinal Beaufort could not bear this lamentable spectacle; he rose from his seat, followed by several bishops, all shedding tears like himself. The more rancorous of the priests, and her enemies, then covered her with the infernal livery of the Inquisition, and fixed on her head a black cap which bore this inscription: *Heretic, relapsed, apostate, idolater*. They then forced her to the centre of the square, tied her to the stake, and set fire to the faggots. As the smoke and flames arose, Joan was seen embracing a crucifix, and the last word she was heard to utter was the name of Jesus. Poor maiden!—how art thou still venerated on that spot from which thy pure spirit mounted to the realms of light! How shalt thou be considered, for ages yet to come, one of the greatest of brother helpers in this cruel world of ours, which has not yet learned to distinguish the good from the evil, the false from the true, and is so slow to acknowledge the disinterested efforts of the righteous and the merciful in the cause of the unfortunate and the afflicted; but the time may come when sympathy and enthusiasm, and devotion to the good of others, will be venerated as we now venerate bullion, scrip, and stock in our many temples of Mammon.

Thus have "brother helpers," in many countries, delivered the peoples from kingly tyranny. But there is a worse tyranny than that belonging to kings—namely, that which is exercised by priests, and that seeks to extend itself beyond the grave. It is that spiritual tyranny which would hoodwink the mind and blindfold the soul, and which murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost. But to deliver mankind from this spiritual thralldom God has from age to age raised up faithful men, who are all-deserving of our deepest gratitude and veneration. A noble army of martyrs testified with their blood their faith in the truth; while others gave up all the energies of their lives to the establishment of the great principle that man has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. These were the "Reformers," men who bore such names as Wycliffe, Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Beza, Peter Martyr, Ridley, Latimer, Bilney, Hooper, and Cranmer, with the sturdy old Knox, and not a few labourers and serving-men who could distinguish goodness from iniquity, and truth from a lie.

Christianity—whose origin is divine, and which is intended to elevate mankind—had for ages been diverted from its original purpose by sordid and worldly-minded priests, who made it a mere stepping-stone for their own power and aggrandizement; and in doing this they brought religion to the lowest depths of degradation, and enslaved the souls of the community to such an extent, that at last nature recoiled at it, and the voice of God

was heard, from the depths of the human heart, crying aloud. Then appeared that greatest of all brother helpers, the mighty Luther, with the boldness and strength of a lion, and the tenacity of a bulldog. A glowing zeal, such as had not been seen since the time of the apostles, characterized his masterly writings, addressed to the nobility of Germany on the mass, the Babylonish captivity, and the freedom of a Christian. In these works he attacked the papal doctrines with the weapons of the Word of God, and directed attention to the glorious but forgotten doctrines of the Gospel. He worked away vigorously from day to day, without stay or stop, laid about him manfully on all sides, now terrible as a whirlwind, now dreadful as a tempest, and now overwhelming as a torrent. At one blow away went the worship of superstition and the abodes of secret sins and private cruelties ; away went the "mummeries" and those fantastic tricks that made the angels weep ; away went corruption in its most grotesque forms ; away went auricular confession, penances and punishments, floggings and tortures, pilgrimages, indulgences, and absolutions ; and in their place arose, slowly but surely, a spiritual worship, and with that rose a keener sense of right and wrong, a more exalted conscientiousness, and a more united brotherhood among men. In the language of Chillingworth, it was Luther who first proclaimed this inestimable truth, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants."

It was the Bible that inspired the man, and Luther devoured with avidity the sacred volume. His perseverance

was indefatigable, and we are informed by Melanchthon, that not unfrequently he would spend a whole day in meditating upon a passage he did not understand, or which he believed to contain a revelation of some of the more important truths of the Gospel. So great was his application to study at the time he was arousing all Christendom, that for many weeks he scarcely ate or drank, and his health severely suffered by his ardour; yet, notwithstanding his poverty and destitution also, in the midst of all he was full of his mission, and he writes to Staupitz, "To those of my friends who would alarm me for the consequences of my speaking truth, I have nothing else to say. He who is poor has nothing to fear. He can lose nothing. I possess no property, neither do I desire any. There remains to me only a frail body, harassed by a continual illness, and if they take away my life by open violence or stratagem, they make me but a little poorer. I am satisfied with my Redeemer and propitiation, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I shall praise so long as I live."

Yet this great and good man's energy, his faithfulness to his Lord and Master, his courage, his daring and intrepidity, had been, perhaps, lost to the world, but for the exercise of a noble brother-help in the Elector of Saxony. He who had had the courage to oppose such a powerful body as the Romish Church, the pope, the conclave of cardinals, and the terrors of the Inquisition, was almost as destitute as the Redeemer of mankind, and had often scarcely a place to lay his head; he was literally a pauper, and went about on foot. When he reached Nuremberg

he was without a penny, and was under the necessity of borrowing a friar's cowl from a divine of his own order, to make a decent appearance before the Legate. The Elector, however, befriended him from time to time, supplied him with money and with the moral strength of his patronage, and also, it is not unreasonably supposed that through his influence the emperor, Charles V., offered him a safe-conduct if he would present himself at the Diet of Worms, and there explain his opinions; for be it remembered that kings, emperors, and princes, had become as sick of papal tyranny as the people. Luther knew this, but his friends, apprehensive of treachery, advised him to decline this invitation. But he, being strong in the power of the Holy Ghost, declared that go he would, although he should meet as many devils in the Diet as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses in the town. His entry into Worms, where thousands thronged round the vehicle that brought him, was like the triumphal progress of a conqueror. The emperor advised him to submit; but nothing, neither threats nor promises, could make him false to the cause he had espoused. An edict of outlawry was issued against him—the brother-help of the Elector of Saxony again appeared, who secretly admitted him into his castle of Wartburg, in which asylum he remained nearly ten months, during which time his chief employment was the translation of the New Testament into the mother-tongue of Germany, which was published in the year 1523; immediately after which he threw off his monk's cowl, which he had

hitherto worn, and dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at Wittemberg, according to the mode of the reformed churches.

We should never forget what is due to Luther in the great work of the Reformation; he was her boldest champion, and he was as highly distinguished for his moral qualities as his theological learning. His life was remarkable for its innocence and purity. Of a warm temper, he was affectionate to his family, and loved domestic peace; but he was steadfast as a rock, and would yield to none the cause of truth. No power could control the energies of his mind—the prospect of no danger could appal him. As the servant of God, he maintained single-handed the cause of spiritual freedom, and in comparison with it the most powerful potentates, the most exalted princes, and the most compact of spiritual and temporal combinations, were as the chaff which the wind driveth away. His last words exhibit his wondrous spirit:—"O my Heavenly Father, eternal and merciful God, Thou hast revealed to me thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; I have preached him, I have confessed him, I worship him as my dearest Saviour and Deliverer, whom the wicked persecute, blame, and blaspheme—receive my soul."

Worthy pioneers in Luther's great work of spiritual freedom were Wycliffe and John Hufs. Wycliffe publicly declared against every kind of Pontifical abuse, and declared the Pope to be that "man of sin," that "son of perdition," spoken of by St. Paul as "impiously sitting in

the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." These opinions he continually preached, appealing to the Scriptures in proof of his assertions, and he propagated the same sentiments by means of his missionary disciples. Wycliffe's destruction was determined on—the wood was cut down for the faggots that were to burn him; he was accused of heresy, and Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Courtney, Bishop of London, were required to arrest and imprison him. But now came "brother-help" again, in the person of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Regent of the kingdom, who swore a holy oath, as some called it, that if a hair of his head was singed, there should not be a beard among bishops that should not be singed too. When summoned to appear before the ecclesiastical court, at St. Paul's, to answer for his crime of heresy, John of Gaunt said, "Go—I will go with thee, and woe to them that shall do thee harm or wrong!" When they reached the court, Wycliffe was commanded by the Bishop of London to stand during his trial. John told the Earl Marshal, Lord Percy, to insist upon his having a seat, when a fierce altercation arose between the prelates and the nobles, which ended in the discomfiture of the latter. Wycliffe was then cited before the bishops at Lambeth, whence they were forbidden to condemn him by a peremptory message from the queen-mother. Two anti-Popes contending at this time, no infallible commission could be obtained against the reformer, and he went free in heart, soul, and opinions. Retiring to his humble parsonage,

he employed his leifure by writing a treatife on the truth of the Scriptures, and tranflated both the Old and New Testaments into the Englifh tongue; and as Southey remarks, “undaunted in retirement, and faithful to the laft, he ftill wielded his pen and preached from his pulpit againft fpiritual wickednefs in high places. He died in peace—fuffered neither by the axe nor the fagot—but fome years after, his relentless enemies obtained a comiffion from the Pope to difinter his quiet remains. His body was torn from the grave, and burnt in the public market-place of Lutterworth, and his afhes thrown into the Severn, and, as has been beautifully faid, “By the waters of the Severn they were carried into the fea, and by the fea difperfed to every quarter of the globe, as thofe docttrines of truth and righteousnefs which he promulgated are deftined to be.”

Hufs followed Wycliffe. He was but a few years later as regards his birth, which took place at Huffinatz, in Bohemia, where he acquired the name of John of Hufs. He became minifter of Prague, where he obtained the higheft reputation, on account of the fanctity of his manners, his erudition, and his eloquence. He declaimed with vehemence againft the vices that had corrupted all the different orders of the clergy; and he ufed the moft earneft and affiduous endeavours to withdraw the Univerfity of Prague from the jurifdiction of Gregory XII. About this time he became acquainted with the writings of Wycliffe, and his knowledge of the Scriptures foon made him feel the juftice of that bold

reformer's attack on the abuses of the Church. He, too, like Wycliffe, was indebted to the brother, or rather sister-help of one who knew truth from error. Queen Sophia, who had long observed with veneration the piety and goodness of this bold man's life, told him to be of good courage, to do what was the work of God on earth, and that she would protect him—which she did, and appointed him her chaplain. His boldness did not go long unobserved by the Papacy. Yet he could not be attacked in Bohemia, as it did not recognise the domination of the Pope; but an accusation was brought against him, in the year 1410, before the tribunal of John XXIII., by whom he was solemnly expelled from the communion of the Church. The Pope now summoned him to Rome, and the Emperor Sigismund, by letters of safe-conduct, became responsible for his personal safety, and the Pope made promises to the same effect. Notwithstanding this, immediately after he arrived, he was thrown into prison, after a private examination by some of the cardinals, and, in spite of the reiterated remonstrances of the Bohemian and Moravian nobles, was kept in confinement, though sick, and denied an advocate. At a further examination, which took place on the 5th of June, 1415, the Fathers of the Council interrupted him in his defence by loud and vehement vociferation. In a trial on the 7th and 8th of June, he defended himself at length in the presence of the emperor; but his grounds of defence were disregarded, and an unconditional recantation of heresies which he had not

taught, as well as those that he had, was demanded of him. Huss, however, remained firm in his belief, and the last examination ended in a sentence of death, which had been determined on from the first. On this occasion the reformer reminded the emperor of his promise of safe-conduct. Alas! "brother-help" was not there, and the monarch, as merciless as the proud host of prelates, refused. Huss was, without being convicted of any error, that same day burnt alive, and his ashes were thrown into the Rhine, to spread, as those of Wycliffe had done, over the whole earth, as a symbol of the progress of the Protestant faith. On his way to the fatal spot he was observed to smile at the place where some of his writings had been burnt, with those of Wycliffe. On mounting the pile, his face beamed with a heavenly serenity, and he expired full of joy, expressing, in his last moments, the noblest feelings of love to God, of affection and devotion to his brother-man, with faith in the progress of Gospel truth, and the most triumphant hope of the accomplishment of those promises with which the Gospel arms the true Christian at the approach of eternity. The same unhappy fate was borne with equally pious fortitude by Jerome of Prague, his intimate friend and companion, who came to the council with the generous design of supporting and seconding his persecuted friend. Terrified at the prospect of a cruel death, Jerome appeared at first willing to submit to the orders of the council, and to abandon the tenets and opinions which it had condemned in his writings. This submission was

not, however, attended by the advantages he expected, nor did it deliver him from the close and severe confinement in which he was kept. He therefore, after profound and tearful prayer to God to direct him, resumed his fortitude in the strength of Him who is alone our strength, and professed anew, with a heroic constancy, the opinions which he had deserted for awhile under the influence of terror, and maintained them in the flames to the last. He proceeded to the pile, consoled by singing the Apostles' Creed and spiritual hymns, and gave up his spirit in prayer. His ashes also were thrown into the Rhine, to be dispersed like his doctrines, in order to annihilate his memory; but posterity has done him justice, and revered him as one of the noble company of brother helpers, and the martyr of truth, who, unwearied in life and noble in death, has acquired an immortal renown for his share in the Reformation—the most glorious of all works upon this benighted earth of ours, since the first promulgation of the Gospel.

So spread Protestantism in Germany; but in England superstition still held its reign. The regular clergy, encroaching more and more, had at length engrossed one-third of the kingdom. A large share of temporal power was the consequence of this wealth, and the gross ignorance of the times established them fully in a spiritual dominion. From the days of Wycliffe men had dared to speak with some freedom; and when the spread of Luther's opinions had roused the spirit of truth in Germany, English people spoke bolder still. The days of

bigotry and superstition were numbered ; but the stake and the fagot were at hand, and the old statutes against the followers of Wycliffe were revived.

Thomas Bilney was a man of holy life. While at the University of Cambridge, he read Luther's writings, and approved them ; he conversed with Protestants, and found them men of temper and learning. It was Latimer's good fortune to be acquainted with this excellent person. He had known his life in the University as being strictly moral and devout, and observed in him candour, honesty, and courage. Bilney engrafted Protestantism upon Latimer, who no sooner ceased from being a zealous Romanist, than he became—such was his constitutional warmth, like that of the apostle Paul—a zealous Protestant; accordingly he became most active in propagating the reformed opinions. Cambridge was the seat of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, and Latimer and Bilney were marked men.

It was determined to oppose them by words first ; and the orthodox clergy appointed one Dr. Buckingham, prior of the black friars, who appeared in the pulpit a few Sundays after Latimer had preached one of his most telling sermons. With great pomp and corresponding prolixity he showed the danger of Mr. Latimer's opinions, particularly in relation to his plan of publishing the Scriptures in English. “ If that heresy,” said he, “ should prevail we should soon see an end of everything useful among us. The ploughman, reading that if he put his hand to the plough and should happen to look back, he

was unfit for the kingdom of God, would soon lay aside his labour; the baker also, reading that a *little* leaven would corrupt his lump, would give us very insipid bread; the simple man also, finding himself commanded to pluck out his eyes when they offended, would pave the way for a nation of blind beggars."

Nonsense could go no further than this; yet it was academical orthodoxy, and had the reasoning of the schools. Latimer, as was the custom of the time, rose and answered him. "A figurative manner of speech," he said, "was common in all languages. Thus, for instance," said he, (addressing himself to that part of the audience in which Buckingham was sitting in a friar's hood), "when we see a fox painted preaching in a friar's hood, nobody imagines that a fox is meant, but that crafty hypocrisy is described which is so often found disguised in that garb." Thus the wit and raillery of Latimer placed the prior in so ridiculous a light, that he never more entered the field as a disputant.

Such was the state of things, when complaints came from Cambridge of the daily increase of heresy; Tunstall, with an air of sanctity, shook his head, declaring "it was very shameful indeed, very shameful." Warham raged aloud, and talked of nothing but fire and extirpation, root and branch; while the Cardinal treated the whole as a jest, attributing it to the envy of a few illiterate priests against men of superior merit. But the complaints from Cambridge increased, and the Cardinal was obliged to shake off his indifference and begin to act. He created a

court, consisting of bishops, divines, and canons, as usual; Tunstal was made president, and Bilney and Latimer were brought up. Bilney was considered as the heresiarch, and against him chiefly the rigour of the court was levelled. His examination was severe, but his answers to his opponents overwhelming. The process at an end, he was, however, declared to be an obstinate and contumacious heretic, was found guilty and sentenced to the flames—as if burning a man's body would correct the errors of his mind.

Here Tunstal, who was, it is supposed, much convinced by Bilney's argument, and impressed with the innocence of his character and the holiness of his life, exhibited one of the noblest instances of brother-help recorded in these woeful times. He could not interfere in Bilney's favour in a judicial way, but he laboured to save him by all the means in his power. He first induced his friends to persuade him to recant, and when that would not do he joined his entreaties to theirs, had patience with him day after day, and with all the tenderness of humanity begged him to save him from the terrible necessity of delivering him up to the strong arm of the law. The good bishop in the end, by his tears and supplications, prevailed; Bilney could not withstand the affection and brotherly love of Tunstal, although he had withstood all the menaces of the inflamed Warham—he recanted, bore his fagot, and was dismissed. As for Latimer and the rest, they had easier terms; Tunstal lost no opportunities of showing mercy, and was dexterous in finding

them. The Cardinal too, in spite of the bigotry of his creed, was not a man of blood.

The heretics, upon their dismissal, returned to Cambridge, where they were received with open arms by their friends. Amidst this mutual joy, Bilney alone seemed unaffected; he shunned the sight of his acquaintance, and received their officious congratulations with confusion and blushes. Reflection had now brought him to himself, and remorse and conscience—more fearful enemies than bigotry and superstition—had seized him for what he had done. Restless nights, fearful dreams, and other effects of a mind that preys upon itself, in a short time disturbed his reason, and it was feared that he might have committed suicide if those about him had not closely attended him. Thus he continued for some time, one of the most shocking spectacles that human nature can exhibit. At last, however, he told his friends that he was determined to expiate his late shameful abjuration by his death. What they could oppose had no weight; he had taken his resolution, and breaking at once from all his attachments at Cambridge, he set out for Norwich, which was the place of his nativity. He then went about the country preaching his own repentance, confessing his guilt, and declaring popery to be a diabolical religion and a preposterous lie. He exhorted the people to beware of idolatry, to trust no longer in beads, crucifixes, pilgrimages, penances, and the prayers of saints, but rather to believe in Jesus Christ, and to lead lives of purity and holiness before God.

The report of this very extraordinary preacher soon reached the ears of the Bishop of Norwich. Bilney was at once apprehended and sent to the county jail. While he lay there, awaiting the writ for his execution, he gave very surprising instances of a firm and collected mind. He recovered from his despondency, resumed his spirits, and became cheerful and happy. Such is the effect of consciousness of right and truth. Some of his friends found him eating a hearty supper the night before his execution, and, expressing their surprise, he told them that he was but doing that which was prudent—he was only keeping his cottage in repair, while he continued to inhabit it. The same composure ran through his whole behaviour. With equal constancy he went through his trial, and when it was ended he dwelt much upon a passage in Isaiah, which he said gave him great comfort, viz., “Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overthrow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee; I am the Lord thy God.” His death was a noble instance of Christian courage and of Christian love for fellow men, in those times, fruitful of such examples.

Events of the most perplexing character now arose among the religious parties in the kingdom. Persecution was rife on both sides. The furious Henry, the gentle Edward, and the bigoted Mary complicated affairs.

So soon as Queen Mary was firmly established on the throne the most horrid persecutions began, as every one knows, and the same endeavours were made to destroy Protestantism root and branch. The penal laws against heretics were revived, the most zealous of reforming ministers were committed to prison, and on the 28th of July, 1555, Bishop Hooper, and Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, who had assisted in the early editions of the Bible, were brought before Gardiner and his coadjutors at St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, and, being condemned as heretics, they were committed to Newgate and given over to the secular power to be burned. Bonner, with impious mockery, degraded the bishop and the minister from their high offices. Rogers was immediately led to the stake in Smithfield. He begged of the wretched Bonner to be allowed to see his wife, but his request was refused. On his way to the stake he saw her in the street, with his eleven children standing by her side, waiting to take a last farewell. Severe as the trial must have been, he was enabled to endure steadfastly to the end. He was, at the last moment, offered a pardon if he would recant, but he refused, saying, "That which I have preached I will seal with my blood." "Thou art a heretic," said the sheriff. "That shall be known at the last day," answered Rogers. "I will never pray for thee," exclaimed the persecutor. "But I will pray for you," replied the martyr. He suffered the torments prepared for him with patience and fortitude, and washing his hands, as it were, in the flames, as they raged around him, took his death

with so calm and resolute a patience, that many who were present blessed God for the support which had been vouchsafed him, and derived strength from his example.

Hooper entered into his glory at Gloucester; on the 9th of February he was led to execution, to the place appointed, which was before the Cathedral. The fire was kindled, and in every corner there was nothing but weeping and sorrow. His sufferings were very severe; the fire at first reaching only his legs and the lower part of his body, during which time he stood praying, "Oh, Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul!" When the fire was spent, he wiped his eyes with his hands, and mildly, yet earnestly, entreated that more fire might be brought. After some time the flames regained strength—he still continued praying, till, as a bystander relates, his face was black and his tongue so swollen that he could not speak; yet his lips moved till they shrunk from the gums, and he smote his breast with his hands till one of his arms fell off. The voice with which he called upon his Redeemer was, although a voice of pain, a voice of confidence and hope, and at the last he died quiet as the child that goes to sleep in its parent's arms.

It would set the heart bleeding to relate the circumstances of the deaths of all that suffered in this way for the spiritual benefit of their fellow men, for Bonner, bloated with rage and bigotry, let loose his vengeance without restraint. In September, 1555, a commission was sent from Cardinal Pole to examine and judge Ridley and Latimer. If they would recant they were to be

reconciled to the Pope ; if not, they were to be burned. They were found guilty, and sentenced to be burned at Oxford. The place of execution was prepared—it was in front of Baliol College, at that time a ditch by the town wall, but now filled up and made a street; the exact spot was near the corner of Broad Street. Ridley came first to the stake, walking between the mayor and an alderman ; then followed Latimer, in his old frieze coat, and with a long shroud hanging down to his feet. When they arrived at the stake, Ridley embraced his aged companion, and told him to be of good cheer. They then knelt down and prayed separately, and afterwards together. All now being ready, a lighted fagot was brought and laid at Ridley's feet. Then Latimer addressed his fellow-sufferer in these words : “ Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall never be put out.” Then came the fire—their bodies perished in it, but their souls arose through it to their Redeemer. The light was kindled in England, never to be put out or darkened, but to shine with newer and brighter effulgence from day to day and from hour to hour—an everlasting witness to the triumph of gospel truth.

Thus it is that the heroes of the Reformation must be put upon the list of the greatest of brother helpers. Christianity creates a heavenly brotherhood, and men who cling to each other for the purpose of maintaining it in its unity and purity, its truth, and its charity, are true Philadelphians, and the blessing of God is upon them.

Attempts may be made, and are making—for the dying convulsions of a giant may be noticed—to bring the world back to its former blindness, and to place the arbitrary mandates of the priesthood over the free liberty of the Gospel. It is like Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep out the Atlantic with a birch-broom—it is forcing nature's course against the grain. It is like commanding the earth to rotate backwards, or plants to grow with their roots in the air. But Christianity is safe in Divine hands. A church is not a spiritual slavery, but a spiritual freedom, for, whom the Son of God makes free, they are free indeed. Beware, then, you tamperers with God's mercies, who would foist your mummeries, and trumpery finery, and sacerdotal mockeries upon us in lieu of the simple and sober realities of God's word, and the pure light of evangelical truth. It is too late—England will not return like the dog to its vomit, the world is too wise, the minds of men are too enlightened, their hearts are too expanded, and God is above, ruling all, and he will most assuredly rule all things to his glory, and to the benefit of his people. The "Good Shepherd" will not let his sheep fall into the hands of the wolf. He has already given his life for the sheep, and no man shall pluck them out of his gracious hand.

The desire for freedom, and deliverance from kingly tyranny did not abate with the dawning intelligence of the time. The Reformation paved the way for liberty, both civil and ecclesiastical. The brother helpers of men, in their chains and their sorrows, received a mighty impetus

when the Bible was translated and the people began to read it. From that day the spirit of freedom arose, and royal tyranny and priestly domination began to sink towards that abyss from which they originally sprung. The world was in a convulsion amid the throes of its new birth, and England especially, like a troubled sea, and in the year 1626, the great struggle may be said to have begun between old things and the new.

The Puritans—a righteous, severe, bold, and resolute body of men—continued to gain ground during the whole reign of James I., and now formed a great majority in the House of Commons. Here was the quintessence of all the mischief that followed, for the Parliament claimed the right of supplying the money required by the state. Hence things were soon brought to a crisis.

Our purpose is not to write a history of the Rebellion, as it is called, but simply to show that the wrongs of the age, the determination of arbitrary power to deprive a growing country of its liberties, justified men in coming to their country's help. But for such men, we might at this moment have been crumpled up like Austria, or benighted and priest-ridden like Spain, or under some domination as detestable and ridiculous as that of the King of Dahomey. Charles I. was weak, duplex, hesitating, uncertain, and true to nothing but his kingly prerogative. Laud was his evil demon that inspirited him to his ruin. His exertions to establish the English liturgy in Scotland lighted a flame which has not been

quenched to this day, but lives to enlighten and to warn a people well worthy the spiritual and civil liberties they so honourably acquired. But for the men of England in those days—Milton and Cromwell, Hampden, Falkland, Pym, Algernon Sidney, and Russell—we must say something, for to them we owe much; theirs was “brother help” to their generation, and to generations then as now unborn. They were men born at a time when England’s misfortunes were at the greatest, and her perils were the hardest, when her hopes were fewest and her dangers the largest. God guided them to a rough victory, and set them up as beacons for the troubled seas of all time.

Pym was the most zealous, the most active, and the most provoking of all the heroes of the Commonwealth. He was at first an attorney’s clerk, then got into the Exchequer, and in 1621 was returned member for Tavistock. He was one of the managers of the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham. It is said that, during the second session of the third Parliament, Wentworth—who, like our John Russell, had been raised to the House of Lords—met some of his old friends and accosted them, “Well, you see I have left you;” and Pym, not less proud and resolute, answered, “Yes, my lord, but we will never *leave you* while your head is on your shoulders!” a threat which he too well fulfilled.

Hampden and Pym were soon the leaders of the House of Commons; Hampden was the head of the political, and Pym of the religious division of their party.

Hampden did not speak so frequently in the House ; his name was better known throughout the country, for his opposition to ship-money had turned the eyes of the kingdom upon him ; but in public the execution of all plans fell upon Pym, who was more popular in the House of Commons, and had more power, than any man of his time. He moved the impeachment of Lord Strafford, and brought him to the ground. He it was also who carried up the articles of impeachment against Laud, a mischievous and cruel prelate. However, Pym died before the archbishop was brought to trial. It was against Pym especially that the rage of Charles was directed, when he went with his guards to seize the five commoners, Hampden, Pym, Holles, Stroud, and Haselrig. As he entered the House, the king, as he passed up towards the chair, cast his eye on the right hand, where Pym used to sit, but not seeing him there, went on and sat down on the Speaker's chair, and afterwards discovered that the birds were flown, and that he himself looked very much like a goose for having subjected himself to so grave a charge as that of breach of privilege of Parliament ; and to that worse indignity, when Henry Walker, the ironmonger, threw into the king's coach a paper, on which was written, "To your tents, O Israel!" and intimated that the question between the king and Parliament could only be settled by the sword.

The king declared Pym a traitor ; but he was not, and the sting of the name rankled in his heart, so that there could be no peace between them. In vindication of his

conduct throughout the contest, Pym published a book, in which he says, "When I perceive my life aimed at, and hear myself proclaimed a traitor, merely for the entireness of my heart in the service of my country, no man will consider me blameworthy that I fled for refuge to the protection of the Parliament, which secured my life and that of others from the storm that was ready to burst out upon us."

Pym was one of the lay members, of whom there were thirty—ten peers, and twenty commoners who met at Westminster for the settling of the government and liturgy of the Church of England, in June 1643. He died in the December following, and was buried with great pomp by the House of Commons. At the Restoration his body was ignominiously torn from the grave, and his head placed on London Bridge, as a reward for his faithfulness to his country.

The character of Hampden was of a different stamp. In consequence of his resistance of the unjust demand of "ship-money," the whole fury of the Government was brought against him; yet, as one of his most zealous enemies, Lord Clarendon, declares, he carried himself through the whole suit with such singular temper and modesty, that he obtained more credit and advantage by losing it than the king did service in gaining it. From the time of his trial he became one of the most popular men in the kingdom. "The eyes of all men," says Lord Clarendon, "were fixed upon him as their *pater patriæ*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through

the tempests and rocks which threatened it. But he was, at a very early period of the war, cut off by a wound received by a pistol bursting in his hand at Chalgrove Field. He expired calling aloud upon God to save his country, and thus died, exhibiting by his patience, piety, nobleness of heart and mind, thorough honesty, and incorruptible integrity, a character such as the world has seldom been called upon to contemplate. The inscription on his tomb marks the services of the man. "With great courage and consummate abilities, he began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court in defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them on the field."

Now shines forth a glorious light—a man of thought rather than a man of action—the sublime Milton; gentle and meek, yet heroic and bold. He was designed for the "church," but he preferred, as he said, "blameless silence" to what he considered servitude and forswearing. He preferred poetry to pagan idolatry, and sonnets to sophistry; but he was full of the spirit of liberty, and strong in his hatred to priestly domination and kingly oppression. The heart of a true poet is always on the side of his fellow-men—it always sympathises with the wronged and the suffering, with the wretched and oppressed. How nobly did his indignation rise upon learning the infamous and bloody massacre of the Protestants at Piedmont.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en those who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,

Forget not. In thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in thy ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learned Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

He lost his eyes in liberty's defence, his noblest task.
 His allusion to Cromwell, in his "Samson Agonistes,"
 shows what his thoughts were, both concerning public
 liberty and the "man."

"Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men;
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but ranging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour truth;—
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
 With winged expedition.
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,
 Whom God had of his special favour rais'd
 As their deliverer. If he might begin,
 Now frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds."

Milton, in his prose works, did much for the cause of

liberty. His "Anfwer to Salmatius" was a masterpiece; but the most splendid of all his prose is his "Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Liberty of unlicenced Printing," which may be said to be the foundation of the "Liberty of the Press."

But now comes the man moulded for the times—the great Cromwell. While in obscurity on his farm, near Ely, he took the popular side relating to the draining of the fens, and was called "King of the Fens," or "Lord of the Fens." At his house he encouraged meetings of the Puritans, became one himself, and preached and prayed with them. He was elected a member of the Long Parliament, where he attracted notice by his clownish manners, slovenly dress, and coarse oratory. "That sloven," said Hampden of him, "hath no ornament in his speech, but he will become the greatest man in England." On the breaking out of the war in 1642, he raised a troop of horse, drilled them himself, infused his spirit into them, and they were ready to risk all for the cause of God. His first military exploit was the occupation of Cambridge, where, with puritanical zeal, he seized the church plate, in the "name of God," melted it down, and paid his men with it. He then routed the Royalists, and made himself master of their supplies. Then he goes on from victory to victory. At Marston Moor the same puritanical troop decided the victory, and Cromwell fought hand to hand with the enemy. He reduces Wales by a sudden attack; then he takes the command of the army, and goes against

Scotland, and defeats the Scotch army. He goes to Ireland—takes Drogheda by storm, the other Irish towns opened their gates to him, and Ireland submitted to him. Again in Scotland, he fights battle after battle and is always victorious—returns to England, drives out the Long Parliament at the point of the sword, makes himself Protector of the Commonwealth, and rules, with extraordinary firmness, over the nation.

Here is a man-meteor passing over the earth—a luminary of fearful brightness, a scourge, a terror and a blight, but yet a man full of love for his brethren, of hatred of oppression, and burning with a desire to save the people of his country from bad government. He was a patriot in the highest sense of the word, and represented England as doth the lion which emblazons her escutcheon. He strengthened the British navy, and by his admirals, Blake and others, he completely humbled and disabled the Dutch, who have never had a navy since his day. The whole world stood in awe of this great man; he was great as a general, great as a ruler, and still greater as a civil magistrate. He possessed extraordinary penetration, vigour, and ability—always put the right man in the right place—had no circumlocutory offices about him; but if any man was found that had a particular aptitude for any service, he employed that man. He knew, too, the art of winning men and using them to his purpose. He devised the boldest plans with a quickness equalled only by the decision and intrepidity with which he executed them. No obstacle deterred him,

and he was never at a loss for expedients ; cool and reserved, but full of great projects, he waited patiently for the favourable moment, and then struck the blow without hesitation. In religion he was evidently a sincere man, believing himself as one appointed by God to save his country and religion from destruction. He believed in his “inward light,” and he loved the “brotherhood of the faints.” His letters to his wife, children and friends, printed in his lifetime by Harris, prove his sincerity in matters of religion, and they certainly show him to be a kind-hearted and affectionate man. As to the Puritans, taking them in the main, they were a noble race of “brother helpers.” Nor were they guilty of hypocrisy ; they were no hypocrites who swept before them like chaff the cavaliers of England ; right or wrong, they were in earnest, spurred on by an ardour before which the fine old spirit of chivalry quailed. And although every one is free, if they like, to praise the Revolution of 1688, and to blame the Rebellion, as it is called, of 1642, the Puritans did us in their day good and essential service, the results of which are seen to this hour—in the evangelical portion of the church especially.

The days of the Commonwealth were glorious ones, although they were filled with strife and bloodshed. The might of a people aroused by the eternal principles of right and justice to struggle for their liberties is the sublimest spectacle under heaven. Such times develop the seeds of greatness in men and nations ; it is in such

times that *men* are created. The quiet unanimity of a dozing community is not favourable to the birth of great virtues ; these are born in wrong, in tribulation, and in sorrow. The misfortunes of an age are often the means of its fullest regeneration. It is the storm and the tempest that make the most able mariner, and train the most skilful pilot. The calm and tranquil waters require periods of agitation, or they would stagnate and engender corruption ; so it is with states and kingdoms, unless, indeed, the people are so interested in their government as to be perpetually stirring up its waters for the preservation of their purity, and for the purpose of making them health-giving to the body politic.

It was in the time of the Commonwealth that the Waldenses suffered their most cruel persecutions. As we all know, they were the inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys, who had early distinguished themselves by disapproving of the Church of Rome, and who retained through what have been truly called the dark ages, much of the simplicity and purity of primitive Christianity. Surrounded by almost inaccessible mountains, this simple people pursued the even tenor of their way for some period without molestation. But at last their persecutions became the most fearful and terrible of any that had taken place in the history of the world. It was a simple community, but of extending numbers ; and, as was observed of them, even by their enemies, they were decent in their deportment, modest in their dress, and of high moral character, loyal to their governors, and ever

ready to lend cheerful obedience to them in everything but the concerns of religion. In 1259, the Protestant Church at Alba numbered five hundred members, at Carcaffone fifteen hundred, and at Boguolo two hundred. The houses in which they met were merely hired for places of worship. There were several in each city. They had bishops or elders, pastors and deacons, teachers and messengers, the latter of whom were employed in travelling to administer comfort and consolation to the sick and afflicted. The circumstance which seemed to have brought ecclesiastical persecution upon them, was the energetic preaching of Peter Waldo, an opulent citizen of Lyons, who lived in the twelfth century; and from his day up to the time of our Rebellion, as it is called, it was kept up under every form of wickedness and inhumanity. But the miseries of war and violence were perhaps never more experienced by them than in the year 1665. On the 25th of January in that year, a manifesto was issued by the Grand Duke of Savoy, which commanded every head of a family among the Waldenses, together with his wife and children, to abandon their homes within three days after the date of the order, on pain of death, or confiscation of house and goods, unless they immediately embraced the Romish faith. The consternation with which such an order was received, when the surrounding country was buried in the snows of winter, may be faintly conceived; they in vain pleaded and implored, and at last, as the dreadful alternative, having resolved not to abandon their faith, they quitted their peaceful dwellings in the valleys,

and immediately the foldiers, following on their footsteps, plundered and fet fire to the dwellings, razing them to the ground. In some places the troops came suddenly upon the inhabitants, and the most sickening barbarities were practised, and then it was that the great Milton gave utterance to the noble and indignant thoughts in the sonnet which we have quoted. Then it was that Cromwell, with a heart as full of sympathy as any, came forward like a man on their behalf. He was "Protector" of England at the time of these occurrences, and as soon as the news of the Waldensian massacre reached England, he instantly took measures to arouse the attention of the Protestant states of Europe to the subject. Milton was his foreign secretary, and it devolved upon him to write to these various Protestant states, which he did in terms at once glowing with indignation and an honourable courage. In one of these letters, addressed to the Duke of Savoy, he says, "When intelligence was brought us that a calamity so awful had befallen this miserable people, it was impossible for us not to feel the deepest sorrow and compassion. For as we are not only by the ties of humanity, but also by religious fellowship and fraternal relations united to them, we conceived that we could neither satisfy our own minds, nor discharge our duty towards God, nor the obligations of brotherly love, and thereby, as professors of the same faith if, while deeply sympathizing with our afflicted brethren, we should fail to use every endeavour that was within our reach to succour them under so many expected miseries."

The tenor of all these letters was to induce the courts of Europe to interfere for the relief of the suffering Waldenses—a noble brother-help. But this was not all—Cromwell, on the very day that he heard of the disaster of Piedmont, subscribed the sum of £2000, as a commencement of a fund for the sufferers. He ordered that collections should be made in all the churches and chapels in England, and a committee, consisting of about forty of the first of the nobility, gentry, and clergy, was formed for conducting the subscription; Sir Thomas Viner and Sir Christopher Pach, aldermen of London, being employed as treasurers. In a short time, no less a sum than £38,000 was collected. This was placed in the hands of Sir Samuel Morland, who was ordered to proceed to Geneva, there to take up his residence for a time, and distribute the fund in the manner likely to be the most serviceable to those for whom it was intended. The relief came most seasonably, and the moral effect of Cromwell's bold and spirited conduct was immense. The Duke of Savoy was alarmed and drew in his horns, and, in the height of his fears of that terrible broadsword, and fierce artillery, and stout heart which then spoke the majesty of England, withdrew his cruel edict, and granted certain concessions to this suffering people. But when the old lion died, and while the successors to England's dignity were dragging his body from the grave to hang it up in the public streets with every kind of indignity, the agents of the Inquisition were again let loose upon these Christian people, forbidding them all kinds of

traffic for their sustenance, robbing them of their goods and estates, banishing the pastors of their flocks, and murdering the most innocent as they peaceably passed along the highways. But, in spite of all this, when war broke out between Savoy and Genoa, this persecuted people, true to their ancient faith of returning good for evil, voluntarily came forward as brother-helpers in the duke's cause—forgetting the injuries of ages, and acting with such zeal and courage that they soon retrieved the fallen fortunes of their country, and brought the war to a speedy termination. What could be more noble—what more thoroughly illustrative of the divine principle of Christianity—what more surely calculated to spread the great principles of the Reformation, and of the religion of love itself? and so, by the blessing of God, the Waldenses in due time worked out their own earthly salvation as they did their heavenly one. They still retain their position—years have passed since they returned to their beloved mountains and valleys, and they are still deserving the admiration and sympathy of the Protestants of all nations. The Emperor Napoleon is now near them; he, too, has a heart of noble and generous impulses, and in him the loyal and sincere will always find a generous defender. He is a great man, with a great soul; leave him alone—the time will come when the world will see that he is not less a brother helper than some of the greatest we have mentioned in these pages; and this we devoutly hope for the sake of humanity and the world at large.

The Tyrolese struggle for independence is one that well deserves recording among brother-helps, as the most noble self-sacrifices were made by that heroic people. It was in the year 1809 that the whole Tyrolese population were in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy, *en masse*, was led by Andrew Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age, a frank-hearted, pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition, with a vehement love of his country, and a heart noble and disinterested—a man, in short, born to be a hero—one of those heroes of which the world does well to be proud.

Napoleon I. sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzig, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents, commanded by Hofer, drew Lefevre into the mountains, and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and, after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again set free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls lodged in the ground, and carrying them in his little hat to the Tyrolese. He was often under the hottest fire, and yet the little fellow continued his avocation with the utmost *sang froid*. At last, however, he was “knocked over,” and while he was dying handed to his comrades his little collection of balls, with a request that they might not be wasted.

So great was the enthusiasm also of the Tyrolese peasantry, that little girls willingly gave their services to the volunteers, and were seen carrying provisions and refreshments to them in the hottest of the fight, while the women heroically tended the wounded and the dying. It is impossible to recount the bravery and good generalship of Hofer. He seems to have been inspired by courage, tact, and resources equal to that of the oldest veterans; indeed, he was so formidable an enemy that it was determined by the French government that he must be destroyed at any price.

Hofer was loyal to the house of Austria, although the Tyrol had suffered not a little from its hands; but the patriot considered that loyalty to a sovereign who was attacked by overpowering numbers was a duty, and that "brother-help" was necessary. He thought, perhaps, that his devotedness, and that of those over whom he exercised so great an influence, would be the means of obtaining for his country many ameliorations. But the fortunes of the campaign went against Francis; he was constrained to purchase peace by the cruellest sacrifice, and, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connection with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest Peter Joachim, blessed their endeavours. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was he so roughly handled that upon

one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his carriage to escape, and fled disguised as a common soldier. Hofer now led his little band of eight thousand to defy the French marshal and his twenty-five thousand soldiers before Inspruck. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost fourteen thousand men in a fortnight; and the Tyrolese re-entered their emancipated capital.

For two months the Tyrol was free, but could not hope to remain so. Before the end of October, French troops poured in on all sides. Baraquay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beau^{na}bornais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of their laying down their arms. The archduke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply, and Hofer thereupon accepted the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance, to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But, pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass and seized a fortified post upon the Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again took the field, and repulsed the French with a loss of fifteen hundred men, and an eagle, which he seized with his own hands in the midst of the fight. But the French general now ordered the advance of the whole army of thirty thousand men, which swept away the handful of mountaineers like chaff. Hofer retired, and concealed himself in an alpine hut amid the

snowy wilderness of barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escape to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

Alas, alas! for wretched human nature, that this man should be betrayed by his own familiar friend, one Peter Douay, who discovered his retreat to his enemies! The French general sent a detachment of fifteen hundred men to seize the patriot. They surrounded his little cot, rushed upon him like tigers, seized him, separated him from his wife and children, and sent him bound to Botzen, and thence to Mantua. At the latter place he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. Hofer was calm and serene, and, submitting to his sentence with magnanimity, observed, "I deserved better, even of my enemies." On his way to the place of execution, he gave a last cheer for his beloved sovereign, and then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble, soldierly pride, he refused to do either, saying, "I stand before my Creator an honest man, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hands." He then called upon the soldiers to take good aim, and exclaiming, "God save my unhappy country!" gave the word, "fire." In a few minutes, the spirit of Hofer stood before God.

The love of liberty is a sacred passion—for liberty is the birthright of man. Woe be to those who would deprive nations of their sacred rights, for the hour of retribution will most assuredly fall upon them. There is a power greater than bayonets, cannon, and bursting bomb-shells, which lives and glows in the patriot's heart, and over which death has no power. Happy will it be for rulers when they shall come to understand this philosophy, and make use of it for the benefit of mankind.

The American Revolution ended in the establishment of the United States—now, alas ! disunited—and it was the greatest event of modern times. Unjust government at home, the venality of public men, the corruptions of office, the intolerance, nepotism and wickedness of a packed parliament, and sometimes packed juries, were the true causes of that revolution—it was not a question of mere taxation without representation—and when an insane king determined upon a war with the American States, and was backed up by a fervile and corrupt parliament, in opposition to the advice of the noblest and most honourable minds of that or any other age, it only showed to what extent the kingly power could proceed. Lord Westcote, in one of the debates on the question, called the war we had entered into against the United States a holy war, to which Pitt replied, and said, “I am persuaded, and will affirm that it was a most cursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war. It was conceived in injustice, it was

nursed and brought forth in folly, its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution, and devastation—in truth, everything which went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude was found in it. It was pregnant with misery of every kind. The nation was drained of its best blood, and of its vital resources of men and money ; and in return we had nothing but a series of ineffective victories, or severe defeats, victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren, whom we would trample down and destroy, or filled with narratives of the glorious exertions of men struggling in the holy cause of liberty through all the difficulties and disadvantages of their situation, and presenting a spectacle to the world, at once instructive and sublime.”

There were many brother-helpers in this great work of American independence, but none stood out in such high relief as the celebrated George Washington—not, indeed, because he was the representative of the military force of the country, and exhibited military sagacity of a very high order, but because he was a man of the most undeviating faithfulness, of the noblest principle, and of the highest integrity. He was the man born for the occasion, who—from the beginning to the end, in war and in peace—was the great captain of the enterprise, combining and in some degree directing the efforts of all his fellow labourers—their chief reliance in all their difficulties, the atlas on whom rested the central weight of the cause, and of all its cares and responsibilities.

When the American Revolution broke out, George

Washington was in his forty-second year—about the age of Cromwell at the commencement of the great Rebellion. Although living, however, at this time on his estate as a country gentleman, he had already not only served in a military capacity, but had from the beginning of the quarrel with the mother country taken the patriotic side; and immediately after the sword was first drawn in 1775, he was, by the unanimous vote of the general Congress, appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the thirteen provinces.

At the moment when he was placed in this conspicuous station, the cause which had been committed to him was in circumstances that demanded all his energies, vigilance, and moral courage. The Congress had found a general—to the general himself was left the entire organization and disciplining, and providing for the army; of all these indispensable matters, Washington took the entire charge. The state was, as may be supposed, violently agitated—traitors within and without were pursuing their secret plans for its downfall—every effort was made by a small but bitterly adverse party to thwart and perplex him, but his patience and perseverance, his courage and energy, his high character, his honesty and truthfulness gradually overcame every obstacle, and the manifest disinterestedness of his whole conduct was so apparent, that at last his bitterest enemies gave way, and he had the satisfaction of seeing order established in every department of the service.

We cannot follow this great man through his military

career, but may remark that the greatness of his character was shown, not so much in a series of splendid victories, as in the unfaltering courage with which he bore up against the multiplied embarrassments which long continued to press upon him, and in that dauntless spirit, and reliance on the eventual success of his cause, which no temporary reverse was ever able to shake. His situation, a few months after he accepted his command, is strikingly described in one of his own letters to Congress. "It gives me great distress," he writes on the 21st of September, 1775, "to be obliged to solicit the attention of the Honourable Congress to the state of this army, in terms which imply the slightest apprehension of its being neglected. But my situation is inexpressibly distressing—to see the winter fast approaching upon a naked army, the time of their service within a few weeks of expiring, and no provision yet made for such important events. Added to these, the military chest is totally exhausted—the paymaster has not a single dollar in hand; the commissary-general assures me he has strained his credit, the quartermaster-general is precisely in the same situation, and the greater part of the troops are in a state not far from mutiny upon the deduction from their stated allowance." Thus left without the support necessary to make his exertions of any avail, had the American commander-in-chief been an ordinary man, he would have thrown up his commission. But nothing could move Washington—in the circumstances in which he was placed, he saw the more reason to be true to his trust, and he was willing to

suffer in silence all the strictures that were passed upon his inactivity, to which he was constrained by embarrassments which were known only to himself, and which it was of the utmost importance to conceal from the public. These complaints and clamours were heard not only throughout the country, but even in the camp itself, and the disgust with the service which was thus produced, became so general, that fully a third of the men, after their original term of six months had expired, refused to enlist again, and returned to their homes.

A new army, however, having been raised by another noble brother helper, Benjamin Franklin, after the most extraordinary exertions, Washington at length, on the 17th of March, 1776, made an attack upon the British garrison at Boston, the result of which was their expulsion from the town. But a succession of disasters speedily followed: in August the American general was driven from Long Island, in the neighbourhood of New York, and soon after that important town, in spite of his best endeavours, fell into the hands of the enemy. From this point Washington was gradually driven, first to the opposite bank of the Hudson and then across the whole province of Jersey to the Delaware. By this time, also, through losses and desertions, the number of troops had fallen to about three thousand men. The Congress had fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and, dismayed by the victorious progress of the enemy, the spirit of the country was quite broken.

Washington, however, neither lost heart nor relaxed

his watchfulness for an opportunity to strike a blow which might yet save his country, and this opportunity he at length found. He had now crossed the Delaware; his pursuers were now only waiting for the setting-in of the ice to follow him, when, on the evening of Christmas day, he suddenly recrossed the river, and, falling upon a division of the British army, which lay at Trenton, took nearly the whole of them prisoners. "This successful expedition," says an American writer, "first gave a favourable turn to our affairs, which after this seemed to brighten through the whole course of the war." Following up his success, Washington, on the 28th, attacked another detachment of the British, at Princeton, which he also completely dispersed, killing sixty men, and taking three hundred prisoners. The importance of these exploits, however, is to be measured, as we have said, by their moral effect in dispelling for ever the despondency into which the Americans were fast sinking, and in rousing them to new hopes and new exertions. The advance of the British troops was not permanently checked, for within a year Lord Cornwallis found himself in possession of Philadelphia; but this acquisition was rendered useless by the energetic spirit of resistance that was now everywhere awakened in every part of the country which had but lately been supposed to be all but conquered. Recruits were now easily raised in great numbers, both for the forces commanded by Washington in the south, and for those sent under General Gates to oppose Burgoyne in the north. Lord Cornwallis at last found him-

self shut up at Philadelphia, with hardly the power of moving from the ground he occupied, and the expedition of General Burgoyne ended in the surrender of himself and his whole army.

The history of the rest of the war—down to the annihilation of the army of Lord Cornwallis by Washington, at New York, on the 19th of October, 1781, with which it may be said to have terminated—would, if we had room to detail it, illustrate in the same manner in its whole course the rare and noble qualities of the American commander. Few military leaders—not even our own Wellington—had such a complication of difficulties to struggle with, to the very end of his career; and in triumphing over them, as he did, he showed himself to be rich in many higher endowments than mere military sagacity and skill. It was therefore with great fitness that, after having saved his country by the sword, he was chosen to direct her, in her entry as an independent nation, to the paths of peace. Washington was, therefore, unanimously elected the first President of the United States, on the 10th of March, 1789—a year, indeed, memorable for the commencement of the most bloody and merciless revolution in France, which might have been saved by a man with the high moral qualities of Washington.

In his high office of President of the United States, Washington was still true to himself, and displayed the same wisdom and firmness which had distinguished his previous services, and in circumstances of considerable

difficulty, through which, not without opposition from various quarters, he had to guide the young republic, proved himself born to attain and hold ascendancy not less in civil affairs than in arms. His grateful and admiring country again recognized him as her first citizen, by continuing him at her head for a second term of four years; and he might have been a third time elected if he had not found it necessary to refuse further service, from his declining health and advancing years. His last act in office, however, was one of the most useful of his useful and glorious life—we allude to the address in which he took leave of his countrymen as a public character, and in which he left them as admirable a legacy of political wisdom as was ever bequeathed by any patriot of any nation. This address, if his country and the world owed him nothing else, would be enough to immortalize his name through the most distant ages. But the life, of which this was the last act, was throughout crowded with eminent services, and its whole course was such as to entitle his memory to be held in everlasting remembrance by all the reverers either of public greatness or private worth. Seldom have the two been exhibited in the same character in such beautiful and perfect combination.

We have alluded to Franklin as a coadjutor of Washington—a brother helper also of the highest character, not more in a political than in a domestic sense. He drew the lightnings from the heavens, that they might pass harmlessly to the earth, and he also drew wisdom from

above, that it might dwell with man. He set also such an example of principle, industry, honesty, and economy, and illustrated it so well by his life and writings, as to claim the gratitude, not only of his country, but of the whole world.

During the American struggle, attempts were made to corrupt him by the good people at home ; every reward, unlimited honours, and recompense beyond his expectations, were promised him ; but what were these in the estimation of a man who could live on bran pudding ? It was at this period that he presented the petition of the first American Congress, and he attended behind the bar of the House of Lords when Chatham proposed his plan of reconciliation. In the course of the debate, that great man characterized Franklin as one whom all Europe held in the highest estimation, for his knowledge and wisdom, for his integrity and humanity—and an honour to human nature. His great virtues were temperance, industry, and frugality, and these he never swerved from ; to them he was indebted for health, wealth, and that activity of mind and purpose which led him to go about doing good in every way likely to benefit his fellow creatures. Education, prison discipline, sanitary improvements, and every other thing tending to improve a commonwealth, were the objects of his continuous exertions ; and he died as he had lived—in truthfulness, faithfulness, cheerfulness, and hope—leaving behind him a lesson for the young and the old, for rich and poor, for the king on the throne or the beggar on the dunghill.

But of all the “brother helpers” that have from age to age served the cause of freedom and humanity, the modern liberator, Garibaldi, stands pre-eminent. To write a history of his noble deeds would fill and has filled volumes—it is impossible to recount them. They must not, however, be entirely passed by. He has a noble birth—being the son of an old sea-captain, one of that manly race which has so often given strength and energy to nations. It is said that he was born in a room of some tumble-down palace, on the walls of which was a picture or tapestry of the “Jerusalem delivered;” and if so, it was a happy omen, and has been strangely made out. Nearly thirty years ago he enlisted in the cause of Italian liberty; but the time was not come. He then became a principal actor in the various plans for liberty in the New Continent. Here his exploits were of a most extraordinary nature. Generally successful by his own manly courage and quick resources, he was eagerly followed by his men. He was both soldier and sailor, and fought as well on sea as on land. He was brave as Nelson, and as daring as Cochrane, and as successful. Now he was charging through hosts with a small number of picked men; now he was cutting out frigates, now blowing up fortifications, with a celerity and despatch never surpassed, till peace was secured to the Republic of Uruguay, when he retired to his farm till the news of the revolutionary outbreak of 1848 in Europe, again summoned him to an active life.

Austria began to tremble, as well she might, for her whole history had been one of oppression. She had fat

like an incubus, a deadly nightmare, upon beautiful but prostrate Italy, who nevertheless, in her dreams, perturbed as they might be by the incumbent weight of tyranny—still longed for liberty, and looked back upon the history of her early days and of her noble deeds of daring. It was something significant that, in the Great Exhibition of 1851, when every other nation of the earth was emulous in sending its natural and artificial productions, as tokens of peace and amity, Austria should stick in the compartment allotted to her a polished field-piece, of rifled bore and proud pretensions. There stood that cannon, cold and haughty with its threatening aspect, to meet the gaze of those thousands and tens of thousands who wished well to the world's peace. It was a sorry sight; but, at that very time, thousands of these iron men-killers stood threatening over Hungary, and Poland, and Italy, and millions of affrighted men stood cowering and trembling before them. Now all is changed—Italy is free, Austria is humbled. The nationalities of other states are beginning to breathe with greater comfort, and the whole world rejoices.

How was this accomplished? Principally by the means of Garibaldi. He it was who, from the first, founded the depths of the Italian heart. His penetrating mind enabled him to understand that every good man in Italy was for freedom. He had faith in his cause, because he knew it to be one sanctified by Heaven; he had faith in Italian unity, because he knew it to be a sacred brotherhood united by love; and so, in this faith he went for-

ward, almost alone, to achieve the national independence.

No pen can describe the fearful atrocities of the Austrian rule over this fine people. Backed up in every iniquity by the pontifical power, there was no villany left unperpetrated to keep down the rising spirit of the Italians. The monster Haynau flogged women and children to death; other Austrian generals shot down their prisoners, and massacred the inhabitants of disaffected towns with a ferocity not surpassed in the darkest of ages. The dungeons in every Italian state were crammed with unfortunate patriots, who had committed no crime but that of loving their country, while the tortures of the Inquisition, or of the inquisitorial religio-political church were freely applied to wrench out the very spirit of free thought or speech. Protestant believers were also thrown into loathsome prisons, to expiate their offences by death, brought on by disease, filth, and starvation. After one unsuccessful attempt for freedom, five Lombards were found tied to trees with their feet burned. In the cartouche box of a Croatian, who was killed, were found two hands of a woman, cut off, with rich rings on the fingers, and also ears, with earrings in them. In some houses at Milan as many as ten dead bodies of murdered persons were found, from the old man to the infant, while, in the dungeons of one of the forts were found dead and living chained together, and crosses, upon which bodies were found lingering in the agonies of crucifixion.

Immediately on Garibaldi raising the standard of liberty, the whole of the free spirits of Italy rushed to join him; they were of the boldest and most patriotic men in Italy, of all ranks in life, from the nobleman to the peasant. In his proclamation to them he said, "The enemy is as black as ever, pitiless, a vile assassin, and a robber." He took the field, surprised the Austrians at Vercelli, and totally defeated them. Following up his success, he fell upon their columns at Como, and especially at Malmate, and then again at Varese; and so he went on from day to day, and from week to week, striking the Austrians when they least expected it—now here, now there, now everywhere—now penetrating their columns and scattering them on all sides—now attacking them in front, or falling on their rear, and always inflicting on them heavy blows of discouragement; and all this without aid from the regular army of the French and Sardinian allies, and winning the way to victory.

But the great glory of Garibaldi is his devotion and loyalty to his king, and his desire for a constitutional government. Here his wisdom, and discretion, and prudence shine with a glory surpassing that of his military exploits, and in this he reposes upon his laurels. But he sleeps not, only as the lion is said to sleep—with one ear open; the faintest cry from goaded or oppressed Liberty will rouse him, and once upon his feet again he is able to redeem her cause.

Garibaldi has done as much good for his enemies as his friends—he has converted them to his opinions.

What says the Archduke of Austria now ? He comes to England, lands with his wife at Southampton, hears an address, replies, with the fluency of a native of this country, that his country is determined to be a constitutional country, like England, and that it is full of aptitudes for freedom. Ah, they have found out at last that a nation which governs itself is the best governed ; that the laws are likely to be the best obeyed when the people make them and aid in carrying them into effect ; and, moreover, that the monarch of the freest and most democratical country in the world is the safest upon her throne, and the most beloved of all that have ever appeared in this or any land upon the face of the earth. Sit down, ye potentates of arbitrary power, and smoke your calumets of peace after this ; and reflect that free trade, commerce, reciprocity of interests, and the personal contact of mercantile life, are the bonds that unite nations, far worthier the world's progress than the bonds of steel with which, for so many ages, tyrants have tried to keep the people down. Hurrah for the "brother helpers" who have led to these glorious results, and for all who give up their lives for the benefit of their fellow creatures !

CHAPTER III.

BROTHER HELP AS SET FORTH AMONG THE CLERGY
AND MINISTERS OF RELIGION.

He is the minister of Christ to thee
 For good. The flock—he feeds it daily by
 The waters of eternal life, and shears it not.
 The stragglers, with a tender crook of holy love,
 He gathers to the fold, and ready he
 To give his life up for the sheep.—BRAKENHAM.

NO country in the world can produce a higher order of men, whether we regard their profound learning or active benevolence, than our English clergy. Archbishops, bishops, deans, and the like are simply names, but wisdom, goodness, and charity, are things, the true realities of our life here, the true substance of the life hereafter. The wealth of the Church is said to be great; whether it be or not, there is no doubt of its being very unfairly distributed, owing to the gross nepotism that prevails, and the utter want of principle which too often characterizes the “patronage,” as it is called, of the Church. We see side by side the rich dignitary or pluralist, and the indigent incumbent or poor curate—the one enjoying all the superfluities of life, the

other void of the bare necessities. It is a sad picture. We hear of poor wretches who have received University education, who have been brought up as gentlemen, who have taken their degrees—begging for broken victuals and cast-off clothes; we heard, only a short time since, of the “Ecclesiastical and Clerical left-off Clothes Society.” We meet with continual appeals to our feelings in the public press, we read of cases of the most poignant suffering connected with the clergy. We also hear of the grinding of curates, of the iniquitous sale of livings, of “simony,” as it is called, and now and then of the falsifications of the highest of our prelates. God forbid that the Church or the clergy should be judged by these things; we have at least a better standard by which they should be measured.

Perhaps there is nothing more delightful to be seen in this wide world than a far outspread English landscape. There mingle together in the loveliest harmony, the upland and the lowland, the wild heath, the fertile lea, the ancestral park and lordly hall, the wild hedge-row and the humble cottage, the shady lane and the quiet brook, the rustic bridge and the homely stile. But above all, as giving a finishing touch to the picture, shoots up here and there, like a finger pointing heavenwards, the meek white village spire. It is the landmark of faith, the beacon of hope, and the cynosure of Christian charity. And here it is that the true friends of the poor and needy, the heavenly teachers, the true comforters of the sick, the sinful, and the afflicted, are to be

found ; it is here that the clergy are to be weighed and measured, it is here that they are tried and proved, and it is here that they are often not found wanting.

In the retired villages of our land, the parson is often the only resident raised above the lowest rank of society. In such a situation he becomes a source of civilization and refinement to those around him. His simple and unpretending, yet more polished manners, his mansion with its modest ornaments, his garden decked and tended tastefully, often by his own hands, impart some relish for improvement among his poorer and ruder neighbours. But farther, he is near them to afford an example of economy without meanness, of dignity without pride, of justice tempered with mercy, of benevolence without assumption, and of piety without ostentation, and he is or should be ever at hand to instruct, to admonish, to advise, to relieve, to console, and to administer to his flock. He is the good shepherd in the midst of a fold of filly, wayward, and often stubborn sheep, who frequently require a strong arm and a closely-turned crook to keep them from going astray in the wilderiness. When the country parson performs the true office of the Good Shepherd, his purse, scanty as it often is, administers to their temporal wants ; his influence arrests the heavy arm or softens the hard heart that would oppress them ; his superior knowledge guides them through difficulties that would overwhelm them ; his authority composes their little feuds and jealousies ; his words of sympathy soothe their afflictions ; his vigilant eye marks their first deviations

from rectitude, and brings back the wandering sinner to his God, the outcast reprobate to the tender mercies of our adorable Redeemer. What an office! how high, how dignified, how felicitous; how does it shadow forth, faintly and humbly indeed, the character of our heavenly Father, and of our divine Lord when he appeared on earth to work out our salvation!

It would afford a great stimulus to active piety could the Christian exertions of the clergyman be faithfully recorded. It is not only amid the beauties of the smiling landscape, the sweet quiet nooks and rural glades of our provinces and our country parishes, that he shines so fully; in the dark alley, in the foetid cellar, in the noisome rookery, the crowded court of close pent-up cities he is often sublimely active. Here he works daily, nightly, and hourly, often with the scantiest recompense, sometimes with the hardest usage, and at all times in the midst of danger. Yet he flags not; he goes on against opposition, against difficulty, hopes on in the midst of despair, and brings heavenly felicity to the couch of earthly sinners—now at the sick-bed, now at the prison doors, now at the school-house, now in some fearful den of infamy, active, energetic, faithful, and untiring. Great as is the steam-engine in the mechanical world, mighty and stupendous as are the Indian mountains, lifting their heads above the clouds in the natural world, they do not equal this moral sublimity. Faith on the wings of Love is the highest of all earthly spectacles.

The English Church has the finest body of doctrinal

divinity upon earth. The names and the works of Burnet, Tillotson, Beveridge, and others, stand high in the literature of our country, and in the opinion of the Christian world; but this is often equalled, and even surpassed, by the practical divinity of the men we have attempted to pourtray. We only wish that in the great field of human philanthropy we had a larger number of these Christian labourers; there is ample room for them in every district in town or country, and the time is not far distant when Christianity will be taught not more by tenets of faith than by deeds of love. Society is beginning to understand what is due to our heavenly religion, what is due to morality, and what is due to the clergy themselves. The principal labour of the good shepherd is not to shear the flock, but to lead it to fertile pasturage beside the pure and clear waters of eternal life; and in these days of universal struggle in the highways and bye-ways of life, in the fever and turmoil of existence, and in the hard selfishness that prevails on every side around us, it seems meet to set forth the deeds of those who are angels in the path of our progress, comforters in the hour of peril, and captains to lead us with honour through the deadly warfare with sin, the flesh, and the devil. May they continue to increase and multiply around us, for the good of the whole community, is our daily prayer!

Among the many bright examples of ministerial zeal and fidelity, there is not one whose character can be contemplated with greater delight or edification than that of Bernard Gilpin. He was a Westmoreland man of 1517,

and a Queen's College man of Oxford in 1537. He was of the faith of Rome, was a public disputant against Hooper the reformer, and was selected to oppose Peter Martyr when that great champion of Protestantism was sent by Cranmer, at the beginning of King Edward's reign, to occupy the chair of divinity at Oxford. But by God's providence the very studies and researches which Gilpin instituted for the purpose of maintaining his cause led him to doubt its strength, and when he came to the contest he acknowledged, with a candour and sincerity of mind peculiar to himself, that he could not support his argument; and he then, after much more deliberate thinking, gave up the pernicious faith in which he had been reared, daily praising God for his great and joyful deliverance. He thus became obnoxious to the Papal party. These men, after making several ineffectual attempts to ruin him, proceeded at last to denounce him before the tribunal of Bonner. Gilpin was not insensible of his danger; he even prepared, according to a practice not uncommon in that age, a garment in which he might go decently to the stake, and put it on every day till he was apprehended. He on his way to London had the misfortune—which he called the good fortune—of breaking his leg, and before it could be set the death of Queen Mary freed the persecuted Protestants from all danger or restraint.

The reputation which he had now acquired among reformers procured for him, on the accession of Elizabeth, the offer of the bishopric of Carlisle; but the mitre had

no attractions for him, and although the offer was twice pressed it still was steadily and peremptorily refused. A short time afterwards he had another opportunity of proving how little he was ambitious of high station, by refusing the proffered provostship of Queen's College in Oxford.

In fact, Houghton was to Gilpin what dear Hodnet, in later times, became to Heber—it was the station exactly adapted to his disposition and taste, and where his history becomes extremely interesting. The benefice was valuable, giving him a revenue of £400 per annum, a large sum in those days; but the parish was extensive, embracing not less than fourteen hamlets, and the inhabitants were benighted in ignorance and superstition. Gilpin addressed himself to the wants of the people; he was assiduous in preaching, and was instant, in season and out of season, in bringing before them the saving truths of the Gospel. He instructed in private as well as in public, condescending to the weak, bearing with the passionate, and consoling the afflicted. He interposed his authority to settle the differences with his parishioners, and, blessed by Divine Providence with ample means, he was almost boundless in his benefactions. He relieved the wants of the sick and poor, and both for his own parishioners and strangers he kept open table every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter. Even their beasts had such care taken of them that it was humourously said, if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would directly make its way to the rectory of Houghton.

The decayed houses in his benefice he repaired, and his own residence was worthy of admiration, for the variety and neatness of its rooms, and for the accommodation it afforded to the poor and needy, to whom he gave little entertainments. At the same time, in dispensing his charities he was always careful to give no encouragement to idleness or imprudence ; and, with a yet higher view, from the painful conviction of the want of learned men to preach the word of God, he founded at his own cost a grammar school—building the house, allowing a maintenance for the master and usher, and boarding at a moderate rate, or gratuitously, where need required, twenty-four youths, who received at his hands the blessings of a learned and pious education. At the University he continued to entertain ten scholars, and it was his practice, if he met with a poor boy who exhibited any marks of superior intellect, to remove him at once into his seminary, and to charge himself with his maintenance and instruction.

Such was Bernard Gilpin in his parish ; but it is a remarkable part of his history that to these labours of a parochial minister he added those of a missionary. In that age the limits of pastoral charges were less strictly defined than at present ; there were few dogs in the manger then—men who would do no good themselves, nor suffer it to be done by others. The want of a sound and well-educated clergy occasionally procured for divines of superior attainments a licence to preach wherever they might judge their services to be wanted. Nor

was there any part of England more in need of spiritual labours than the mountainous parts of Durham and Northumberland. This region was then quite wild and uncivilized ; to the merchant and the traveller it was impervious, and its close neighbourhood to the hostile kingdom of Scotland kept its inhabitants constantly in arms, and nourished the ferocious and predatory habits peculiarly characteristic of the borderer. Moreover, the inaccessible character of the country had prevented the introduction of the reformed doctrines, and, with their chieftains, the people were still blinded by the ancient superstition.

In this wild tract of country Redesdale and Tynedale were considered to be pre-eminently savage ; yet this was precisely the field to which Gilpin, availing himself of his licence to preach where he would, directed his steps. For several years he made an annual progress through the parishes of this sequestered region, selecting for his visits the winter season, when the greatest number of persons were likely to be collected together. He preached among them peace and good-will, brotherly love, temperance, holiness, chastity, and endeavoured, not without personal risk, to subdue their barbarous habits. On one occasion two parties at deadly feud with each other came armed into the church where Gilpin was officiating, and seemed about to proceed to actual hostilities, when the preacher, having obtained from them a promise to forbear while he remained in the pulpit, proceeded with his sermon, and spent the remainder of his time in reprobating their rude and bloody customs, pointing out to them the peaceable

kingdom of the Messiah, the sublime beauty of the Christian faith, which consists in forgiveness of injuries, and then the Saviour's practice of love and gentleness on earth, with such effect that he produced a reconciliation of parties. At another time he saw a glove suspended over the altar in the church, in token of a general challenge of some person desperately enamoured of fighting. Finding the sexton afraid of removing the glove, he took it down with a long staff, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he had concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for their inhuman practice of challenging each other in such a fashion. "I hear," said he, "that one of you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down. See, I have taken it down;" and pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how inconsistent these savage practices were with the profession of Christianity, using such persuasions to mutual love as he thought would most affect them. It could not be supposed that such kindnesses, accompanied as they always were with an unbounded benevolence, could fail to win the hearts of these uncultivated people, who had minds sufficiently enlightened, in all their darkness, to see the labour of love he was performing for them, the self-sacrifices he made, and the untiring exertions of his body and mind for their benefit.

Gilpin was revered as a saint, and looked up to as a

prophet. With advancing years he began to feel the infirmities of age, and he received a serious hurt by being beaten down by an infuriated ox in the market-place of Durham. As his end approached he expressed to his friends and parishioners the consolation that he derived from his faith and hope in Christ, and at length he fell asleep in the Lord in great peace, in the year 1583, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Carleton, Bishop of Chichester, his biographer, says of him, "He was desirous of imitating his heavenly Master. He not only went about doing good, but, through the Spirit of God, was the means of good in others. He fought the fight of faith in a heavenly temper. His walk was one of humility and meekness, and his feet were shod with the gospel of peace; and being full of faith, of a divine hope that ever stood like a rainbow above him, and an enlarged and universal charity, he was at last gathered into the garner of his Lord like a ripe fruit in its due season."

Modern times do not present a more striking instance of the good pastor than Bishop Heber, a man moulded in his Saviour's image. In early life his conduct was so spotless as to obtain for him the name of the "Lamb," yet his studies were pursued with such passionate ardour, that he might intellectually have been called the "Lion." In him the lion of intellect and the lamb of purity and truth fondled together. He was a poet, too, and a rare one—his soul was a fountain of it, ever flowing clear, bright, pure, and holy. His principal poetical work, while a very young man, was his "Palestine," which he

was called upon to recite at the theatre of his college. None will ever forget his appearance on that occasion, so interesting and impressive. It was known that his aged father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience when his universally-admired son ascended the rostrum, and it is said that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of a joy dearest to a parent's heart. Heber now travelled, and in the year 1807 took orders, and obtained the living of Hodnet. It will be readily supposed that he whose piety was so truly apostolical even while in a secular station, now that he had assumed the habit of a Christian minister became doubly anxious to render not only his conduct, but the very thoughts of his mind, pure as became his holy calling. Among preachers of the Gospel, it is not often that a man so gifted with genius as Heber, with also an enlarged knowledge of mankind, is found so pure, so holy, and so benevolent. He was far from being an ascetic—the Spirit of God shone through him as through a beautiful transparency. Like all men of high imaginative powers who have never suffered vice to brush away the down from the nobler feelings, he had a bold faith in the enduring nature of friendly affection, and was of a nature to hope all things, and in this state of mind and heart he sat himself down to discharge the duties—dull to some, but full of life and brightness to him—of his parish charge. And he was not a parish priest, but the parish

minister—he, like his Lord, came to minister, not to be ministered unto. He was his parishioners' spiritual and earthly guide—their pastor, their friend, their counsellor, their good shepherd, *par excellence*. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out their distress, and sympathised with their hardships and their sorrows, and lent helping aid without distinction to all; and he made it a rule to give to all that asked, however trifling the sum, and whenever he had an opportunity. He could not pass a crying child without taking it in his arms and trying to soothe it; while to the sick he was so tender and affectionate that many have said, “I should almost like to be sick, that I might see that beloved face the oftener, and hear that sweet voice more frequently.” It seemed almost a pity to make such a man a bishop; but a bishop he was made, not for the sake of its worldly self, nor for its political influence, nor for the sake of pleasing some lady of the court, as was then the custom; Heber was made a bishop that his enlarged, liberal, righteous, and devout spirit might be wafted over the burning sands and benighted minds of our Indian population. It was a sad thing for his parishioners, and they were deeply sensible of their loss. As soon as it was known that he was to proceed as a missionary, he received from every quarter the warmest testimonies of affection and esteem. His own parishioners were foremost in their demonstrations. Rich and poor, old and young, all clustered round him, full of joy at his elevation to a post of such extended usefulness, and full of sorrow for the loss they themselves

would sustain on his departure. "Amongst his last business," says Mrs. Heber, "which he transacted before he left Shropshire, was his settling a long-standing account in which he had been charged as a debtor to the amount of a hundred pounds; but it was believed by those who were considered the best judges of the circumstances that he was not bound, either in law or equity, to pay it. As he himself, however, did not feel quite certain on this point, he resolved to pay the money, observing to a friend who endeavoured to dissuade him, 'How can I reasonably hope for a blessing on my undertaking, or how can I commence so long a voyage with a quiet conscience, if I leave the shadow even of a committed act of injustice behind?'" What a sharp rebuke this to the falsifications of the Episcopal Bench with regard to their revenues and the Ecclesiastical Commission!

The ways of Providence are past our finding out, and it was not permitted to this good man to make India his parish. He was called to enjoy his reward at an early season—in the spring time, as it were, of our feelings, when our virtues are in the fullest of blossom; but he has left behind him a trail of glory such as the sun leaves at his departure, "giving tokens of a goodly day to-morrow."

Among foreign pastors who have been worthy labourers in the Lord's vineyard, the name of Oberlin stands pre-eminent: well might M. Stouber exclaim, "Christian philanthropists, whatever may be your belief, to whatever sect you may belong, if you acknowledge your Saviour,

if you worship God in spirit and in truth, come and contemplate the life of Oberlin—that life dedicated to piety and charity, to the useful arts, to science, and to the noblest patriotism.”

Of the early life of this good man it is not necessary to say anything. We have to do with the deeds of his mature manhood, with that period of his life when grace had sanctified the heart to bring forth the fruits of love among his brethren. He was born at Strasbourg in 1746, received a good education in his native city, and became domestic tutor in the family of a surgeon, who initiated him into the mysteries of the healing art—a matter of no small importance to him in his after life. But his heart was in the ministry. He accordingly left his situation, and took for his lodging a little apartment up three pair of stairs in an obscure street, to study for the Church. Here he made rapid progress, and soon after passed the necessary examination, his pure and holy life bearing testimony to his zeal. At this time a curacy in the Ban de la Roche, or the “Steinthal,” became vacant. This was the niche that Providence had ordained him to fill; how he filled it remains to be told. He married shortly after, and found in his wife an invaluable assistant in all his labours of beneficence.

The Ban de la Roche forms a part of a range of mountains known as the Haut Champ, or Champ de Feu, which are detached by a deep valley from the eastern boundary of the chain of the Vosges. Nature had not been lavish of her gifts to this isolated canton. Its

German name, Steinthal, which signifies the valley of stone, is expressive of its native barrenness. Its winter commences in September, and the snow remains undissolved till the following May. In the more elevated parts of the district the people say that the wife can carry home in her apron all the hay which her husband has mown in a long morning. To fill up the measure of wretchedness for the few inhabitants of the canton, it was laid waste during the thirty years' war, and again, after a short breathing time, in the reign of Louis XIV. Thus, in the middle of the last century, the nine thousand acres of which the Ban de la Roche consisted, did not afford subsistence to a hundred families.

Confident that strength would be afforded if rightly fought, Oberlin resolved, when he entered his cure, to employ all the attainments in science, philosophy, and religion which he had brought with him from Strasbourg to the improvement of his parish and the benefit of his parishioners. He began his measures for civilizing the people as one who rightly perceived that by bettering their social condition, he should promote their moral, and thereby prepare a way for their spiritual improvement. How slow has the world been to learn this lesson, how little is it even now understood, our country villages still prove. All the roads belonging to the Ban de la Roche were impassable during the greater part of the year, and the only mode of communication from the greater part of the parish with the neighbouring towns was by stepping-stones over the Bruche, a stream which, having its

sources in these mountains, falls into the dell before it reaches Straßbourg. It was thirty feet wide at this crossing place, but in winter the way is described in Oberlin's life to have been along its bed. Those who know what mountain streams are in winter may suspect some error in the compiler. Being thus insulated, as it were, in their own valley, the inhabitants had no vent for their produce had there been a surplus to dispose of. They had accustomed themselves, in consequence, to be contented with a bare and wretched subsistence; they had not even the most necessary agricultural implements to aid them in obtaining this, and were without any means of procuring them. This was their state when Oberlin assembled them together and proposed to open a communication with the high road to Straßbourg by blasting the rocks, constructing a solid wall to support a road about a mile and a half in length along the banks of the Bruche, and building a bridge across that river near Rothau. He told them that by making a communication between their village and Straßbourg, it would bring them civilization, knowledge, and also many Christian advantages. The peasants one and all declared that the thing was impossible, and every one excused himself from engaging in such an unreasonable scheme. Many said he was mad; others called him fool; some said he knew too much, while others declared he knew too little. Oberlin exhorted them, reasoned with them, appealed to them as husbands and fathers, but in vain. He at last threw a pick-axe upon his shoulders—a true brother-

helper was he—and went to work himself, assisted by a trusty servant—brother help again. He soon had the support of fellow labourers. He regarded not the thorns by which his hands were torn, nor the loose stones which fell from the rocks and bruised them; his heart was in the work, and no difficulty could stop him. He devoted his own little property to the undertaking. He raised subscriptions among his old friends; tools were bought for all who were willing to use them. On the Sunday the good pastor laboured in his calling as a teacher of sacred truths, but on Monday he rose with the sun to his work of practical benevolence, and, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, went with renewed vigour to his conquest over the natural obstacles to the civilization of the district. In three years the road was finished, the bridge built, and the communication with Strasbourg established. The ordinary results of intercourse between a poor and a wealthy, a rude and an intelligent community were soon felt. The people of the Ban de la Roche obtained tools, and Oberlin taught their young men the necessity of learning other trades beside that of cultivating the earth. He apprenticed the boys to carpenters, masons, glaziers, blacksmiths, and cartwrights at Strasbourg. In a few years art began to flourish. The tools were kept in good order, wheel-carriages became common, and the wretched cabins were converted into snug cottages; the people felt the value of these great changes, and they began to regard their pastor with unbounded reverence.

Oberlin did not forget agriculture. He well knew that here the providence of God was unfailing. He found that from want of proper attention in its cultivation, the potato, almost the sole dependence of this rude population, was degenerating. He therefore procured new seed from Holland, and instructed the people from Parmentier's useful work on this root. He had acquired a thorough knowledge of botany during his residence at the doctor's house, and thus he was enabled to make his parishioners fully understand the principles upon which he acted. He improved the growth of the potato, cultivated other esculents, with clover, flax, and sarfain. One of his favourite maxims was, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," and Nature was never more careful in her observance of this principle than was Oberlin. He was a Mechi in advance of the age, and a good man like him. He taught his people not only to collect their manure, but to manage it in the best manner; to convert leaves, rushes, moss, and cones from the pine forests into a comfort, and he paid children a certain price for tearing up old woollen rags and cutting old shoes into pieces for the same purpose. Never was there a more practical utilitarian: nothing escaped his indefatigable attention, and nothing was beneath it; and the manner in which he induced his people to profit by his lessons shows a degree of patient prudence which is seldom found connected with so much order and enthusiasm. Ignorant people are never more obstinate in ignorance than when any attempt is made to improve those practices in hus-

bandry which they have learned from their fathers, as “down-easters” can testify. They acknowledged Oberlin’s genius as a road-maker just as we do Mechi’s as a cutler ; but they could not believe that their pastor, who had spent all his life at Straßbourg, could know much about fields and gardens, or manage them so well as themselves. Being well aware of this, he prepared a practical lesson, without giving them any cause to suspect it was intended for their instruction. There were two gardens belonging to the parsonage, each crossed by a frequented foot-path. One of these, which was noted for the fineness of its soil, he converted into a nursery, where, having well prepared the ground, he planted slips of apple, pear, cherry, plum, and walnut trees. In the other, he dug trenches four and five feet deep, in which he planted young fruit trees, and surrounded them with such soil as he considered best adapted to them. In this work that good brother helper, his favourite intelligent servant before mentioned, who had been his aid-de-camp in road-making, was his sole assistant. The trees flourished in the course of their sure growth. The people, as he expected, could not help observing this, and wondering at the difference between the state of their pastor’s garden and their own ; at length they questioned him as to his work, how it was that such fine trees had been made to grow in such unfavourable soil. Oberlin, according to his system of connecting every incident with religious considerations, first directed their thoughts to Him “who causeth the earth to bring forth her bud,” and who

“crowneth the year with His goodnefs.” He then reminded them that all the benefits of nature were not gratuitouſly beſtowed upon man, and explained to them that this was one of thoſe caſes in which, according to their labour ſo would be their reward. Thoſe who wiſhed to follow his example—and it was ſoon generally followed—were ſupplied with young trees from his nurſery; grafting became a favourite employment when he had inſtructed them in it, gardening a favourite recreation. The very face of the country underwent a complete change, for the cottages, hitherto for the moſt part bare and deſolate, were ſurrounded by neat little orchards and gardens, and in place of indigence and miſery the villages and their inhabitants gradually aſſumed an air of rural happineſs.

Having thus been the Vertumnus and Bacchus of the Ban de la Roche, he next became its Triptolemus. He repreſented to the farmers that they might obtain a double advantage by ſtall-feeding their cattle, and converting their leaſt productive paſtures into arable land, for thus they might raiſe grain for themſelves inſtead of purchaſing it, and would have an increaſe of butter, which they might ſell at Straſbourg. The nature of the country preſented a ſerious objection to one part of his plan, for there was much work for the pickaxe before the plough could be employed, and in many places rocks had to be blaſted and foil carried thither. Except, indeed, in the coſt of labour, little elſe was ſacrificed in the experiment, ſome of the graſs lands being cultivated to little

purpose. Oberlin, as usual, put in practice what he advised. The plan answered his highest expectations and was followed with good success, so that, in the eleventh year of his ministry, he formed an agricultural society in the parish which he had found almost in a savage state, and the pastors and farmers of other towns joined in becoming members.

While doing all this, Oberlin did not forget education. He well knew, as every philosophical and Christian mind does, that the mind must act before the hand ; that if the arm extends itself it must be the mind that wills it. The school-house was in a ruinous state. Oberlin's whole income did not exceed a thousand pounds, but if ever a man was "passing rich with forty pounds a-year" he was so. "Spend, and God will send," was his maxim, not in the reckless and senseless use of the saying, but in the spirit of one who believed that "he who hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." Before he began to rebuild his school-house, however, he engaged that no part of the work should fall on the parish funds. He collected some money from a few of his friends, and dived into his small personal savings. The expense never troubled him, although he was answerable for every farthing ; he had an unbounded confidence in the goodness of his Heavenly Father, and was convinced, as he often said, that if he asked for anything with faith, and it was really right that the thing should take place, God would grant it to him. Too much of such faith is better than too little, and Oberlin never acted upon it to

a dangerous extent. In this case, as in that of the roads, there was a present and tangible good. The building was completed, and in the course of a few years a similar one was erected in each of the other four villages, the inhabitants coming voluntarily forward and taking the trouble and cost upon themselves.

As Oberlin had observed with concern the disadvantages to which the younger children were subjected, whilst their elder brothers and sisters were at school and their parents busily engaged in their daily avocations, he laid down a plan for the instruction of infants. It was here that the first infant-school appeared. Observation and experience had convinced him that even from the very cradle children are capable of being taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and of being trained to habits of subordination and industry. Instruction in these schools was mingled with amusement, and, whilst enough of discipline was introduced to instil habits of subjection, a degree of liberty was allowed which left the infant mind full power of expansion, and which has been so well carried out by Wilderspin in this country.

With minds trained and disciplined, and stored with useful knowledge, the children entered the other schools of the village, in which reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, geography, history, and agriculture, were formally taught. Oberlin carefully superintended the whole proceedings, and reserved for himself almost exclusively the religious instruction. Every Sunday the children of each village in rotation assembled at the

church to sing the hymns they had learned, to recite the religious lessons they had committed to memory during the week, and to receive the exhortations or admonitions of their common father.

Oberlin's first object was to ground young people well in the Christian faith—thus laying his foundation on the Rock of Ages—his next was to give them that kind of instruction which might render them best capable of enjoying a country life. They were taught common things, household matters, and it was part of their school exercises to extract from the best authors short essays on agriculture, the nature and composition of soils, the mode of culture of trees and plants, grafting, and the like, and in summer time they were allowed to go on rambles among the mountains for botanical specimens. The Ban de la Roche is so rich in plants that it contains about a seventh part of the whole French flora, and they pursued this study with the more delight because they formed botanical gardens of their own in little spots of ground which their parents allotted them for this useful and salutary amusement. They were taught also to draw the flowers from nature, in which some succeeded remarkably well, and sometimes an appropriate text of Scripture was written on the drawing, as, "Behold the lilies of the field," to fix scriptural with botanical truth on the mind. The first fruit of the trees was always presented to Oberlin to be distributed to the sick, and the day on which that offering was made was a festival.

During the Reign of Terror, the Ban de la Roche

alone, it is said, seemed to be an asylum of peace in the midst of war and carnage. During these dreadful times, when every kind of worship was interdicted, and when almost all men of piety and learning were imprisoned, Oberlin was allowed to continue his work of benevolence and instruction unmolested, owing, perhaps, to that respect which even wickedness sometimes involuntarily pays to eminent virtue.

The population of the Ban de la Roche increased under Oberlin's care from eighty or a hundred families, which he found there, to some three thousand souls, and with this increase rose an increase of intelligence, industry, and brotherly love. There was no crime in the district over which he presided, and but little vice of any kind, and perhaps more of real happiness existed in this than in any other community. Vice he attacked with love and gentleness, and subdued it by firmness. His pastoral addresses were those of a father speaking kindly to his children—the perfection of preaching: and thus he lived to enjoy in the highest degree the love and veneration of his flock. The title by which he was universally called was *Cher Papa*. After the death of Oberlin's wife, his children were left to the care of a servant, Louisa Scheffler: this good young woman never overstepped the respect of a servant, and yet devoted herself with all the affection of a dutiful child. “Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages, for as you treat me like a child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support

of my body. My shoes, and stockings, and sabots, will cost something, but when I want them I can ask you for them as a child applies to its father."

The last twenty-six years of Oberlin's life, from 1800 till his death, were spent in the enjoyment of the love of his parishioners, and the respect of friends and of strangers. He became old, but he never became idle. He continued to work while it is called "to-day." He had less occasion to exert himself as his vigour decayed, for much of his noble work had been done; what he had planted had ripened into fruit. His word, too, had the force of law, for his character forbade opposition; his gray hairs were not merely a crown of glory, but the badge of patriarchal authority. The people of the Ban de la Roche had for eighty years been in dispute with the seigneurs about the rights of forest, to which each party laid claim. The dispute was carried on sometimes with furious violence, but always with expensive litigation. Oberlin prevailed upon the contending parties to come to an accommodation which should at the same time have a respect to the rights of the owners as well as the satisfaction of their own claims. He convinced them that contention was the ruin of communities, as of men, and that it was the duty of Christians to live in peace one with another. The parties adopted his advice, both on religious and prudential grounds, and the pen with which the deed of pacification was signed was solemnly presented to him by the mayor of the canton. While he was thus promoting the things that made for

peace, he saw capital coming into the country, and the population rapidly increasing in numbers and in comfort. The art of weaving silk ribbons was introduced by M. Legrand, of Basle, a wealthy and philanthropic manufacturer, who had been struck with the industry and the happiness of the people.

For his exertions and devotion to the noble work he had undertaken, Louis XVIII. awarded Oberlin the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Agricultural Society voted him a gold medal. When the vote was proposed, the president said, "If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, the friends of the plough and human happiness must ascend the Vosges mountain, and behold the Ban de la Roche." His benevolent exertions were thus acknowledged in his own country, while the religious principles from which those exertions proceeded, and by which they were sustained, made his character more highly as well as more justly appreciated among those philanthropists of our country who are its greatest ornament.

Very many anecdotes have been related illustrative of the paternal influence which Oberlin exercised over his flock, as well as his readiness to assist those who differed from him in his religious tenets. A young woman of Schiomech, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, had married a Protestant of Waldbach. This man had enemies—he was, comparatively speaking, rich, and his fortune might possibly have some connection with the motive of

their animosity. The young woman became the mother of a little girl, who by mutual consent, and in pursuance of the marriage agreement, was to be brought up in the religion of the former, and baptized by the clergyman of the village. To repair thither, it was necessary to take the road over the mountains; but, at the moment of their setting off, they were informed that the enemies of the husband had laid a scheme to waylay him at a particular turn of the road, to compel him, by their menaces and ill treatment, to consent to their unjust demands.

The young people could not very well be delayed, as the priest had been informed of their intended journey, and yet they were afraid to undertake it owing to the impending danger. In this painful dilemma, they went to consult Oberlin. He, after exhorting them to put their trust in God, most kindly offered to accompany them, to render his aid and protection, should they require it. On arriving at a spot in the forest where there was reason to fear an ambuscade, Oberlin knelt down, and, extending his hands over the young people, exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Great God, thou seest wickedness lying in wait and conspiring mischief, Thou seest innocence in alarm—Almighty God, avert the danger, or give thy children strength to surmount it."

At this moment several men, who had been concealed behind a thicket of beech trees, discovered themselves and rushed forward, uttering the most threatening exclamations. Oberlin took the little infant in his arms, and advanced towards them with a calmness which did not

conceal his indignation, yet still left hope of pardon : “ Here,” said he to them, “ is the babe which has done you so much injury, which disturbs the peace of your days.” Dismayed at the presence of their pastor, whom they little expected to meet with in the character of an escort to persons going to perform a Roman Catholic ceremony, and finding, from the few words that he addressed to them, that he was not ignorant of their bad designs, they did not attempt to dissimulate, but, confessing their crime, begged pardon of the young man and offered terms of reconciliation. Thus providentially rescued from the danger that had threatened them, the young people continued their way to Schermech, while Oberlin returned to Waldbach with the men whom he had thus prevented from doing evil. When they reached the entrance of the village, “ My children,” said he, as he left them, “ remember the day on the mountains, if you wish that I should forget it.”

Another morning, in the early part of his ministry, as Oberlin was at work in his study, he heard a great noise in the village. Rushing out, he perceived a man, whom almost the whole population were loading with abusive and threatening language. “ A Jew ! a Jew ! ” resounded on all sides, as the good pastor forced his way through the crowd ; and it was with difficulty that he could procure silence. As soon, however, as he could make himself heard, he rebuked the people with great warmth for having proved themselves unworthy of the name of Christians, by treating the unfortunate stranger

in such a cruel manner. He added, that if this poor man wanted the name of a Christian, they wanted the spirit of Christians. The same enlargement of mind distinguished Oberlin on all occasions.

But at last old age came upon this good man. His strength failed, so that he no longer left his home; but his eye was not dim, and his body was not bent, neither were his senses dulled. At length, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was seized with his last illness, arising from natural decay. But, as his body tended downwards, so his soul tended upwards—as the eye of sense failed, the eye of faith became brighter. On the fifth morning after his attack he lost his speech, but he was still able to take off his cap, join his hands, and raise his eyes for the last time towards heaven, his countenance beaming the while with faith, and joy, and love. He then closed them for ever, and soon after departed in peace.

Now comes before us another brother helper, scarcely less worthy our admiration—destined to be a faithful disciple of our Lord. Felix Neff, the son of a widowed mother, first saw the light at Geneva, in 1799. When a child he was a child of enthusiasm; his joy was to admire Nature springing from her everlasting footstool to the throne of the Most High, and breathing forth, with the “difficult air of the mountain tops,” holy aspirations, hymns and praises to his Creator and Redeemer. At fourteen he was at work as an apprentice to a gardener; at sixteen he published a little book on the culture of

trees ; at seventeen he was a private in the military service ; and at nineteen was a serjeant of artillery. In this office he soon showed that he was not only a soldier of his country, but a soldier of the cross, and his Christian efforts with his comrades were so earnest that he was advised to prepare himself for holy orders ; so he put on his spiritual armour, and officiated for two years in the cantons of Neuchâtel, Berne, and the Pays de Vaud, and was afterwards pastor of Grenoble, and then of Mens, and it was here that he may be said to have commenced that career of active usefulness to his fellow men which has immortalized his name. He collected as many young persons as he could together for religious instruction and conversation, whom he called catechumens, and these numbered seventy or eighty ; at the same time he was actively abroad from day to day, preaching in every direction the words of eternal life. Associating himself with the Evangelical Church, and finding some difficulties in the way of regular ordination, owing to some religious scruples which he believed in the highest degree essential, he came to England, and received ordination for his spiritual work in the Poultry Chapel, London. A very few weeks after this the scene of his future labours was set before him. All his enthusiasm was now called into action by his being asked to officiate in a church which had recently been constructed on the ruins of that which was destroyed at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It was at La Chalpe, a hamlet of Arvieux ; and here he was shown a new cottage, which was just

finished, for the residence of the expected minister, and four leagues further to the east he found himself at San Veran, on the frontiers of France and Italy, and at the foot of a snowy ridge which is a boundary line between the French Alpine valleys and those of Piedmont.

Here, amid all the grandeur and terror of the Alpine scenery, among the roaring of the cataracts or the dreadful thunders of the avalanche, was it Neff's privilege to preach Christ crucified, and to herald the glad tidings of salvation to the poor benighted mountaineers. In the valley of Freffiniere there are two Protestant churches, those of Violons and Dormitteuse; and in the commune of Champfaur there is a church at St. Laurent. Sixty miles of rugged road must be traversed before the pastor, whose residence is at La Chalp, can perform his duties at Champfaur. Thus he had a journey of twelve miles in one direction, and sixty in another; also a distance of twenty miles towards the south, and thirty-three towards the north, where his services were required, and that over the ice of desolate mountains, or through the mazes of perilous valleys, among sombre and frowning rocks, tremendous abysses, thick mists, and clouds, and cold.

Such was the scene Divine Providence marked out for Neff, and here, unappalled by the physical difficulties of the country, or by the ignorance and benighted state of the various folds of which he was the common pastor, did Neff enter upon his charge. He established himself at La Chalp on the 16th of January, 1824, and, on the

Monday following, we find him—a second time within four days—encountering the fearful pafs of the Gail, and on the evening of the fame day, looking after his little flock at Vors, twenty miles from Arvieux. He remained at Vors on Tuesday and part of the Wednesday, organizing little affociations for mutual instruction during his abfence. On Thursday and Friday in the fame week, at his poft again at Arvieux, La Chalp, and Brunichard, catechifing the children, and making himfelf acquainted with the people; and on Saturday, in fpite of a fall of fnow and a ftorm of wind which fwept the valley, he directed his fteps towards San Veran, that he might take the earlieft opportunity of adminiftering the public Sunday fervice in the church, which was fituatè in the furtheftmoft western boundary of the parifh, twelve miles from head-quarters.

“The fnow,” fays his journal, “was from feven to eight inches thick, and the wind, which blew a hurricane, raifed and toffed it about in clouds. Not a trace could be feen of the paths, and I was fix hours in performing twelve miles; but I arrived perfectly well. The next day I preached in the church, catechifed in the afternoon, and affembled fome willing hearers in the evening, whom I addreffed on the one thing needful, fo that I did not lofe a fingle hour during my ftay there.”

The date of thefe obfervations was the 10th of February, fo that from the 16th of January, in the courfe of twenty-five days, this indefatigable fervant of God had made four vifits to his flocks in San Veran, and difplayed an

equal share of anxiety for his parishioners whose residences were more distant, and this among difficulties of travelling which would have appalled the stoutest heart; but he had that within him which animated and warmed his spirit as he penetrated through the pathless snows of the defile, and crossed the now gusty summit that lay in his way. His was a work of love; he was going to preach that Word of which the ancestors of the Dormitteufians had been the depositories for centuries, when France rejected it, and to trim the lamp which had been left alight here when the rest of the land was in the grim darkness of infidelity.

These noble exertions were not confined to the first coming of the pastor, but the same zeal was displayed to the last. We find him not only preaching and performing public service in every village between Dormitteufe and the frontier Alps, where there was a church, but gathering the young people about him, classing them and instructing them in the first elements of Christianity, making lists of those who had not appeared at the Lord's Table, and preparing them for that solemn ordinance, visiting them from house to house, putting families in a train to pursue devotional exercises for themselves, inspiring them with the love of pious conversation, and reading and performing all those little offices of kind attention and pastoral duty which have the sure effect of endearing a parochial clergyman to his flock, by proving that he takes an affectionate concern in all that interests them. This earnestness in seeking for Christ's sheep that

were dispersed abroad through the far-scattered hamlets of his burthenfome charge, and in using both public and private monitions and exhortations, as well to the sick as to the whole within his cure, was displayed with unceasing energy through the tempestuous winter season; and the remaining portion of the history of this good young man is but a repetition—varied, however, by incidents, of his great anxiety for winning souls, of his hairbreadth escapes among the mountains, of his many desolate (but not lonely, for God was with him) hours spent in foot travelling from village to village, to the height of the pinnacle, to the depth of the ravine, to feed hungry souls with the bread of life, to extend the paternal crook of the good shepherd, and to venture his life for the sheep.

Neff, like Oberlin, found the agricultural system of his parishioners bad in the extreme, and, like Oberlin, he improved it, and with the greatest success, making the fields, the gardens, and the orchards to smile around him. He often assisted them with the spade or the pick, like a common labourer. In the building of a new school-house he performed the most laborious parts, placing the heaviest stones on his own shoulders, and toiling up the steep acclivities at the head of the workers. He was indeed the good shepherd—not taking the fleece but exhausting his own strength, and wearing himself out for the good of his flock; but it was here, in the hour of victory and triumph, that this apostle of the Alps may be said to have sacrificed his life. The long-continued excitement and anxiety, the oft-repeated journeys on foot in

all weathers, the sharpness of the external air, the suffocating heat of small rooms, the irregular and coarse quality of his meals, brought on a weakness of the digestive organs, which in the end proved fatal; but Neff would not relax, although his pains were sometimes excruciating. At last, however, nature was exhausted; he preached a farewell sermon at Vors, looking more like a ghost than a man, and took leave of his people at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He was recommended to his "native air;" that, however, failed to restore him. His soul's native air was in heaven, and he rose to it on the pinions of faith and love. A narrator of his dying hour relates that he never heard a murmur from his lips, and in that awful period, when the heaviness of death was upon him, he appeared more animated than ever. The power of faith was so visible in his countenance that he imparted fresh faith to those who wept around him. His soul seemed hovering on his lips and panting for eternity. His last words were, "Come, Jesus, come quickly!" and soon after he was in heaven. Over his resting-place are some beautiful verses of that Word which shall never pass away. Great were his exertions, great his perseverance, great his love, great his faith, and great his reward.

It is a curious fact that in the coldest and most inhospitable regions men have the warmest hearts; and it is another fact, equally curious, that the northern parts of the earth have ever been more practically Christian than those of the south. Here the human bosom seems to ex-

pand, like the Christmas rose, into the blossoms of charity and social affection; household deeds of love, and active benevolence abroad, take the place of the savage bull-fight, the tawdry procession, or the magnificence of ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies. The clergy, as we journey northwards, removed from the temptations of riches, and secure from the hardships of poverty, are a race to be admired, from their simplicity, industry, and pastoral excellence. The life of a parish priest in Sweden is a particularly happy one, as it abounds in so many instances of fatherly affection and brotherly love that are worth recording.

During a somewhat lengthened sojourn in Sweden, ample opportunities were afforded of making the subjoined sketch of the Swedish pastor's life. At Christmas time, the Swedish pastor rises in cheerfulness about half-past six in the morning, and till half-past nine he burns his lamp, says his prayers, and meditates; then he breakfasts off a little milk, bread and cheese, or a small portion of fish, and afterwards goes his rounds. The stars are still shining, and the unclouded moon is not yet gone down—it is a starry forenoon. He then walks forth, with all the cherub eyes of heaven gazing upon him, and we see him going from street to street, or amid the bye-ways of little offsets to the town or village in which he resides, and here he gently taps at the doors of the cottages; at one he inquires after the poor fellow who broke his leg a few days before at the sluice-house; at another he ascertains the progress of the little child whose clothes caught fire,

and who is lying in a dangerous state. Then he winds his way up some rustic steps, and knocks at the door of a cottage not quite so humble as the former : this he enters, and talks comfortably and prays with a young woman dying of consumption. He next visits the poor woman who has been confined of twins, and then he goes to the milkman's to inquire after his cows, and whether his flock has multiplied to replenish the earth. After this we hear the sound of the small tongued bell of the little church, and we see the people collecting together, some with lanterns—all in snow-shoes, for the snow is deep upon the ground—and others with small candles, in paper guards. Then they gather around the pastor, and he, like a shepherd at the head of his flock, walks calmly forward, some of the children, perhaps, singing the Christmas hymns. Arrived at the church, his congregation are quietly seated, he performs the devotional part of the service in a voice sweet and gentle, and when he goes into his pulpit to preach, he declares to his people the plain truth, word for word, as it stands in the Gospel. He has no flourishes of rhetoric, no tediousness of illustration, no divisions or sub-divisions, sections or paragraphs, no tricks of eloquence, no theatrical action to arrest attention or to divert his hearers. He never knew of such things, and therefore he cannot practise them ; but he has this, which is of more value than anything beside—namely, a sincere desire to speak the truth as it is in Jesus, and to set forth his Lord and Master's mission upon earth in the plain ideas and simple language of the

Gospel. He tells them that to do to others as they would be done unto is the first practical law of religion; that, as Christ went about doing good, it is our duty to imitate him; that, as he was full of love and pity, so ought his followers to be; and then he sets forth from the New Testament the doings of his Lord and Master upon earth, his disinterestedness, his faithfulness, his mercy to penitent sinners, and he calls them to believe in his words, to love him, and to trust in his atoning sacrifice upon the cross for the salvation of their souls. This he does soberly, quietly, and without affectation of any kind, and when he concludes it is delightful to see the members of his church embrace, and perhaps kiss each other, and say all sorts of kind things in the true spirit of Christian unity.

Just as he and his flock are issuing from the church, the bright Christmas sun shines above the horizon and shoots his beams upon their faces. The old men, who are numerous in Sweden, are all tinged with the colours of youth by the rosy morning lustre, and the minister, as he looks away from them to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the churchyard, where the flowers and the men are all in their graves, might exclaim with the Danish poet—"Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time up rises the everlasting sun, and the mother starts up at the summons of the early dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom, and her children—yes, but they must wait awhile."

The afternoon he spends as delightfully. He musters his little flock in the clear bright sunshine, among the sparkle of the snow and the glitter of the ice gems. They are his nosegay of flowers, his little walking garden, and in them lie his hopes, his fears, and his affections; they are his chief joy, and he looks upon them with the tender eye of one who loves them dearly. Again he meets them at the house of God, again he prays for them and with them; and many of them bring him now their little Christmas offerings, little nosegays of regard, the produce of their indoor labour or the hoardings of summer days. And now he preaches again of the "babe born in a stable," and of the heavenly host rejoicing, and of the wise men's offerings, and of the poverty, and sorrow, and lowly estate of the Saviour of men. He directs their thoughts—as the gloom begins to prevail, and the rude lights are set upon the little sanctuary, and the evening star appears—to the star of Bethlehem, which is to lead us to the glories of a better world. And then he speaks of the joy of this, and how innocence, hospitality, and rejoicing, should resemble the bliss which is in heaven. Again he prays for them and with them, and blesses them, and they return homewards with the Christmas lights in their hands and lanterns. In the evening he again meets them in the hallowed fane, which is again illuminated by the rustic worshippers, and now he breaks bread with his children, and speaks of the great sacrifice of redeeming love. The symbolic cup is passed to all—the spectacle is sublime,

and the day closes in a blissful peace that cannot be described.

But now, after the lapse of half a year, Nature having gradually resumed her beauty and the sun his power, Sweden glows in all the fervour of a more southern clime. Great has been the activity of vegetation ; the corn-fields are waving in the glory of a golden galaxy. The flowers are profuse, and the orchards abundant. The smell of blossoms and of fruit pervades the air like incense. The pastor looks upon it as incense offered up to God, the Creator and Preserver. It is the longest day, carrying a rich freight in its bosom, and leading by the hand the early dawn, blushing with rosy light and melodious with the carolling of larks at one o'clock in the morning. Before two an elegant party arrives, in gay clothing, at the parsonage house, for they are bound on a little excursion of pleasure in company with the priest. At two o'clock they are in motion, at which time all the flowers are glittering and the forests gleaming with the mighty light.

The warm sun threatens them with no storm nor thunder showers, for both are rare in Sweden. The pastor is not robed in sombre black, for with him religion is not a thing of gloom but of glory, not of sorrow but of joy, and he wears his short jacket with a broad scarf, his short cloak above that, his round hat with floating plumes, and shoes tied with bright ribbons. He rather resembles a gay denizen of the smiling south than a man of the furling north, more especially when he and his com-

pany are seen in the full enjoyment of innocent pleasure, each trying to add to the happiness of all.

That the longest day in the year—bearing such a cornucopia of sunshine, of cloudless ether, of blossoms and feed, and of multitudes of glad some insects, and glittering tenants of the sparkling brooks—should pass away more rapidly than the shortest is not difficult to imagine. So, having had their fill of pleasure, sanctified by the presence of piety and worth, as early as eight o'clock in the evening the party breaks up. The sun is now shining more gently over the half-closed sleepy flowers; about nine he has mitigated his rays, and is beheld bathing naked, as it were, in the blue depths of heaven. About ten—at which time the company re-assemble at the parsonage—the pastor is deeply moved, for throughout the hamlet, though the tepid sun, now sunk to the horizon, is still shedding a softened glow upon the cottages and the window-panes, everything reposes in profoundest silence and sleep; the birds are at rest in the golden summits of the woods, and at last the solitary sun himself sets, like a moon, in the universal quiet of Nature.

Then calls he his friends and neighbours around him, as the mother-bird calls her chicks to nestle, and then arises, soft and sweet, amid the solemn stillness, the “Evening Hymn.” It is indeed touching to see every eye uplifted towards the bright blue of the firmament—still radiant with beauty—and to hear the sweet chaunt, that mingles itself with the small voices of the trembling leaves. Then

comes the blessing—the embracings and the love-kisses at parting, which are often lengthened out amid the sweet breathings of the night violets and gilliflowers. Coolness comes at last, and a few stars; the good priest says farewell again and again, gives round again the parting cup, and again his holy blessing. At last in the north, as from the golden pole, arises the dawn, and at the gentle rising of the sun, and not till then, the happy festival is dissolved: with the morning dews the party at last separate to take a short repose, and then to meet the busy day again with renewed vigour and cheerfulness, and with fond remembrances of the day that is past.

This is a pleasing picture, and one that could hardly be realized in England. Our country is not one in which the parish priest can be so much of the true shepherd. The tithe question has a great influence in separating the sheep from the shepherd, for the occupiers of the land can never be made to understand that land tithe-free is of a higher rent, and that, consequently, the clergyman's income comes out of the landlord's pocket, and not out of theirs; they will persist in contending that if they could get rid of tithes, they would put their value into their own pockets. It is a sad mistake, as it prevents that friendly intercourse between the minister and his parishioners which ought to exist. There is also another reason, arising from the "distinct caste," which our clergymen are so anxious to sustain, which prevents their feeling the sympathy they ought with their parishioners, and withholds them from that sociability so essential to

peace and unity. Nevertheless, in some districts there are men to be found who so zealously, so discreetly, and so kindly perform their ministerial functions, as to ensure both love and veneration from their flocks. Sometimes this is obtained by the rare union of commanding intellect, pulpit eloquence, humility, and Christian sympathy—at others, by the quiet unobtrusive walk of genuine piety and goodness. In my own district—which is one where Christianity is in its leading-strings—we have two clergymen, who are models in their way of what country clergymen should be, although they hold opposite views with regard to certain controverted points of Christian doctrine. One is what is usually denominated a “High Church,” the other is what is called a “Low Church” man. The High Church minister has rebuilt the interior of his church at his own expense, restored an old piscina, found in the walls, put up a cross in the gable end of the chancel, decorated the east window with stained glass, and has prayers at six o’clock in the morning, for the benefit of the labourers before they go to work. The other clergyman unites himself in labours of love with the Dissenters, subscribes to their schools, allows the Methodists the use of his own coach-house to preach in, preaches in the open air himself during the summer, often uniting in this service with some missionaries, or travelling preachers. Both are earnest in doing good in their several ways. One invites his parishioners to a game of cricket, gets up a gala of old English sports and pastimes, feasts the old men and women at the rectory, and, having

originally passed through hospital practice before he entered the Church, takes upon himself the medical management of the poor, only calling in a regular practitioner in difficult cases. The other, in a perhaps more emphatic spirit of piety, has prayer-meetings at his house three times a week, tea and working parties, Bible and tract meetings. Both are sedulous in their visits to the poor; both are humane and charitable, and desirous of improving the social as well as spiritual state of their several flocks. I only adduce these remarks to show the difficulty that exists in our own country with regard to the spiritual management of a parish, and to urge upon the contending parties in our Church mutual love and forbearance, and the putting of charitable constructions upon each other's principles and practice; for a house divided against itself cannot stand, as our Lord has emphatically declared.

In the town-hall of Marfeilles is a large and noble picture, in which M. de Belfunce, bishop of that city, is represented in his episcopal habit, attended by his almoners, giving his benediction to the dead and dying that are at his feet. It was at the great plague which raged in that city in the year 1720 that this good prelate so greatly distinguished himself. The plague set in with such fearful virulence that the rich, powerful, and influential fled from the place with the utmost precipitation. Whole streets were deserted, and the dead lay unburied in almost every house. But while all those fled whose presence and wealth might have powerfully tended

to alleviate those suffering from the disease, the pastor, faithful to his flock, remained, with his attendants, to exercise the rites of charity. He called together the various brotherhoods and sisterhoods of mercy, organized them into bands, procured necessaries, and sent them forth in the midst of the dead and dying, while he himself went about from street to street exhorting, directing, and blessing. One of the most touching pictures of human misery and of human succour is to be found in a letter which the good man wrote to the Bishop of Soissons on September 20, 1720: "Never," he says, "was desolation greater, or was there anything like this. Here we have had many cruel plagues, but none was ever more cruel; to be sick and dead was almost the same thing. What a melancholy spectacle we have on all sides! We go into the streets, full of dead bodies half rotten, through which we pass to come to a dying body to incite him to acts of contrition, and to do him good. For about forty days together the blessed Sacrament was carried everywhere, to all the sick, and the extreme unction was given to them with a zeal of which we have few examples, and those who were only slightly tainted we rescued from this dire contagion, and by care and the blessing of God saved them from perishing! But, alas! our work was very grievous, for the churches being infected with the dead left in them for want of burial, we were obliged to perform the services of religion where we could. The two communities of the faithful brothers are all dead but one old man of seventy-two years, who still goes

about night and day to visit the poor in their houses of death, the hospitals, and the corners of the streets, in which the dead and the dying are continually piled. My secretary and another lie sick, so that they have obliged me to quit my palace and retire to a poor man's house, who is as kind to me as a brother. We are destitute of all succour; we have no meat, and whatsoever I could do going about the town, I could not meet with any one who would undertake to distribute broth to the poor who were in want, but some few old women who remained faithful with us to the last and distributed the tender mercies of God at our request, we assisting them and they assisting us, for the glory of God and the love of man only. Thank God, that all are not utterly heartless among us, but that some few remain to testify their faith by their noble labours of love! We trust humbly that God will ease us ere long of our sad trials, and give us strength and help to endure all for His sake and for the love of Christ our Saviour, who will come to us in His due time and heal our sick and raise, as it were, from the dead those that believe in Him."

All the other miseries of mankind have no parallel to the calamities of plague. Relatives feel for the wounded and dying in battle, but the sorrows of the battle-field are surpassed by the ravages of pestilence. Conceive in the same house, the beholder, the sickening, and dying—to help is death, to refuse assistance is inhuman. It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to save his drowning companions, and sinking with

them into the same oblivious grave. In 1813, such was the violence with which the plague raged at Malta, such the certain destruction which attended the slightest contact with the infected, that at last every better feeling of the heart was extinguished in a desire of self-preservation, and nobody could be procured to perform the melancholy offices which make up the funeral train of sickness and of death. In this woful emergency a benevolent prelate of the Greek Church, by the power of spiritual admonition alone, called together a band of daring and ferocious Greeks, who inhabited the outskirts of the city, and conferred upon them the title of succourers of the sick. After his religious exhortations to them, by the force of religion alone they one and all volunteered their services, while French and Italian prisoners of war joined them with the greatest willingness. Their services were of the highest value, and they were remarkably successful in staying the progress of the disease. They clothed themselves in oil-skin dresses and masks, and went about from house to house, separating the dying from the dead, and rescuing those who were not fatally attacked, at the same time digging graves and burying the dead, or taking them out to sea and consigning the rotting bodies to the deep, while they fumigated the houses, white-washed the streets, cleansed the sewers, and did every filthy and dangerous work with an alacrity and cheerfulness truly wonderful. Providence seems to have taken these children of mercy under its peculiar protection, for scarcely any of them fell victims to the cruel disease. Mr. Murdo

Young, in his poem of "Antonia," in a note mentions that he saw some of them, when duty led them near the prisons where they had left some of their less enterprising companions confined, climb up the chimney-tops of the infected houses, and being

Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,
Wore to their friends an open air of joy.

Mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence. The beneficial operations of nature are carried on in the midst of storms and convulsions, earthquakes and pestilential plagues. Every year gives its tens of thousands to the briny deep. Every year brings forth what is called a terrible visitation of Divine Providence upon mankind. Whirlwinds and tornadoes speed over smiling districts, and all is desolation, or some fearful pestilence depopulates a whole country. It is not the province of man to inquire why these things are permitted, but it is his province to observe how the most terrible visitations which can fall upon man may turn to his spiritual, and even temporal advantage. The truly religious mind sees good in everything. The truly religious man in the midst of misery finds the broadest scope for high and heroic action. To him, the greater the ruin and desolation the greater the love and the charity; the more of physical evil the more of physical good; and thus it is that the severest calamities have brought forth the noblest of minds to the glory of God the Father, and of the religion of his Son Jesus Christ.

The Great Plague of London, in 1666, and the cholera

of 1833, did not pass without a great many instances of self-sacrifice and brotherly devotion. Among the many that occurred connected with the former pestilence—that which depopulated the village of Eyam, in Derbyshire—ought especially to be noticed, the devotion of a “good shepherd, ready to give his life for the sheep.” Eyam is one of the most healthful and pleasant of Derbyshire villages, and is situated about twelve miles to the westward of Sheffield. It is surrounded on every side by bleak and barren mountains, and is not very much in the way of pleasure-seekers. There are a few persons, however, who come to the place to view its antique crosses, the tomb of Mr. Mompeston, or the romantic dell in which stands the singular rock called Caklett Church.

In the plague time of 1666, Eyam was a thriving little community, noted for its health and happiness. It possessed one of the greatest of all earthly blessings to a village—a kind, fond, and considerate pastor. His spirit beamed throughout the place. The cottages exhibited the character and temper of their inmates—they were clean, neat, and cheerful; each had a garden, and some a little field, or paddock, and trees here and there of luxuriant growth added beauty to the little landscape, while, to crown all, an antique church, showing its grey tower among the foliage, pointed heavenwards, and spoke of a life to come. Even at the present day, the spirit of this good pastor has not departed from the place, for the morals of its inhabitants are as yet comparatively uncontaminated, and retain much of their primitive simplicity.

Well, it was in 1666 that this place, one of the most remarkable for health and happiness, as well as for the longevity of its inhabitants, fell under that terrible scourge the plague, which here committed the most fearful devastations, but which, by the prudence, energy, and devotedness of the pastor and his wife, was stayed. The manner in which the pestilence was communicated to this remote village shows the virulence of its nature, and the caution that ought to have been used to prevent the spread of the contagion. A box of clothes was, during the affliction of London, sent to a tailor of Eyam, who no sooner opened it than he fell ill; all his family soon shared the same fate, and every person, except one, died. These were the first victims. The disease spread with astonishing rapidity, entering almost every house, and carrying off a part of almost every family. The same cottage, in many instances, contained both the dying and the dead. Short indeed was the space between health and sickness, and immediate the transition from the death-bed to the tomb. Whenever symptoms of the plague appeared, so hopeless was the recovery, that the dissolution of the afflicted patient was watched for with anxious solicitude, that so much of the disease might be buried, and its influence destroyed. In the churchyard, in the neighbouring hills, and in the fields bordering the village, graves were dug ready to receive the dying sufferers. The funerals were hastily performed, the customary rites were suspended, and the place itself presented an aspect of woe and desolation truly appalling.

Mr. Mompeffon, who then held the living of Eyam, was about twenty-eight years of age, his wife about a year younger: they had two children, a son and a daughter, both very young. On the breaking out of the pestilence, Mrs. Mompeffon, with her babes in her arms, earnestly solicited her husband to fly with her and them from the devoted spot. Her entreaties were in vain—he had determined *never to desert his flock*. In his turn he became the suppliant, and besought his wife to retire from Eyam with the children, till the visitation had passed over. She would not abandon her husband. They finally resolved to abide together the danger of the dispensation, but to send their infants to a place of apparently greater safety. Their family disposed of, they found themselves at greater liberty to attend to their afflicted parishioners, and this devoted pair became the ministering angels of the village. Friends and relatives might abandon the plague-marked victims, but the pastor and his wife never forsook a patient, or hesitated to enter an infected dwelling. The dying were comforted, and the living were counselled as to the best manner of preventing the spread of the dreadful contagion; and such was the unbounded influence of this good man, that his parishioners regarded his directions almost as the behests of Heaven, and gave themselves up entirely to his guidance.

Considering that this frightful scourge was isolated in this mountain tract, the good shepherd thought that if he could cut off all communication with the surrounding

country, there was a probability that it would then in a little time die away; he therefore prevailed upon his flock to remain at home, and assisted by the Earl of Devonshire, who also remained at Chatsworth, his princely seat, at the distance of six or seven miles from Eyam, he drew an imaginary cordon round the village, beyond which egress or regress was not allowed. In this boundary, at various places, stations were appointed for the inhabitants of other towns to bring the necessaries of subsistence, leaving them upon a stone without any person being near, and returning for the value, which was found deposited in the same place in a trough of clean spring water. Some of these troughs are still remaining, and are pointed out to strangers by the older inhabitants of Eyam.

To prevent as much as possible the effects of contagion, Mr. Mompeffon closed the church, and retiring to Cucklett dale, a dell at a little distance from the town, bounded on one side by craggy rocks, and on the other overhung by trees as planted by the hands of Nature, he placed himself in a natural arch at a great height from the level, and thence, as from a pulpit, addressed his congregation, and performed the accustomed service. The narrow, gloomy dell, the babbling stream that ran along its bottom, the overhanging tors, the perforated rock, the graceful trees, and its complete freedom from every interruption, render this place even at the present day, one of the most fascinating of confined landscapes; but when we contemplate in imagination the assembled

villagers seated on the rising ground on one side the brook, at a distance from one another, as if each feared contagion from his neighbour, but all anxiously intent on catching every word of the preacher on the rock, and bending in solemn prayer before that Being who can alone afford protection, we feel ourselves carried back to the scene, and are especially lost in admiration of the good and holy man who could thus direct to one great end the deep sorrows and afflictions of our nature.

For seven months did this good pastor watch over the interests of Eyam, for so long did the pestilence continue its ravages. He retained his health during the whole period. Mrs. Mompeffon, as a precaution, prevailed upon him to have an incision made in his leg, which, by being kept open, might in case of infection carry off the complaint. She saw one day on examination that her precaution had been useful, and that from the appearance of the wound her husband had escaped the danger; but the plague had entered their dwelling, and this devoted wife, while rejoicing at her husband's safety, herself fell a victim to its fury. She was buried in the chancel, where her tombstone yet remains, and her memory is held in veneration even to this remote period among the villagers of Eyam.

Mr. Mompeffon had the pleasure at last of seeing the extinction of the disease in the village of which he was the pastor, for by his measures its contagion was confined and totally destroyed, as Eyam appears to have

been the last place visited by this dreadful calamity. His conduct procured him the approbation of all, and he had soon after bestowed upon him the rectory of Eakring, in Nottinghamshire, was made a prebendary of York and Southwall, and had an offer of the Deanery of Lincoln, which he declined in favour of his friend, Dr. Fuller. He died at Eakring on the 7th of March, 1708, in the seventieth year of his age, where a brass plate records his memory.

So great was the mortality during this visitation, that graves were dug and cemeteries formed on the hills on every side of the town. These burying-places are now almost entirely destroyed. One yet remains, to the eastward of Eyam, known by the name of "Riley grave-stones," but not as it originally appeared. One family alone seems to have been buried there, and the dates of their death are a powerful record of the strength of the pestilence in this remote situation. "I know not," says the author of "Peak Scenery," "that I ever felt more seriously and solemnly impressed than on my visit to this place. The dreadful power of that disease which, while it prevailed in London, appalled the whole empire, and in the following year unpeopled the village of Eyam, is here strikingly exemplified. Six headstones and one tabular monumental stone yet remain to tell the total extinction of a whole family of eight persons, with the exception of one boy, in the short space of eight days. What a sad and mournful memorial of domestic calamity! On the four sides of the tomb, which

contains the ashes of the father of this unhappy family, are the following words:—

‘*Horam nefcitis orate vigilate.*’”

The visit to the spot is still interesting, although great changes have come upon the place since those days of devotion and desolation. Some few years ago, some skeletons were discovered beneath the flooring of a barn, evidently placed there as a matter of convenience, without coffins or any other perceptible covering.

In the churchyard stands a beautiful ancient cross; of its early history and original intention nothing is now known beyond a vague tradition of its having been found on one of the neighbouring hills. It is at present in a very dilapidated state, about two feet of the top of the shaft are wanting. Within the memory of man this fragmental remnant was known to have been thrown carelessly about the churchyard as a stone of no value, until it was broken up by some rude hand, and knocked to pieces for domestic purposes. Still, in its present bleached state, it is a relic of inestimable value, of which the parishioners of Eyam may well be proud—the more so as its existence, in its present situation, is associated with one of the dearest friends of humanity, the benevolent Howard, who, in the year before he last left England, visited Eyam to examine the records of the plague. He found it prostrate in the churchyard, and nearly overgrown with docks and thistles. At his suggestion the top part of the

cross was placed on its imperfect shaft, and thus it remains.

Fenelon, bishop of Cambray, was a noble instance of the faithful pastor. By mixing with all ranks and conditions, by associating with the unfortunate and sorrowful, by assisting the weak, and by that union of mildness, of energy, and of benevolence, which adapts itself to every character and every situation, he acquired the knowledge of the moral and physical ills which affected human nature. Often, disguised, would he visit the wine-shop, and the tavern, the resorts of the vicious, the frivolous, and the vain, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with those moral diseases which are the object of the pastor's care. Here it was that he saw with his own eyes the depravity of the human heart, and heard with his own ears those expressions of the wicked which tell of the state of the inner man. Here, also, he saw, in the midst of blight, darkness, confusion, riot, degradation, and infamy, those scintillations of God which told him that He had not utterly forsaken his people, and which inspired him with hope in the difficult task of conversion. It was also by this good bishop's habitual and immediate communication with all classes of society, that he obtained the melancholy conviction of the miseries which afflict the greater part of mankind; and to the profound impression of this truth through his whole life, we must ascribe that tender sympathy and commiseration for the unfortunate which he manifests in all his writings, and which he displayed more powerfully in all his actions.

In the course of his walks he would often join the peasants, sit down with them on the grass, talk with them, and console them. He visited them in their cottages, seated himself at table with them, and partook of their meals. By such kindness and attention he won their hearts, and gained access to their minds. They loved him as a father and friend, and were delighted to listen to his instructions, and to submit to his guidance. Long after his death the old people, who had the happiness of seeing him on these occasions, spoke of him with most tender reverence. "There," they would say, "is the chair on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall see him no more;" and then their tears would flow.

The diocese of Cambray was often the seat of war, and experienced the cruel ravages of retreating and conquering armies. But an extraordinary respect was paid to Fenelon by the invaders of France. The English, the Germans, and the Dutch, tried to out rival the inhabitants of Cambray in their veneration for the archbishop. All distinctions of religion and sect, and all feelings of hatred and jealousy, that divided the nations, seemed to disappear in the presence of Fenelon. Military escorts were offered him for his personal security, but these he declined, and traversed the countries devastated by war to visit his flock, trusting to the protection of God. In these visits his way was marked by alms and benefactions. While he was among the people, they seemed to enjoy peace in the midst of war.

He brought together into his place the wretched inhabitants of the country whom the war had driven from their homes, and took care of them, and fed them at his table. Seeing one day that one of these peasants ate nothing, he asked him the reason of his abstinence. "Alas! my lord," said the poor man, "in making my escape from my cottage I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family; the enemy will drive her away, and I shall never find another so good." Fenelon, availing himself of the privilege of safe-conduct, immediately set out, accompanied by a single servant, and drove the cow back himself to the peasant.

"This," says Cardinal Meury, "is perhaps the finest act of Fenelon's life." He adds, "Alas! for the man who reads it without being affected." Another anecdote, showing his tenderness to the poor, is thus related of him. A literary man, whose library was destroyed by fire, has been deservedly admired, by saying, "I should have profited but little by my books if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them." The remark of Fenelon, who lost his books in a similar way, is still more simple and touching: "I would much rather they were burnt than the cottage of a poor peasant."

The benevolence and virtues of Fenelon give his history the air of a romance, but his life is a reality—a reality in deed and in truth. His name will never die, and his prayers and his alms are gone up as a memorial before God. Transports of joy were heard at Cambray

when his ashes were discovered, which had been hidden from the infidels at the time of the French Revolution. The re-interment of his remains was an ovation offered to the Christian virtues that had adorned his life. To this day the Flemings call him the good archbishop, and often shed tears when they speak of him.

It is said there are no Fenelons now-a-days. This is, however, not quite true—there are many who, although not archbishops, have what is better than the pastoral ring, staff, or pallium—namely, a spirit of love and kindness to their fellow-men, like that of Fenelon. We are sometimes suddenly arrested by a large number of workhouse people, with also the poor of one of the most populous and wretched of the London parishes, proceeding, with their pastor at their head, far from the smoke and filth of their dwellings, from the pent-up court, or the foetid alley, or the contagious “back-flum,” into the pure air of Epping Forest, Richmond, or Wimbledon. It is enchanting to behold such a sight—here are the old and the young; old men and maidens, old women and children, going forth to see the glory of God in the works of creation, to saunter and to pic-nic under shady trees, to listen to the fresh gurgle of running waters, to hear the birds, to see the flowers, and to enjoy the rich perfume of the meadows. How happy must that minister be who can be thus the means of imparting happiness to others! How pleasing must he be also in the sight of his heavenly Father! Little children, who never knew how a blade of grass sprung up, or how an ear of corn grew, who, per-

haps, hardly ever saw the sun but through mist and malaria; fathers and mothers who, from month's end to month's end, go through their breath-choking, body-wearing, foul-killing labours; and old grandmothers, whose days are few, going forth again to take a last farewell of the bright blue skies and the lovely meadows, in the remembrance of the halcyon days of youth. Well, it is something—the heart is raised to God by it—to gratitude—to faith in something good in this world of labour and sorrow, which especially belong to the poor, the industrious, and the wretched, by whom we live, and move, and have our social existence. I do not know anything more touching than one of these holiday excursions; and it is to be valued not more for its direct effect upon those whose object it is to serve, than for the moral lesson which it teaches; for,

“Have we not toyed too long
In painted pinnacle down the stream of life,
Witch'd with the landscape, while the weary rowers
Faint at the groaning oar?”

Saints' Tragedy. King Lear. SHAKESPEARE.

There are numerous other instances of the magnanimous manner in which the clergy have exerted themselves for their fellow-men. None strikes us with more force than the benevolent suggestion of Dr. Emerton made a short time ago, for the purpose of creating a feeling of love and amity between the two greatest nations of the earth—England and France. It is of no use to deny the fact that England and France have, for many generations, cordially hated each other; and it is no less true

that France has many burning wrongs and festering wounds to keep up in her nationality—an exultation of ill feeling, and a desire of revenge. On the other hand, John Bull hated Frenchmen because they ate frogs, and wore wooden shoes. Now, to lessen these animosities, and to promote a spirit of reconciliation between such powerful enemies is a work well worthy the Christian minister, and, early in the past year, Dr. Emerton, of Hanwell College, who had already offered a prize essay on “The Moral and Religious Advantages of the Great Exhibition,” came forward to offer another prize of fifty guineas to the writers of England, and the same to those of France, for the best “Essay on the Immense Importance of a close Union of England and France, and for the Peace and Happiness of the World, with suggestions for making this Union perpetual.”

This was “brother help” in a new form. His design was to teach, by brotherly love, the way in which loving brothers should help each other; and, therefore, Lords Brougham and Clarendon, Shaftesbury and Russell in England, and Merimer, Mignet, and Thiers in France, lent themselves to this noble work, and various essays were written in both countries, receiving the prizes awarded to them, under the umpireship of the great statesmen and public writers whose names are mentioned above. The essays, of course, presented various degrees of excellence; but the spirit that pervaded the whole was an echo of that glorious song which the angels sung on the Redeemer’s birth—“Glory to God in the highest,

and on earth peace and good-will." In one of them it is beautifully said, "But powerful and generally victorious as England has shown herself to be in war, her mission is eminently that of peace. It is the mainspring of all the elements that have made her great, and which still supports her. It is only by peace, and the extension of her trade and colonies, that she can permanently maintain her public credit, alleviate the burdens that press most heavily upon her energies, and enable her to pursue those measures of social reform and progress promised by her Government. Peace and a settled Government are as essentially desired by the French people. England and France, thus united in brotherly union, would give such a moral tone to the Governments of Europe, that war would be almost impossible. No combination of any other nations would be a match for the united power of France and England under such a close alliance as that which we have proposed. These nations, closely combined, could teach the other nations, both by the powers they possess, and by their moral force, that war is an evil of the greatest magnitude, and that peace is a blessing of the holiest power. Then, indeed, will this close union of the two countries be the world's *Ægis*, and in this alone will it have security for its peace and happiness."

The importance attached to the question, says the proposer of the essays, may be judged of by the eminent men who have consented to their adjudication. Lord Brougham, whose name is alone a host, not only assents to it, but also warmly supports it; and in a letter

written by him to Dr. Emerton, he expresses his admiration of the public spirit and philanthropy which has actuated him in a proposal so worthy of his sacred calling. The Earl of Clarendon, the great pacificator of Spain, who so long held the seals of the Foreign Office, entered cordially into the donor's plan, and united with him in carrying it into effect, while the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose name is only another word for Christian philanthropy, undertook the revision of the essays. The French "helpers" were no less celebrated, and to them may be added the names of Argyle and Stanley, Herbert and Pakington, Russell and Oxford, Lincoln and London, Cobden and Bright, thus embracing men of religion, and literature, and commerce. They appeared like a galaxy of Christian men ready, as "brother helpers," to do their best for the establishment of the world's pacification. It is a picture worthy of the age, however utilitarian and selfish it may be, and the world owes a great debt of gratitude to such men, coming forward as they do to sanction by their names and individual influence the sacred cause of brotherly union.

In this union there is hope for the world's progress. As chemical affinities and combinations are indispensable for the preservation of the natural world, so are the affinities of social intercourse—the union of hearts and minds—necessary for the perfection of the moral one. When heart beats to heart, and soul responds to soul, love is generated. In the physical world it is no uncommon thing to behold two noxious substances pro-

ducing by their union a third, positively beneficial, while the substances themselves are changed in the process from dangerous to harmless. In like manner do we behold in the moral world persons, or nations even, burning with acrimonious minds towards each other, when brought into the sweet contact of social intercourse, neutralized in their individual acidities, while a residuum is formed beneficial to themselves and to mankind at large.

Let Christian union, therefore, be our object. The union of nations in brotherly love—the union of individuals in works of usefulness and charity—the union of science and art, of manufactures and commerce—the union of sects and parties, and divers creeds, in the noble work of human improvement. Man is progressive; his resources are inexhaustible, the creations of his genius illimitable—they go on from age to age. There should be no impediment to the marriage of true minds. Love looks upon the petty differences among mankind as the dust upon the mirror of righteousness, in which the glorious Creator is reflected in all his manifold perfections. The chain that lifts our souls to heaven is one of many links, and it is the union of these that makes our stay sure and our hopes certain, and enables us to understand, in some feeble measure, the words of our Redeemer, “*I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.*”

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER HELP IN RELATION TO SLAVERY, WAR,
PEACE, AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

What should good men do?
 Save life, show mercy, open prison doors,
 Set free the slave, restrain the mailed arm
 Of cruel War—diffuse celestial Peace
 Throughout the earth, and, with a gentle hand,
 Lead vice and crime into the paths of heaven!

SOUTHERNE.

THE strong, the cunning, and the wicked have ever oppressed the weak, the simple-minded, and the good. It is strange that no legislator of antiquity ever attempted to abrogate slavery; on the contrary, the people most enthusiastic for liberty (like our American brothers, the Athenians, the Lacedæmonians, the Romans, and the Carthaginians), were those who enacted the most severe laws against their serfs. The right of life and death over them was one of the principles of society, and in every way were they oppressed and degraded. The Jews also possessed slaves; they were authorized by their civil code to purchase their brethren for six years and strangers for ever. All that we can gather from the confused history

of the middle ages is that the world was divided between freemen and slaves, and so, in some respects, it has remained ever since.

But of all degrees and conditions of slavery that have hitherto cursed mankind negro slavery is the worst, both in its principle and in its effect. It begins by the assumption of a most horrible and wicked lie, namely, that black blood is inferior to white blood, and that the black man's heart is not so good as the white man's heart, and that a brain with a frontal sinus a little enlarged, and an occipital region a little projecting, is not so capable of thought as that of a head slightly different in outward formation. Upon such a principle it is no wonder that the African slave-trade presents such an accumulation of cruelty and fraud, oppression and avarice, lust and murder, tyranny, revenge, and every other horrible atrocity, as to make us shudder.

So early as the year 1503, slaves were sent from the Portuguese settlements in Africa to the Spanish colonies in America. In 1571, Ferdinand V., king of Spain, permitted them to be carried over in great numbers. The Emperor Charles V. encouraged the slave-trade; but in the year 1542, repenting of his former measures, he made a code of laws for their protection, and sent out orders that all slaves in his American dominions should be made free; but upon this emperor retiring from his throne into a monastery, slavery was resumed. About the same time, Leo X. pope of Rome, exerted himself, much to his honour, on behalf of the poor sufferers, and declared that

not only the Christian religion, but Nature herself cried out against a state of slavery. The circumstances that led to the publication of this edict are peculiar, and are related by Artemus.

It appears that as this Pope was walking privately through some of the inferior streets of Rome, as was frequently his custom, he beheld a very large and athletic black man chained to the front of a cart laden with stones, which the poor slave was compelled to drag along with great fatigue. A merciless driver was sitting on the cart, and from time to time applied the whip with such severity that at last the poor wretch fell to the earth, exhausted by his labour and the blows inflicted upon him. At this moment the Pope passed by, and witnessed not only the fall of the slave but the brutal behaviour of his driver, who came up and belaboured him with all his strength as a punishment for falling. The Pope's heart was touched at the sight, and, instantly disclosing himself to the astonished crowd, ordered the liberation of the poor captive, whom he directed to follow on to the pontifical palace. The black man obeyed, and there made such a true and pitiable relation of his own sufferings, and the sufferings of others in the like situation as himself at Rome, that the Pontiff determined to put down slavery. He was for a long time opposed by the cardinals, who brought the Old Testament and the New, and half the Fathers besides, to prove that slavery was compatible with the Christian religion. They averred that the Evangelists put not a single word

into the mouth of Jesus Christ which recalls mankind to its primitive liberty, and that while the Old Testament positively asserted slavery as an institution of God, the New Testament never denied it. But Leo was inflexible. He argued that since God made but one man he could not make a slave, for the state of slavery includes two—the tyrant and the slave—and he averred that slavery was contrary to humanity, and to the divine precept, “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

The first importation of slaves from Africa in which Englishmen were concerned was in the reign of Elizabeth, about the year 1562. This princess—with the true lion-heartedness for which she was so remarkable, and with the tender-heartedness of the lamb within her bosom—hearing that Hawkins had been engaged in carrying slaves, sent for him, and after having soundly rated him, and having, as it is said, absolutely boxed his ears, because of an indignity he had offered to a black woman, and which he was afraid to deny, she at length told him that if any of the negroes should be carried away from their native shores without their free consent, she would make a slave of him, and that he should rue it to the end of his days. “My country must be sustained,” she continued, “by men of noble souls, not with cruel hearts, and this man-stealing wickedness will call down upon our heads the curse of God, and the vengeance of Heaven upon our country.”

It is something consoling for Englishmen to reflect

that though some of our merchants were formerly from time to time concerned in this abominable traffic, yet, from the earliest period, England has never failed in producing those who, setting worldly policy at defiance, were ever ready to advocate the cause of the oppressed. As kingly and priestly power decayed, so humanity arose, and the human heart got elbow-room. The glorious heroes of the Commonwealth hated slavery, as regarded themselves or others, with a perfect hatred, and with a kind of savage ferocity. Cromwell, who was God's sword in a homely scabbard, having heard that a Spanish ship lying at Gravesend had "black slaves" on board, sent down Colonel Hesselrigge to free the slaves and hang the captain, which order the colonel would have executed to the letter, had not the Spanish captain jumped overboard in his fright, and was drowned.

The Dutch were at the time of William of Nassau much engaged in the slave-trade, and this good monarch did all that he could to stem the tide of iniquity which their excessive cupidity occasioned, but it was too strong for him. When, however, he came to the English throne, he set his face most determinately against "man-stealing." He had a body of the finest blacks that he could procure made free men, and incorporated them with his army as a body-guard. They were treated as "brother men," and the white soldiers both loved and respected them. In their bodily exercises, their attachment to their officers, their faithfulness to duty, their general intelligence, and their kindness of heart, they were surpassed by none.

The black troop were for some time quartered at Hampton Court, their officers occupying apartments on the royal side of that edifice, so as to be close to the king. Suddenly, on the night of the 9th of September, 1669, a tempest of fearful severity broke out, and a thunderbolt fell upon the high projectments of one of the wings, which it destroyed, and set fire to the building. Being at a very dry time of the year the flames spread with extraordinary rapidity, and so sudden was the conflagration that the officers who lodged in that part of the palace were paralyzed. Two or three made their escape by the lower doors, but in a very brief period all retreat was cut off that way, and at the same time, an officer, with his wife and child, appeared in their night-dresses, and in the utmost distress, at one of the upper windows. They in vain implored help from the bystanders—ladders were brought, but they were not long enough. Beds were laid on the ground, and the suffering victims were urged to jump out, but the height was too great. The flames were rapidly reaching the upper storey, when two of the black troop—they were brothers—made a compact to save the officer and his family, or to perish in the attempt. They hastily bound themselves up in wet clothes, covering their mouths with wet flannel, and with ropes in their hands dashed with the quickness of lightning through the burning rooms below. They mounted up the fiery staircases, reached the upper rooms, and, by means of the ropes they carried with them, lowered down the officer, his wife and child, who all reached the ground in safety. One brother then

lowered the other, but by this time the flames had reached the upper storeys of the building; the remaining black was just about to make his descent, when the whole front of the building fell in with a dreadful crash, and he was seen no more.

As our free institutions progressed, and our literature developed itself, the spirit of humanity advanced. Our poets and public writers advocated the cause of the slave. Richard Baxter, Bishop Warburton, the poets Southey, Pope, Shenstone, Thomson, and Cowper denounced the African slave-trade as a disgrace to human nature and a Christian community. The play of "Oroonoko" powerfully affects the feelings, and was for a long time popular on the stage. It is founded upon an actual occurrence. Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, is carried into one of the West India islands, and there made to endure all the horrors of slavery. The impassioned grandeur of the wretched prince's sufferings, his bursts of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda, a female slave, are powerful and pathetic. The play did much for the cause of the slave; while at a period a little later the poet Cowper, with some stirring lines that electrified the world, denounced the trade in human flesh as more than devilish. But among all the advocates for the cause of African emancipation, the Society of Friends, or Quakers, have displayed the most unshrinking perseverance and untiring energy. As soon as the atrocities of slavery were made sufficiently known,

these people *liberated their slaves*, whatever were the consequences; and some gave the most splendid example in doing it, by granting all unconditional liberty, and by giving what was due to them over and above their food and clothing *for wages*, from the beginning of their slavery to the day when their liberation commenced.

It was to a Quaker to whom that great brother-helper, Granville Sharp, was apprenticed, and from whom he doubtless drew his milk of human kindness. He was born in Durham, and bound apprentice to a good old Quaker of the name of Halsey, residing on Tower Hill. He was a youth of studious habits, of a polemical understanding, delighting in controversy, and no doubt having, as such persons often have, a great deal of pugnacity about him. By chance, or rather by Providence, his attention was directed to the sufferings of the poor Africans. In the first moments of his action he had no other object in view than the helping of a suffering brother in distress; but this was, under Heaven, made to tend to the widely increasing spirit of social charity which England was destined shortly to behold, and to be herself the scene of the sublime and extraordinary spectacle of a private and powerless individual standing forward, under the divine impulse of mercy, to rescue those whom the force of disgraceful custom bound in chains—to see him, when opposed in his benevolent efforts, arm himself by the study of our laws to assert the unalterable cause of justice, and for that end prepare to resist the formidable decisions of men who had filled the highest stations in our courts

of judicature, maintaining his ground against them with unanswerable arguments, and finally overthrowing the authority of unjust opinions—an event not more glorious to the individual than to the country, and the noble constitution we inherit from our forefathers.

The story of the slave's emancipation is an interesting one. Jonathan Strong, an African, originally a slave to Mr. David Lisle, a lawyer at Barbadoes, was brought to England by his master, who, after treating him with great brutality, and reducing the poor wretch to a state that rendered him useless, actually turned him adrift in the streets. By the united care of Mr. Granville Sharp, who picked him up, and his brother William, the negro was restored to health and placed in service; but on being seen in his improved condition by his former master, he was seized and carried to the Poultry Compter. In his necessity, the poor man wrote to Sharp, entreating his interference to save him from a greater calamity than even the death from which he had before rescued him. Sharp immediately went to the prison, and found the negro, who, in sickness and in misery, had been discarded by his master, now sent to prison as a runaway slave, and claimed by the owner like a bale of merchandise. The noble philanthropist went immediately to the Lord Mayor, North—good brother helpers, most of these lord mayors—who caused the parties to be brought before him, when, after a long hearing, to his eternal honour the upright magistrate decided that the master had no property in the person of the negro in this country, and gave him

his liberty. Upon this the infuriated master instantly collared the negro, in the presence of the court, and insisted on his right to keep his *property*.

Mr. Sharp now claimed the protection of the superior tribunals—caused the master to be arrested, and exhibited articles of the peace against him for assault and battery. After various legal proceedings, supported by him with the most undaunted spirit through court after court, at last the twelve judges unanimously concurred in opinion, that the master had acted both criminally and illegally. Thus did this good brother-helper emancipate for ever the race of blacks from a state of slavery while on British ground. Among the heroes and sages of Great Britain, we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man to whom we owe our power of repeating with truth,

Slaves cannot breathe in England. If their lungs
Receive *our* air, that moment they are *free* :
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

Sharp was still active. His next exploit, which occurred in 1768, was to bring an action, and to rescue from starving, in Barbadoes, a female slave of the name of Hylas, who had been kidnapped, taken from her husband, and sent thither. Notwithstanding this decision, “a black girl, the *property* of J. Brown, eleven years of age, who is extremely handy,” was advertised for *sale* in one of the London papers during the course of the very next year. Soon after, another case of enormous oppression came under the notice of Mr. Sharp, who released

Thomas Lewes, an African—who had been forcibly carried aboard a ship in the Downs, to be transported to Jamaica—by means of a writ of habeas corpus. An action was brought by the pretended owner; but a jury, by a unanimous verdict, declared “that he possessed no property in him.”

About this period it became evident that although several verdicts had been actually obtained in favour of African slaves, their general right to freedom in England was, in some respects, an unsettled question. Another case was therefore seized upon. A black, named James Somerfet, had been brought over from Jamaica, by Mr. Charles Steward, and, on leaving his service, was seized unawares and shipped for that island. On this occasion Mr. Sharp went to work afresh and vigorously, and received the most generous offer of professional assistance on the part of Mr. Hargrave, who distinguished himself greatly by his learned arguments against the existence of slavery in England. On February 7, 1772, the case was brought on before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and after two adjournments and the hearing of five counsel, all of whom generously refused their fees on the occasion, the negro was discharged, on the principle *that as soon as any slave touches English ground he becomes FREE.*

But the battle was not fully fought—there was much yet to be done, and so soon as one friend to the negro fell off, by death or disappointment, others were raised up by Providence to carry on the noble work. In 1785,

Dr. Pickard, master of Magdalen College, in the University of Cambridge, gave out the following subject for one of the University prizes, “*Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?*” (Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?)

Mr. Thomas Clarkson, who was then a student at the University, determined to become a candidate for the prize. He took great pains to obtain the fullest information on the subject, and had the happiness to obtain the object of his ambition. After reading his essay publicly, as usual, in the senate-house, he set out for London on horseback. While on the road, the subject of the essay entirely engrossed his thoughts; he became at times seriously affected as he travelled on. He once stopped his horse and dismounted, and sat down on a bank by the roadside. Here he tried to persuade himself that the contents of the essay, which he had read in the senate-house the day before, were not true. The more, however, he reflected on the authorities which he had consulted the more he became convinced of their authenticity, and the more was he convinced that it was an imperious duty in some one to undertake the glorious task of putting an end to the sufferings of the unhappy Africans. Agitated in this manner he reached London, where he shortly after published an English translation of his essay. His mind was not, however, satisfied that this was all that humanity required of him. To make the case of the Africans known was desirable as a first step, but would this of itself put a stop to the horrors of the

trade? He believed not—he believed there could be no hope of success unless some one would resolve to make it the business of his life. The question then was—was he himself called upon to do it? His own peace of mind required that he should give a final answer to the question. To do this he retired frequently into solitude. The result was that, after the most mature deliberations, he determined to devote his whole life to the cause.

Of the glorious fruits of this sublime act of benevolence it is necessary to say but little. From the latter end of December, 1786, till the year 1794, Mr. Clarkson laboured with such unceasing assiduity to achieve the work of African emancipation, that his constitution was at length shattered, his hearing, voice, and memory were almost gone; he was, in short, utterly incapable of any farther exertions, and was obliged, although with considerable reluctance, to be borne out of the field where he had placed the chief honour and pride of his life. After eight years' retirement, he felt his constitution so far recruited that he returned again to the contest, and had the proud satisfaction of living to see the noble object of his life's solicitude at length accomplished by the act for the abolition of the slave-trade—the magna charta of the African.

Clarkson received the greatest aid from Wilberforce, who advocated the cause of the poor African in the British senate with an eloquence and pathos never equalled. Mr. Brougham also launched his thunders against the trade. In May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce, after

a speech, not more distinguished for eloquence and energy, than for sound reasoning, moved twelve propositions, the substance of which was that the number of slaves annually imported from Africa into the West Indies amounted to 38,000, and that the system was detrimental to the British seamen, to trade and commerce, and to the interests of the human race at large, and of England in particular. These propositions were ably supported by Pitt, Fox, and Burke, and, in short, by all the eloquence of the House of Commons, and although the opposition to them was violent, the question in their favour was carried without a division.

The exertions on behalf of the poor slave were continued with unabated energy for year after year, till the great emancipation took place, when the British Parliament, true to its instinct of liberty and justice, voted twenty millions of money as compensation to the planters for the loss of their emancipated slaves. Yet, with all this, slavery exists in the Southern States of America to a fearful extent. The system adopted by the French Government for the voluntary labour of negroes has been a failure, and has been ignored by the present Emperor of the French. We are now trying what is to be done with the King of Dahomey, and the Southern States of America are in open rebellion on the slave question. What the fate of war may determine remains to be seen, but one thing is certain—that the times are coming when slavery of every kind must cease to exist. Intelligence has proclaimed liberty to the nations. They

are becoming free, not only from one end of Europe to the other, but throughout the eastern and western despotisms. The negro will share in the general release, and mankind, from pole to pole, will inherit a freedom which shall not be taken from them.

Such a horror of slavery exists among Englishmen, that high and low, rich and poor, not only in the British Islands at home, but in the British possessions abroad, have afforded numerous instances of brother-help in connection with it. The barque "Syren," laden with a general cargo from the Spanish main, was proceeding from thence to England in the year 1822. She was commanded by William Rowley, a young man of great courage and enterprise, who was making his first voyage as a captain, having shewn himself in every way worthy the gradual promotion he had received from her owners to the post he then held. The "Syren" was a fine barque of about three hundred tons, and a very fast sailer, having been built upon lines which assured her being so, that she might not fall into the hands of the numerous Spanish pirates that infested the bay of Honduras at this time. Her crew consisted of eight men and two boys, and her means of defence from attack were six iron carronades, a couple of howitzers, and three or four dozen muskets. The look-out at the topmast head had perceived a vessel on the lee quarter, at such a distance as to be scarcely visible, but her locality being pronounced very suspicious the order was given to keep away from her, which was done, and she was lost to

fight as the day closed in. Early in the morning, however, she was discovered within two cables' length on the weather bow ; and, after looking through the glasses at her, it was soon discovered that she was not a pirate, as had been supposed, but a very different kind of craft, being a regular slaver, going to Charleston with a cargo of negroes. So far from showing the least incivility to the "Syren," she wore away to the southward, with the evident intention of avoiding her. "There," said the mate, a brave-hearted fellow, named Robert Stubbins, "there goes a cargo of black misery, poor wretches doomed to slavery for life. God help them ; I only wish we were a little stronger, captain, we would liberate every mother's son of 'em." "Let us do it now ; we are in a right cause, and that will give us additional strength," said the captain ; and calling the crew aft, he asked them if they would support him like men if he attacked the slaver ? They answered they would with all their hearts ; and, having consulted further and made calculations concerning their strength in powder and metal, it was unanimously resolved to steer after the "Curse of God," as Stubbins called her. During the time of the consultation, the "Syren" had not altered her course, and the slaver was now far to leeward, but her course was now altered, and all preparations were made for a set-to. The guns were loaded to their muzzles, the whole of the fire-arms, amounting to three dozen, were also loaded, and laid conveniently alongside the bulwarks ; the same number of pistols, with fundry blunderbusses, and the like,

were also put in preparation, and the "Syren" bore down upon the enemy. She was a very rakish-looking brigantine, of about five hundred tons, cut for going quick through the water, and capable of hoisting a large press of sail on an emergency. "The British ensign had for some time been flying at our peak; this, as we neared her, she answered by the green and yellow Brazilian flag. When she saw us bent on speaking with her she very politely shortened sail and rounded to, as if to wait for our coming up. We also shortened sail, upon which she again wore and was off in a different direction across our bows. While close to her we discovered her to be what we suspected, that is, a slaver; she was well armed, and manned with a motley crew, and had a great number of slaves on board. No time was lost in tacking after her. Our guns were laid towards her but she kept ahead of us for a long time, our rates of sailing appearing to be nearly equal. For more than three hours did we keep within half a mile of her, she making every attempt to escape, and we pressing on with as much speed as we could in pursuit, but to no purpose—we could neither overhaul her, nor could she give us the slip. At last we observed her throwing a part of her cargo overboard to lighten her, so that she could make more progress. Will it be believed that she had commenced throwing overboard the poor blacks? We heard the dreadful blows which knocked them on the head before they were thrown manacled into the deep. Our blood began to boil within us at this horrible inhumanity, and we all pledged ourselves to

destroy the wretches who had committed so atrocious an act, or die in the attempt. We put on more sail, we threw overboard some of our merchandize, we crowded sail on sail, and after a while found ourselves overhauling the enemy. ‘Courage, lads,’ said our captain, ‘courage and steadiness; get to your quarters at the guns.’ We did so. As soon as we came near enough for them to do execution, we commenced. The foremost gun was fired, and after a few seconds the ball ploughed the waters just across the bows of the chase. Another and another followed in quick succession, equally unregarded by the brigantine, who kept throwing her black cargo overboard with increasing rapidity. We fired again and again, and got nearer and nearer, and, as her chance of escape became desperate, she at length shortened sail and lay to in good earnest. We now ranged up alongside, and eager eyes were turned on every part of the vessel. Dark, naked forms passing up and down the deck removed the last remaining doubts as to her character, and shewed us that she had a stifling human cargo on board. She now opened upon us in right good earnest, but her shots were ineffective. We steered right into her with a tremendous shock that nearly cut her in two; at the same moment we saw a simultaneous rush among the black multitude that crowded her decks, some of whom had broken loose and overpowered the captain and his infernal crew. Our captain leaped on board, cutlafs in hand, and was followed by the mate and the six other sailors, the two lads only remaining on our own ship. The work was a very

short one, the crew, sixteen in number, having been disarmed and almost killed by the blacks, surrendered themselves to us to save themselves from further violence. The negroes wished to throw them all overboard; this we prevented, and, after some difficulty, restored order. We then took six of their men to navigate their vessel, and commanded them, on pain of instant death, to steer her in company with us to the nearest British port; this they agreed to do. We steered towards St. Kitts, and in two days found ourselves within its harbour, where we handed over the white delinquents to the proper authorities to receive the just punishment due to their crimes. The negroes were taken proper care of. We were complimented for our bravery, and had the satisfaction of an approving conscience, and in the light of it, steered for England, where we arrived in safety."

There are numerous instances, of the highest authenticity, of the barbarities with which the American planters punish their slaves. The following is given by Hector St. John, who was a farmer in Pennsylvania. He says, "I was not long since invited to dine with a planter who lived three miles from Cooph, where I then resided. In order to avoid the heat of the sun I resolved to go on foot, by a small path leading through a pleasant wood. I was leisurely travelling along, attentively examining some peculiar plants which I had collected, when all at once I felt the air strongly agitated, though the day was perfectly calm and sultry. I immediately cast my eyes towards the cleared ground, from

which I was but a short distance, in order to see whether it was not occasioned by a sudden shower, when at that instant a deep, rough voice, uttered, as I thought, a few indistinct monosyllables. Alarmed and surprised, I looked on every side, when I perceived, at about six rods' distant, something resembling a cage suspended from the arms of a tree, all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey, fluttering about and eagerly darting upon the cage. Actuated by an involuntary movement of my hands, more than by any deliberate design of mind, I fired at them. They all flew to a short distance with a most hideous screeching, when, horrid to think and painful to repeat, I perceived a negro suspended in a cage, and left there to die. I shuddered when I saw that the birds had already pecked out his eyes; that his cheek-bones were bare, that his arms had been attacked in several places, and that his body was covered by a multitude of wounds. From the edges of the hollow sockets, and from the lacerations with which he was disfigured, the blood slowly dropped, and tinged the ground beneath. No sooner were the birds flown, than swarms of insects, large monsters of various kinds, covered the whole body of this unfortunate wretch, eager to feed on his mangled flesh and to drink his blood. I found myself suddenly arrested by the power of fright and terror—my nerves were convulsed—I trembled—I stood motionless, involuntarily contemplating the fate of this negro in all its dismal latitude. This living spectre, although deprived of his eyes, could still distinctly hear,

and in his uncouth dialect begged me to give him some water. Humanity itself would have recoiled back with horror ; she would have balanced whether to lessen such relief in distress, or mercifully with one blow to end this dreadful scene of agonizing torture. Had I had a ball in my gun I certainly should have despatched him, but finding myself unable to perform so kind an office, I fought, although trembling, to relieve him as well as I could. A shell ready fixed to a pole, which had been used by some negroes, presented itself to me. I filled it with water, and with trembling hands I guided it to the quivering lips of the wretched sufferer. Urged by the irresistible power of thirst he endeavoured to meet it, as he instinctively guessed its approach by the noise it made in passing through the bars of the cage. ‘Tankee you, white man, tankee you ; put some poison in and give me.’ ‘How long have you been hanging here ?’ I inquired. ‘Two day,’ he replied, ‘and me no die. The birds ! the birds ! ah me !’ I rushed away in horror, and almost maddened at the sight, and having reached the plantation, heard that the negro was thus punished for having struck his overseer a blow which killed him, while he was in the act of administering the lash to the negro’s wife. The planter told me that the laws of self-preservation rendered such barbarous punishments indispensable, and seemed to feel very little pity for the poor wretch, who, to my great joy, died the same evening.”

The instances among gentlemen of the legal profession devoting their time, energy, and talents to the help of the

unjustly accused are numerous. A man died on board a merchant ship at Charleston, in America, in consequence of poison mixed with his food at a dinner served up to the ship's company. The cabin boy and cook were suspected because they were, from their occupation, the only persons who did not partake of the meals, the effects of which began to appear as soon as it was tasted. As the offence was committed on the high seas, the cook, though a negro, became entitled to the benefit of a jury, and, with the cabin boy, was put on his trial. The boy, a fine-looking lad, and wholly unabashed by his situation, was readily acquitted. The negro's turn came next. He was a man of low stature, ill-shapen, and with a countenance singularly disgusting. The proofs against him were, first, that he was a cook, as who else could have poisoned the meals? It was indeed overlooked that two of the crew had abandoned the vessel after it came into port; secondly, he had been heard to utter expressions of ill-humour before he went on board; that part of the evidence was, however, suppressed which went to explain these expressions. The real proof was written in his skin. "His looks were enough to hang him," as one of his accusers averred, and he was put upon his trial after that of the boy was over.

The bitter and cruel animosity against the blacks by the Charleston people was then, as it is now, the worst feature of their character, and to defend a poor fellow who had the ebony stain upon him would not be undertaken by counsel upon any terms; for if a person

strongly suspected, and against whom the tide of popular prejudice had set, happened to be acquitted, however righteously, the defending counsel's life was not safe. But there are generous minds which triumph over all obstacles, and while the poor black man was leaning over the bar protesting his innocence with tears in his eyes, and uplifted hands, a "heart of flesh" was beating in pity and compassion towards him. A young man named Trenchert, who had never received a brief, and who was attending the courts as an expectant, got up, and addressing the judge, begged his consent to defend the prisoner. The request was granted, and the young barrister took up the case. He now summoned up all his forensic skill, for he believed the poor fellow innocent; he cross-examined the witnesses, and then addressed the court in a speech glowing with fervour and conviction, and which, in an English court of justice would have been irresistible, for there was no evidence against the prisoner whatever. But the jury, who were merchants or planters, could see nothing but that their own safety was imperilled by the acquittal of the cook; it is better, thought they, that an innocent man should be put to death, than that a whole community should be put in jeopardy, so they pronounced the poor fellow guilty, and the judge sentenced him to be hanged.

The young barrister, however, was so convinced of his client's innocence, and of the animus against him on account of his colour, that he determined that no means should be spared to save his life. He moved, therefore,

for a new trial on the ground of partial or insufficient evidence; but the judge, who had urged his condemnation with a vindictive earnestness, entrenched himself in forms, and found that the law gave him no power in favour of mercy. He then forwarded a representation of the case to the President of the United States, through one of the senators of Charleston; but the senator ridiculed the idea of interesting himself for the life of a negro, who was therefore left to the cell and the hangman.

What was to be done?—only one thing could be done, and that was to take the petition to the president himself. The young barrister was, like many young barristers of the present day, not overburdened with a weighty purse. He had, however, heavy grief upon him, which pressed him to action, and necessity, which is the mother of ingenuity, suggested to him a method of “raising the wind” to enable him to perform his journey.

There was an old black woman living in an obscure spot among the woods a few miles from Charleston, who went by the name of the Obi woman, to whom persons in difficulty repaired to get spells taken off their cattle, or for omens of good or evil luck; and she would undoubtedly have had her career cut short, but for the circumstance that many of the upper classes of Charleston, as well as of the lower and black population, frequently consulted her. The young barrister, without the slightest faith in her hocus pocus or sybilline powers, shrewdly guessed that, being a black woman, she might have some sympathy for a black man under sentence of death,

and moreover that she might be able to find the needful funds so necessary to him in his projected design.

So in the middle of a tempestuous night he set off to search for the old woman's hut in the wilderness. He had but a very slight knowledge of her place of necromancy, and he was too discreet to make particular inquiries; but at last, after many twistings and windings, and exposure to the danger of the bite of venomous snakes, or the attacks of other wild animals, he came upon the old hag's hut. She was huddled up in a corner of it found asleep—he quickly aroused her. After allaying the old crone's suspicions, he at last gave her the whole particulars of the case. Her heart opened to his recital, and she immediately threw off her assumed character and began to talk to him like an intelligent woman, and he ascertained that she was the secret friend and confidante of the whole black community of Charleston. She supplied him with a sum of money, and promised that before the sun rose a good horse should be ready for him at a spot which she named. The young man speedily departed, calling on his way at his lodgings for a few road necessities; and having found the horse, with a black in attendance, at the place appointed, he immediately mounted it and started for Washington.

In the meantime the poor cook made himself ready for death. During his imprisonment his conduct had been exemplary; it was found that he was able to read the Bible, and this had been, with his innocence, a source of the greatest consolation to him. He did not forsake

himself nor was he forsaken, and it was now, when prejudice and persecution had spent their last arrow upon him, that he seemed to put on his proper nature, and to vindicate not only his innocence but the moral equality of his race, and those mental energies which the white man's pride would deny to the shape of his head and the wooliness of his hair. Maintaining the most undeviating tranquillity, he conversed with ease and cheerfulness whenever any one interested in his fate visited his cell. His tone and manner were neither sullen nor desperate, but quiet and resigned, and his whole demeanour was one of godly resignation and faith in the ruling providence of an Almighty Father. He was constantly attended by a member of the Society of Friends, who for conscience sake visited those who were in prison, and who daily directed him to the light that shineth in darkness. Socrates and Plato, during the last hours of the first-named great philosopher, do not present a more elevated picture than that of the black cook and the dear good Quaker, who, a friend in need, was a friend indeed.

The points of coincidence are interesting and important, namely, the triumph of moral energy over the most clinging weaknesses of our nature, and here the negro will not appear wholly unworthy of a comparison with the sage of Athens. The latter occupied an exalted station in the public eye; though persecuted unto death by a band of triumphant despots, he was surrounded in his last moments by his faithful friends and disciples,

to whose talents and affection he might safely trust the vindication of his fame and the unfulfilled honour of his memory. The negro had none of these aids, he was a man almost friendless and despised, the sympathies of society were locked against him, he was to atone for an odious crime by an ignominious death—the consciousness of his innocence was almost confined to his own bosom, there probably to sleep for ever. To the rest of mankind he was a wretched criminal, an object, perhaps, of contempt and detestation even to the guilty companions of his imprisonment. He had no philosophy with which to reason down those natural misgivings, which may be supposed to precede the violent dissolution of soul and body. He could make no appeal to posterity to reverse an unjust judgment, he was going to be hung up without remorse or pity, like a dog. To have borne all this patiently would have been much—the poor black cook bore it heroically.

The young barrister was on his way to Washington. It was a considerable distance from Charleston to Washington, and the road lay through a district as yet but partially opened. He rode, however, as it were, in a case of life and death, and the good horse upon which he was mounted seemed as if he had an instinctive knowledge that much depended upon him, and flew over the stones with inconceivable rapidity. On the first day's journey he travelled more than seventy miles. On the second, the good steed's speed scarcely abated. On

the third day an accident befel the ardent youth—the horse fell down a precipice. When he arose from the bed of rocks upon which he had fallen, although the steed was not much injured, he found that his own collar-bone was broken, and that his left arm hung uselessly by his side. He managed with great difficulty to remount, and rode on in agony for several miles, till he reached a solitary inn in the midst of an unpopulated district. He got his arm bound close to his body with some canvas, and, after refreshing himself as well as he could, went on. The pain from his arm and shoulder, which were now in a high state of inflammation, was intense, but his mission seemed to inspire him with fresh strength and courage. The black man's image and his appeals for mercy and brother-help were ever before his eyes—he rode on and on. Sometimes he was so fatigued as to be unable to sit upright, and had to rest his unwounded side upon the saddle, at other times he was obliged to walk, owing to the pain occasioned by the jolting of riding, but at last he reached the haven of his hopes, the presidential city. It was long past midnight when he entered it. The good and great Washington was then president. He reached his house—he saw a light burning in one of the windows—he rang the bell with a half desperate violence, a black porter opened the door. He told the good fellow his mission in a few words—the general was informed of his urgency. He was admitted, and with his petition, his papers, his dislocated shoulder, his wan and wretched appearance,

and, above all, by his eloquence, obtained an order from Washington for a respite for the poor black till inquiry should be made.

But the poor negro's days were passing away. The hour of his execution was nearing him, and the nearer it approached the more calm and resigned did he appear. When the poor man's mind began to develop itself, it exhibited a glorious picture of grace long working in the heart, and seemed to declare that it was impossible that he could be guilty of so foul a crime; and even those who had been the most bitter against him began to regard him with sympathy. The old Quaker, who never forsook him, had created a powerful reaction in his behalf. A memorial was sent to the judge, signed by the humane people of Charleston, and by some of the jury; but he refused to hearken to it, and the law was left to take its course.

So the black man was led out to a scaffold erected on the quay of Charleston nearly opposite to where the ship had laid, on board which the murder was said to have been committed. He came out as cheerfully as if he had been going to a birthday festival, and with a heavenly serenity in his looks. He calmly surveyed the immense crowd congregated together to witness the "fight." He requested leave to address them, and having waved his pinioned hand as a motion for them to be silent, he said, "You are come to be spectators of my sufferings—I do not suffer, nor shall I suffer. I am happy, and shall die happy, for I am innocent. I

forgive all who have taken any part against me, and am truly grateful to the young barrister who so ably defended me, and to this good man (the Quaker, who stood by his side), who has never forsaken me. I pray to heaven to reward his benevolence, as well as the goodness of others. I die in love and peace with all mankind. I am now ready. Good-bye, my good friends. Good-bye, good people! God bless you all." Having said this, in a few seconds he was beyond the reach of his enemies.

The message from the President arrived an hour too late, although it had been forwarded by the quickest courier. As to the humane young barrister, he remained at Washington, to have his broken collar-bone repaired. While there, the two men who had absconded from the ship after the murder had been discovered, were taken and executed for piracy, confessing themselves guilty of the crime for which the poor negro was hung. The great Washington was so much touched by the devotion of the young barrister, that he assisted him in his profession, and he rose to be one of the wisest, best, and most humane judges in the States.

Numerous are the instances of black heroism. A black man, bearing the noble name of Cato, having been sent on a message mounted on a very valuable horse, seized the opportunity of escaping. He reached Buffalo after many hard days' riding, sold the horse, and escaped beyond the lines of Canada. He gave as a reason for flight that he wished to marry, for he had not been ill-

used, but was resolved that his children should not be born slaves. In Canada, a runaway slave is assured of legal protection; but, by an international compact between the United States and our provinces, all felons are justly surrendered. Against this young man the jury of Kentucky had found a true bill for horse-stealing. As a felon, he was therefore pursued, and, being arrested, was lodged in the jail of Niagara, to be given up to his master, who, with an American constable, was in readiness to take him into custody as soon as the Government order should arrive.

The case of the poor fellow elicited a strong interest among the whites, while the coloured population—consisting of many hundreds, in the districts of Gore and Niagara, chiefly refugees from the States—were half frantic with excitement. They loudly and openly declared that they would peril their lives to prevent his being again carried across the frontiers, and surrendered to the vengeance of an angry master. In the meantime, there was some delay about legal forms, and the mayor and several inhabitants of the town united in a petition to the Governor in his favour. In this petition it was expressly mentioned that the master of the slave had been heard to avow that his intention was not to give the culprit up to justice, but to make what he called an example of him. Now, there had been some frightful instances of what the slave-proprietors of the South called making an example, and the petitioners entreated the Governor to interfere, and save the man from a torturing death under the lash, or at the stake.

The Governor's humane feelings probably pleaded even more strongly on behalf of the poor fellow ; but it was a case in which he could not act from feeling, or "to do a great right, do a little wrong." The law was strictly laid down, and the duty of the Governor was clear, *i.e.* to give up the felon, although to have protected the slave, he would, had it been necessary, have raised the province. In the meantime, the coloured people assembled from the adjacent villages, and among them a great number of women. The conduct of the black mob, animated and even directed by females, was really admirable for its good sense, forbearance, and resolution. They were quite unarmed, and declared their intention not to commit any outrage. The culprit, they said, might lie in jail till they could raise among them the price of the horse ; but if any attempt was made to take him from the prison, and send him across to Leweston, they would resist at the hazard of their lives.

The fatal order did at length come. The sheriff, with a party of constables, prepared to enforce it. The blacks, still unarmed, assembled round the jail, and waited till their brother, as they called him, was brought out, and placed handcuffed in a cart. They then threw themselves simultaneously on the sheriff's men, and a dreadful scuffle ensued. The artillerymen from the little fort, the only military, were called in aid of the civil authority, and ordered to fire on the assailants. Two black men were killed, and two or three wounded. In the *mélée* the poor slave escaped.

After the affray, Cato fled through the crowd with the manacles on his legs and arms. Before he had proceeded far he fell from exhaustion and the difficulty of walking in his irons. A blacksmith flew from his shop, and, with one blow of his hammer, shattered the shackles of the slave, while others took them from his wrists and ankles; a third took them up and threw them among the crowd, who tossed them about in the air and among each other, to the infinite amusement of the excited multitude, till at last they were thrown over the walls of the jail in which the prisoner had been confined.

As soon as Cato felt himself free, he threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to Almighty God. The women then surrounded him, and carried him in their arms out of the crowd to the nearest village, where he was taken care of by some of the black people, who gave him food and protection for some time. Cato was, however, forced to keep himself very close, as his cruel master, whose name was Hughes, had determined, though foiled at first, to capture him by force should an opportunity present itself. For this purpose he, by means of emissaries, soon found out the place where the runaway was concealed, and so bitter in his revenge was he, and so determined on the execution of it, that, with two of his servants, he set out disguised for the purpose of taking him by force, or killing him; and so little did he think of the life of a human being that he would quite as soon have done the one as the other.

Cato had been an excellent slave, and now he was free

he was an excellent freeman. He was full of gratitude to his deliverers, and held a very trustworthy place in the family of an Irishman, named Fitzgerald, who behaved like a brother to him. Cato was employed in field-work, and one day, when he was digging up potatoes, he found himself suddenly surprised by his old master, who sprang from behind a hedge, and attacked him with a hatchet in the most ferocious manner. Cato was unarmed, and had nothing to defend himself with but potatoes. He sprang back, therefore, and began to pelt his assailant with those missiles, to his no small discomfiture. But the fury of the enraged master was great—he made a tremendous rush at the poor slave, felled him to the earth, and would have dispatched him outright had not the Irish master, hearing his outcries, rushed to his assistance, and with a “nate little shillelagh” obliged the planter to beat a retreat.

The bad man’s vengeance, however, took deeper root from this discomfiture, and, although he retired for a time, he still determined to obtain possession of the body of his slave (his property) dead or alive, and so he meditated revenge fully and deeply, and only retired to his own dwelling to devise the means for its accomplishment. When he returned home, however, he was surprised at seeing a bag of dollars on the table, and a note from Cato to inform him that it was the money for the horse, which he had been accused of stealing. But this letter, instead of softening the heart of his cruel master, only hardened it the more; and so, after settling his estate in

the hands of his overseer, he took his double-barrelled rifle, and transporting himself over the boundary-line, he soon found himself again close upon the quarters of Cato, who was now a merry-hearted, thriving man in a little half black, half white village on the British side. The planter crept about for several days in the hope of coming upon the path of his victim, but without a chance. At length, growing desperate, he drew nearer and nearer to the little village, and, stationing himself on the skirts of a wood, and behind a high mass of rock, he there watched, as a cat would a mouse, for the appearance of his former slave. At last he saw several of the blacks among their goats, at the outskirts of the village, and among the rest, Cato. He fired; but, instead of hitting him, his ball struck a poor black girl, and broke her leg. He again fired, and the ball grazed the curly wool of Cato's head. The blacks, seeing themselves thus menaced by some one in the bush, set up a great shout, while Cato, who imagined that the bullet was meant for him, snatched up a gun from the door of his hut, and boldly went forth against his unseen enemy.

As he advanced, Hughes loaded both his barrels, and, concealing himself a little way from the spot from which he had formerly fired, waited till Cato should get so close that he could not fail of hitting him. But just as his finger was about to press the trigger, a huge brown bear leaped out from the wood and pounced upon his shoulder and, with the impetus of his spring, forced him down a rocky bank, and tumbled him over two or

three times; he then laid hold of his neck with his teeth, and prepared to finish him. Cato in a moment distinguished his old master and enemy; and conviction, swifter than a flash of light, told him that his life had been aimed at. But Cato had been baptized, and was strong in Christian principle, and he resolved to return good for evil—he levelled his gun, and shot the bear through the head. He then ran and staunched the blood which streamed from the neck of his old enemy, and gave him a sup from his brandy-bottle to revive his drooping spirits. Hughes was astonished. “Oh, maffy, maffy,” said the poor slave, “why you try to kill poor Cato? him no kill you, he make you well. Cato lub you as brother. Come, maffy, lub Cato—let us be friends.”

The planter, cooled in his temper from the loss of blood, and struck by the generous behaviour of the negro, could not refrain from responding to the voice of kindness. His revengeful feelings gave way to those of a more Christian character, and, clasping the poor black in his arms, he said, “Forgive me, Cato. Pray for me.” “Let us pray together,” said Cato—and so they prayed to God for each other.

This little incident, involving, as it did, a question of life and death, had a powerful effect upon the mind of the planter. His nature seemed to have changed from that moment. He went back to his plantation, and in a very short time afterwards manumitted all his slaves.

This illustration of black brother-help may be well followed by another no less true or touching. There was,

on the 24th of September, in the year 1835, upon the broad Atlantic, a noble ship, called the "Barbadoes." She had sailed from New Orleans with a cargo, the greater part of which consisted of cotton. As they were crossing the Atlantic they met with a terrible gale, and were driven towards the Spanish coast, dismasted, and for many days were buffeted by the waves, until the ship sprung a-leak. The crew tried in vain to keep down the water, and after three or four days at the pump, they quitted the vessel in two boats, one of which was immediately swamped, and all on board perished ; the fate of the other was uncertain.

There were, however, left on the wreck two human beings, or, in fact, three. The two were of the degraded and despised black race—a male and a female. The third was a little infant, eight or nine months old, of white, or European blood. The poor mother, with her child, had embarked for England in the ill-fated ship to join her husband, an American merchant, lying sick in England. She, however, was unable to stand the fatigue of the voyage and had died on the passage, leaving the infant to the care of the black female and male servants who accompanied her.

These were the only living things on board the "Barbadoes." The negroes had in vain implored the sailors when they left the vessel to take with them the poor little white child. Poor little infant ! it was deadly pale, and it vainly attempted to draw sustenance from its exhausted nurse, down whose sunken cheeks the tears coursed as

she occasionally pressed the infant to her breast, or turned it round to leeward to screen it from the spray, which dashed over them at each returning swell. Indifferent to all else save her little charge, she spoke not, although she shuddered with the cold as the water washed her knees each time the hull careered to the waves. The male negro sat opposite to her on the iron range, which once had been the receptacle of light and heat, but was now but a weary seat to a drenched and worn-out wretch. He had scarcely spoken for many hours, and was, in fact, seemingly more exhausted than the female. Yet his feelings were still acute, although his faculties appeared to be deadened by excess of suffering.

"Eh me," cried the negro woman, faintly, after her long silence, her head falling back with extreme exhaustion. Her companion made no reply, but, roused at the sound of her voice, bent forward. At this moment the heavy spray dashed over him—he groaned, and fell back into his former position. "What you tink, Coco?" now groaned the negroes, covering up more carefully the child as she sank down with exhaustion. A look of despair and a shudder from cold and hunger were the only reply. At last the sun came out, and its powerful rays communicated some warmth to these poor sufferers, which seemed to revive them. The sea had now subsided, and no longer broke over the vessel. Coco, after several efforts, at last was able to stand upright, and make a survey of the horizon. "What you see, Coco?" said the female, as she observed his eyes fixed upon a certain quarter. "Oh,

him only one bit cloud," he replied, and sunk again to his former position on the grating. "Eh me," replied the negroes, who had uncovered the child to look upon it, and whose powers of life were fast sinking; "poor little maffy Edward; um look very, very bad. Him die very soon. Look, Coco, him no hab breath." The infant's head fell back from the breast, and it appeared to be lifeless. "Judy, you hab no milk for picaninny. Suppose him hab no milk, how him live?—poor little chile die. He go after his modder. She wait for him in hebbin."

"No, no," replied Coco; "de chile must go to his fadder in London; he must not die. I will give him drop my blood; if I give him all in my body, he shall not die. Look here, you got no milk, Judy, I got some blood yet." So saying, he drew his knife out of his pocket and cut open his finger—the blood flowed and trickled down into the mouth of the babe. "See, Judy, maffy Edward suck—him no dead." The child revived from this strange sustenance; and after another night of fearful watching and extreme exhaustion, a sail appeared in sight. Coco made a signal from the rigging as well as he could. The vessel was an English gun-brig, and bore down to the wreck, and in a very short time rescued the poor famished negroes and the white child. This child, so providentially saved by the self-devotion of the negro, who gave his blood for it, reached England in safety; and those who witnessed the touching spectacle took care that such heroism and brother-help should not go without its reward: and maffy Edward grew up to be

one of the merchant-princes of our great metropolis. Such are the doings of our black brethren.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men,” heralded the Redeemer’s birth. He was emphatically called the “Prince of Peace.” His kingdom is a “kingdom of peace.” His greeting was “Peace be unto you;” his parting words, “My peace I give unto you,” and yet ever since the introduction of Christianity, Christians have been perpetually fighting.

It is now fifty years ago since a number of benevolent men, deeply impressed that war was inconsistent with the principles of the gospel, united together for the purpose of disseminating peace principles among mankind. From that time to the present their efforts have been ceaseless and untiring, and they have proceeded in their good work amid the opposition of the interested, the sneers of the malignant, and the scoffings of the ignorant, relying on the divine blessing, and resting their hopes on the sure word of prophecy, that a period will come when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

The Friends of Peace are true brother helpers on a scale of infinite enlargement; for they are fully convinced that Christianity, the animating principle of all that is good and happy in the world, is the mighty instrument which infinite wisdom has designed for working such a great change in the hearts and characters of men as to make injustice, aggression, bloodshed, and war to cease

to the ends of the earth ; and they believe that Christians of every denomination ought not to remain inactive under a conviction of the unutterable evils of war, but should combine their talents, their influence, and their exertions throughout the world, that, under the blessing of God, the minds of the rulers of nations might be so impressed as to hasten the time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nor have they been vain in their expectations, for there can be no doubt that even potentates now-a-days begin to look upon war, for war's sake, with great shame and apprehension, for the public mind of various countries has been aroused by peace congresses, which have proceeded with a vigour, a discretion, and a Christian forbearance worthy of the noble-minded men who have directed their proceedings.

And no body of Christian men have so nobly distinguished themselves in this truly good cause as the Society of Friends. Great as have been their exertions in the cause of the prisoner and the felon, or in the prison, the hospital, the school, or the haunts of vice and misery, it is here that their most steady and persevering efforts have been made ; for they felt that in the staying of the scourge of war they had the opportunity of staying the course of human misery upon the most extensive scale. For with war rage the most accursed passions—cruelty and lust ; with war come fire and pestilence, rapine and murder, the burning of towns, cities, and villages, the horrors of famine, and the ruin of every tie, civil or domestic.

It is a glorious cause, and the friends of peace are noble brother helpers in the work of humanity, and how glorious will be the result if, by the combined influence of benevolent institutions, such a change as the following can be effected; that instead of the bloody science of war the science of peace shall be practised, and eulogised as the most important of all the arts and sciences; that the art of making people live happily together shall supersede the art which would plan their destruction by rifles, rifle cannon, inflammable compounds, mephitic gases, and the thousand other contrivances which are every day being brought before the public mind. At the present moment the whole nation seems seized with a martial fit, and at a time too when the world would, but for it, put on a pacific aspect. Nearly a quarter of a million of our countrymen have put themselves voluntarily in arms against a "bugbear," to fight against a shadow of their own creation. Let them beware, lest they provoke the spirit they seem so anxious to encounter. Unquestionably there is a wide difference between an offensive and defensive war. But every war is offensive, at least on one part, and if offensive war can be prevented, defensive war will, of course, be superseded. It is doubtful whether the volunteer movement be not of a very offensive character.

We would have these heroic young men—Christians as they deem themselves, and courageous and noble-hearted as they doubtless are, and truly desirous of serving their country as their spirit proves them to be—we

would have them reflect awhile. The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace. From whence come wars and fightings?—even of our lusts, that war in our members. Is not the bare source of the fighting principle here disclosed? Does not war always spring from the worst principles of our nature? And in its whole spirit, is it not unfriendly to the meekness, benevolence, and charity, which characterize the heirs of eternal life, and perilous to the souls of men? Surely, then, you will not deny your obligations to make every effort in your power to prevent its recurrence, and to perpetuate the repose and harmony of your country and the world.

Does not the “reading” of the present day fully prove the cruelty, wickedness, and horror of war, and that they who enter upon it are sure to suffer by the desperate game? But the immediate privations and sufferings of war, numerous and deplorable as they confessedly are, comprise but a part only of the evils by which they are fraught. Men, familiarised with the weapons of destruction, and accustomed to march about in military array, become insensibly endowed by a warlike spirit, and are likely to despise the sober occupations of an industrious life. This being the case, a young man’s prospects and designs in life receive a very great check, and if so the mercantile and commercial interests of the country must suffer. The life of a soldier is a precarious, uncertain, and predatory one. The life of a civilian is one of effort and of aim, directed to home happiness or to civic honours.

Let the Peace Societies, then, renew their efforts, which seem of late to have been somewhat slackened in the general war fever. There is much work for them now to do. They are a noble company of brother helpers, and they will not be true to themselves or their principles, if they be not as ready to advocate the principles of peace as the volunteers are to illustrate those of war. In this case let there be a "contention" on the principle of love. And if it can be shown that war is on any ground whatever consistent with the gospel of the Prince of Peace, our divine Lord and Saviour, then, but not till then, let us adopt for our motto, "war to the knife," and let "darkness be the burier of the dead."

The military profession—and, in the depravity of man, such a profession may by some be thought necessary—is in all respects so contrary to every principle of reason and justice that it admits not the slightest vindication. Power has functioned it, and custom has reconciled us to its enormities, but nothing can change the eternal nature of things, and make the murderer of innocent victims either just or honourable. For in every instance in which war has been undertaken, the men who by their ambition and intrigues have pushed things to extremities, have decided the contest by means of those who were innocent of the quarrel and generally unconcerned in the events; by men whom ignorance or necessity has compelled to be their dupes, and to betake themselves to fighting because they can find no other employment. Let any man coolly and impartially examine the history of the

past and present times, and say whether every dispute between nations might not have been settled by negotiation, if the parties had been so disposed, and whether every thing should not be referred to rather than force—for whoever is the cause of shedding man's blood, except positively to save his own life, is guilty of murder. The fact, however, is that mankind has been so long accustomed to this barbarous mode of decision that they never think of any other. Yet, notwithstanding the force of custom, the appearance of necessity, the sanction of time, the power of example, the danger of delay, the strength of our enemies, and the urgency of the case, no war can be justified by that party who have not exhausted every means of conciliation, and proposed every scheme of settling differences without resorting to the sword. Up to the present time this has hardly been attempted. We had the assumption of it indeed in the Crimean war, we had the pretense of it in the war of France with Austria, but in the dreadful contest now going on in the American States no attempt whatever was made to conciliate the points of difference. The combatants have sprung at each other like wild beasts; and judging from appearances, and the bitter animosity between the parties, they will in the end succeed in thoroughly crippling each other; and then, after the slaughter of two or three hundred thousand men, the destruction of a hundred cities, towns, and villages, the annihilation of commerce, the brutalization of communities, the ruin of families, and the spread of rapine, murder, and all those abominations of which war

is the parent, the contending parties will leave off, probably, just where they began. Well was it said by a great writer of the last century, "An odd circumstance in this infernal enterprize is that every chief of these ruffians has his colours consecrated, and solemnly prays to God before he goes to destroy his neighbour. If the slain in battle do not exceed two or three thousand, the fortunate commander does not think it worth while thanking God for it; but, if besides killing ten or twelve thousand men, he has been so far favoured, as he supposes, by Heaven, to destroy some remarkable place with fire, sword, and the rapine of lust, then a verbose hymn is sung in four parts, composed in a language unknown to the combatants. Of what avail is humanity, benevolence, temperance, mildness, discretion, and piety, when half an ounce of lead, discharged at a distance of six hundred paces, riddles my body; and when, thus expiring, at the age of twenty, my eyes, at their last opening, see my native town all in a blaze, and the last sounds I hear are the shrieks and groans of women expiring among the ruins, and all for the pretended interests of a man who is a stranger to me?"

Such things, however, are upon the wane. As countries become more commercial, they will see the cost of spending money foolishly. England has a field of glory before her far beyond any that has been acquired hitherto by the efforts of her sons either in war or peace; and the spirit of the age, grown richer in reason and experience, points to honourable industry as the source of her future greatness. Free trade, free communication, free institu-

tions, freedom of thought, speech, and action, will do for her more than all her plated gunboats or mighty Armstrongs. Steam, multiplied in every possible ramification, the electric telegraph, flashing intelligence over every land, and railways, shooting impetuously through the viaduct, the tunnel, or the salt-marine path, will bind the nations together in a union of interests. Already the springs are gushing out in the deserts, the mountains are becoming low, and the valleys are raised; and by-and-by the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the Redeemer's kingdom shall be established. My eyes will have long been closed before that day arrives; but I exult in every effort towards its consummation, being firmly convinced that eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, how great will be the blessings of Providence on a future race whose hearts will unite with their words, and whose actions will prove that the will of God is done on earth as it is done in heaven.

But we do not look alone to scientific, or mercantile, or commercial energy to bring peace on earth. In proportion only to the spread of Christianity will peace be sure or permanent, because it presents the only principle which can effectually counteract the influence of covetousness, pride, vanity, and ambition, those permanent features in the human character, and especially existent in kings and rulers. A concurrence of fortunate circumstances may transiently suppress that love of power which intoxicates the mad men of the world; but the furious

spirit will be ever ready to escape and scatter over the earth its baneful influence. It is Christianity alone which directs man to resign vengeance to his Maker, which instructs him to return good for evil, to love his enemies, and to do his best for those that ill-use and persecute him. Did this spirit prevail, war would cease of itself, because it would be an impossibility. It is for us, then, to labour and to pray, to work hard while it is day in our endeavours to establish the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, our Lord and Saviour. If we trust in him, he will not fail us, but lead us on, perhaps through difficulties and dangers, by the rock and the sandbank, through the water and through the fire, amid the terrors of the ravine and horrors of the precipice; but still he will lead us to the brightest realization of our hopes, founded upon the unspeakable promises of his love, till our peace shall be made perfect, and our happiness be made secure.

As Jesus came to bring peace on earth, so he emphatically declared he came to save life, not to destroy it. He said also, that there was more joy in heaven over one sinner that repented, than over ninety and nine just persons. Hence, the same Christian body of men who have so laudably employed themselves in the prevention of war, have been equally zealous in calling attention to the punishment of death. In our younger days it was no uncommon sight to see eight or nine malefactors swinging from the Newgate drop, in the Old Bailey, many of whom suffered for the most trivial crimes. The forging of a one-

pound note, so manufactured that any one might forge the plate, was punished with death; the stealing of a horse was punished with death; the stealing of sheep was punished with death; robbery in a dwelling-house was punished with death. Death, death, death, and a hanging judge to boot, show little discrimination, and no mercy!

Who would have believed that a Christian people should have known so little of Christianity as to have no idea of justice or mercy—that an intelligent people should have known so little of public policy? The idea of putting a human being's life against that of a silly sheep, or a bit of plate, or a scrap of paper! Will it be believed that, owing to the facilities with which this last offence could be committed, and in spite of people being hung for it, there were twelve thousand bank-notes forged, and a very large number of prosecutions, and, consequently, executions? In short, hanging became so common all over the kingdom that it ceased to inspire terror. We talk of the barbarisms and superstitions of the sixteenth century; these prosecutions, so far as human life was concerned, were far more ridiculous. The heathen were more like Christians than we were in these respects. The eloquent and amiable Tully uses, on this very topic, language worthy of a Christian magistrate. “*Quid enim,*” ait, “*optavi, potesse quod ego mallet, quam in consulatu meo carnificem de Foro crucem de campo sustulisse. Sed ista laus primum est majorum nostrorum, Quirites, qui, expulsis regibus, nullum in libero populo vestigium crudelitatis regiæ retinuerunt.*” He had taken away the

executioner from the Forum, the crosses from the Campus Martius. He says in the same connection, "I forbid the assembly of the Roman people to be polluted by the contagion of an executioner."

The English laws, at the time of which we speak, and up to a very recent period, were justly censurable for the number of offences they made capital. They resembled those of Draco, the severest of all the Greeks. The rendering of hurt for hurt, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, evil for evil, blood for blood, was a part of even the Mosaic code. But when the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, he taught exactly the reverse of all this. He came not to condemn, but to save. In one especial case, in which a poor woman was found in the commission of a heinous crime, he refused to sanction the barbarous ordeal through which she had to pass—and he even prayed, while enduring all the agonies of the cross, for his blaspheming, reviling, and cruel murderers.

Every Christian believes that when a wicked man dies without repentance, he goes into a state of eternal misery. His probation closes; there is no more hope of his repentance in the grave, of his reformation, or his pardon, or his redemption. Who, then, can wish for the death of a wicked man, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live? Who can rashly lay his hand on that brittle thread of life, which connects it with time and eternity, and sever it for ever? None, we think, who reflect as Christians should reflect. But, alas, Christian princi-

ples are often the last to influence our conduct ; man is the slave of passion, prejudice, and folly. Having begun to tamper with a jewel of such inestimable value, he dashes with careless hand a fellow-creature from life, and plunges him into the terrible abyss—and thousands have been hurried into eternity with all their sins upon their heads. God set a mark upon the murderer Cain. It warned mankind not to commit murder, and not to take away the life of the murderer.

It is upon these principles, that, during the last fifty years, a number of Christian philanthropists have united together for the purpose of reforming our sanguinary code. The difficulties they have had to contend with have been immense—it was like launching a life-boat on the ocean. Life-boats must be launched amid the howlings and surges of a terrible storm, but the boat once launched, she steers fearlessly among the breakers. The thunders roll above her, and the lightnings play around her, but she goes on her voyage of mercy undismayed, with her noble crew all ready and anxious for the saving of human life. Mankind owes a deep debt to those who have so nobly exerted themselves ; for no man knows, even the best of us cannot tell, what the temptations of this world may not lead to.

God has been with this cause in a most especial manner. The number of executions has diminished sevenfold. The murderer alone now suffers the extreme penalty of the law, and every effort is made for him, while the slightest extenuation can be put upon his offence. The

public mind has by these men not only been enlightened on the subject of capital punishment, but trained to mercy. Perhaps at this moment there does not exist a single mind who would not denounce the putting of a man to death for anything, short of a deliberate murder. Is not this a triumph on the part of humanity? and does not this encourage us to go on in our good work, under the hope that in a few years capital punishment will be abolished altogether? That he who cannot give life has no right to take it away, is a truth clear to the reasoning faculties. Christianity says, "Love your enemies, return good for evil; Christ came not to destroy, but to save." He is emphatically the Saviour—it is Satan who is the destroyer, and we are the disciples, not of him, but of our Lord and Master, whose spirit will yet prevail, and whose doctrines will be yet as universal as the light and heat of the unfailing sun. Thus, with the rainbow of hope over their heads, the friends to the abolition of capital punishment will go forward, looking to the author and finisher of their faith for guidance, support, and comfort in their labour of love, and in the full assurance that they shall eventually prevail over the prejudice, blindness, and uncharitableness of the age.

How often has it happened that men of the most benevolently-disposed minds, and with a sincere desire to do good to their fellow-creatures, have been thwarted in their object by not being impelled to their bright work by Christian principle, and who have consequently failed in every attempt to do good. Of this number was the late

Robert Owen, a man sincerely desirous of creating a better state of things for the labouring classes. The leading idea of his mind was, that the character of man is not formed by him but for him, either by natural organization, or the external circumstances to which he had been subjected from his birth. Hence he concluded, that by improving the circumstances which surround an individual in his early years, the individual himself may be improved, and in place of an inferior, may be made a very superior being, and hence the necessity for educational training and culture. But Owen found that this theory would not admit of man's responsibility, and was at variance with the truths of revelation; so, instead of modifying his principles, which, as a disbeliever, he could not do, he resolved to ignore Christianity altogether, and I well remember William Allen telling him, that, in consequence, he never would succeed. For nearly sixty years Mr. Owen, with a perseverance and energy highly praiseworthy, persisted in his various schemes for the amelioration of human condition. He proposed, as we all know, the building of towns in the form of parallelograms, in which each person should live in a community, all partaking of the same comforts out of a common fund, and the whole to be regulated by a system of "exactly-the-sameism," none to be rich, none to be poor, none to want, none to have luxuries of any kind. Competition was to be laid on one side entirely, and every one was to give up his acquired means, and throw it into the common fund for the benefit of all. There might have

been some kind of feasibility in this ; but when put into practice the failure was inevitable. Religion being repudiated, and moral obligation being made a thing of necessity, it was soon found that a philosophical code having no real basis, ended in having no morality at all. The looseness of morals in Mr. Owen's establishment became notorious, and, although he had numerous disciples in every part of the kingdom, not one attempt at carrying out his principles succeeded. No man can carry out benevolent principles in this country but in connection with religion. It is almost entirely by the spiritually-minded Christian that the work of philanthropy is carried on ; take away this, and all falls to the ground.

This fact was never more strikingly proved than in the case of Owen. Here was a man of an intellectual mind, of fair competence, of large influence, and of a most determined spirit, with, doubtless, a heart of great benevolence, labouring unceasingly for forty years, or more, making numerous converts in every part of the kingdom, and at last ending his career as he begun it—by doing nothing. Vain were his attempts, also, at the co-operation system, which is now scarcely known, all through his principle not being in the slightest degree dependent upon the recognition of religion in any form. It being simply a system of barter or trade, could in no way militate against its success ; but it was taken up in the main by persons of deistical principles, and deism affords no guarantee for the faithful performance of any duty, much less in keeping accounts.

The same ill success attended the career of Mr. Morgan, a gentleman of great benevolence, who in early life became warmly attached to Owen's system. He laboured for many years with great assiduity in promulgating his plans ; at the same time he devoted himself to the cause of education, being convinced, like many others, of the evils of ignorance to the community. So earnest was Mr. Morgan, that, so far from setting himself against religious persons or establishments, without in the slightest degree compromising his own opinions, he was ready to unite with any one or any body of men willing to do good in his way. He even went so far as to provide in his projected establishment for the celebration of divine worship, and in his plan proposed the building of a church, and the erection of meeting-houses for Dissenters. Nothing could be more fair, generous, or self-sacrificing, to what he believed to be the prejudices of the times, and no man had a more enlarged and devoted heart. The instances of his private beneficence would fill a volume ; and his noble enthusiasm, continuing to the last moments of a long and not useless life, will ever be remembered by his friends, and by a very large number of persons whom he had served.

There cannot be a more important matter in the present day than a consideration of the state of the labour class, a class growing in intelligence and in importance ; and brother helpers could not render a greater service to society at large than by directing attention to it. Both the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial la-

bourers and artifans are in a tranſition ſtate. Clubs and combinations tend ſometimes to their advantage, and at others are in the higheſt degree detrimental to their ſocial intereſts. The moſt abſurd notions yet prevail with regard to the right of labour and capital, natural and civil liberty, the obligations of religion, and the law of equity. They are alſo equally deficient in their notions of practical domeſtic economy; they have no idea of ſpending money to the beſt advantage, and of having value in return for what they lay out. We want an apoſtle for the labour claſs; one who would devote himſelf to their enlightenment, and alſo to their elevation in the ſocial ſcale, as well as their deliverance from the aſtounding maſs of indifference to religious matters which overhangs them like a cloud. There is a wide and open field for a brother helper to work in. The wrongs of the labour claſs are many, their rights alſo are equally numerous, and with all their faults—faults which are diſtreſſing to themſelves—there is in no country in the world a more induſtrious, a more honeſt, or a more loyal race. This is a great baſis to act upon, and he who will act upon it, and go out as a miſſionary in the cauſe of the working man, in the ſpirit of benevolence and unſtatious piety, will reap a harveſt of good. England, as a country, reſts mainly upon the induſtry of the working man. To his energy, and endurance, and conſtancy, the higher claſſes are mainly indebted for all they enjoy. We are too apt to forget this, but Chriſtian love will neither “muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,” nor put upon

the camel's back a larger load than he is able to rise with. Owenism and co-operation have failed in their mission, let us see what Christianity can do.

Such are the doings of our brother helpers and would be brother helpers in part, it would take a large volume to record them in full. But among all brother helpers, the members of the Society of Friends have been in our days the most true, faithful, and energetic. There has been no question of humanity which they have not espoused, there has been no good to be done that they have not attempted, and no evil to be eradicated to which they have not devoted themselves, with a courage and steadiness which have rendered them all but invincible. The extension of education, the abolition of slavery, the reformation of prisons, the abolition of useless oaths, the humanizing of our penal code, and the spread of the principles of universal peace, have been for fifty years the constant objects of their thoughts and exertions, while their private charities and beneficence to the oppressed, the poor, and the wretched of all creeds or countries, have been unbounded. In short, they have been the pioneers of philanthropy in every form and under every discouraging aspect of the times. They came forward in the early dawn, when all the rest of the world was sleeping, to thrust their sickles into the harvest of God's vineyard. They bore all the labour and heat of the day, working, as it were, in a stony desert and an arid soil, but with a strong will and a humble trust. Their charity is like the divine wisdom displayed

in that zoological marvel, the elephant's trunk, which has the capacity of lifting a ton weight or picking up a pin. Nothing has been too great or too small for their Christian enterprise and perseverance. Among them the greatest philanthropists of any age and nation are to be found. Kings and conquerors, statesmen and legislators, philosophers and patriots, will look dim before the fire of that divine love which has characterized the doings of such men as Reynolds and Gurney, Sterry and Sturge, Foster and Fox, Hull, Hodgkin, and Bright. The world owes to such men more than it will ever be able to pay: for, should the future reveal to us, as it undoubtedly will, the spread of universal benevolence, the end of warlike strife, the liberty of the slave, the universality of education, the further Christianization of the penal code, and the diffusion of the great principles of human civilization—such a consummation of earthly good will be greatly due to them, and ill will it be for the world should such a society of worshippers in spirit and in truth ever be broken up; for, were it so, humanity would be partially paralyzed, and that comprehensive benevolence, which is the life of Christianity, would pale its fires, and the Redeemer's kingdom would be retarded.

But we are not without hope—such a society will not be permitted to dwindle away into nothingness. It has already performed too much good, and has too much to perform for the world, to die. We die when our active functions are destroyed; we die when our vitality is exhausted—this is not so with Quakerism, for it retains the

essence of the life of life ; and as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so may we hope that humanity and benevolence may expand through the social compact. There is yet a great deal for good men to do—the prosperity of the country, its increasing wealth, its extraordinary power of machinery, the march of general intelligence, the spread of commerce—all these have a tendency to fix us upon a pinnacle of greatness and of grandeur such as the world never knew. But we cannot forget the little worm at the root of Jonah's gourd. In the highest point of our elevation is the greatest danger of our fall. We know full well that our moral strength is far less than our physical and intellectual capabilities—Christianity has yet to be taught. Religion is with us for the most part only skin deep, and is too much the result of sect and party spirit—a bitter contention distracting the Church. If a house be divided against itself, how shall it stand? and what is, of all things, the most alarming is that infidelity, which used to skulk about in the dark corners of crooked streets, in the dens of vice and crime, and in the nests of harlotry and shame, now flaunts in our universities, among deans and chapters, first-class men, and senior wranglers. It is to be hoped that this rotten fermentation will pass away, and that the true leaven from heaven will cause Christianity to rise higher and higher towards its eternal Author, in whose over-rulings for eventual good we have still faith and hope.

CHAPTER V.

BROTHER HELP IN THE PRISON, THE HOSPITAL, ON
SHIPBOARD, AND IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

“Nor plague, nor pestilence,
Nor famine, nor frantic war’s wild massacre,
Nor storm, nor tempest, nor yet dungeon foul
With rank contagion, can e’er stop the good
In their sweet walk of love.”—ARMSTRONG.

THE present age justly boasts its pre-eminence in the labours of the heart as well as the head. The benefactors of the human race never were so unwearied in their exertions, never so encouraged by the voice of public esteem. But it was not so half a century ago ; then the Christian philanthropist had to wage an unequal fight ; he was ridiculed and persecuted, borne down by tyrannic force, and had to run the gauntlet of every indignity. Such was the case with the great and benevolent Howard, who, to use the eloquent words of another, went forth through the world, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate admeasurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, not to collect medals or to collate manuscripts, but to dive into the

depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of human misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to relieve and ameliorate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity, and the benefit of it is felt more or less in every country. This man, of whom one of our greatest statesmen could thus speak, "was bound apprentice to a grocer," but upon coming of age he determined to devote himself and the small patrimony which came to him at the death of his father, to some work of usefulness and honour. In 1756, he made a voyage to Lisbon, to view the effects of the recent earthquake that had destroyed that city. This was during the war with France, and to show the mighty design of Providence, the vessel in which he embarked was captured, and he was thrown into a French prison. The hardships he suffered, and the miseries he witnessed during his captivity, first roused his attention to the subject of his future and highly important researches. Some time after he served in the office of sheriff, and in applying himself to the necessary duties of his office, he had to visit the old gaol of Bedford—that glorious old place of historic interest, where John Bunyan wrote the most wonderful similitude that the world ever studied. Here he found the prisoners in a state of filth and wretchedness of the most horrible kind. His heart bled for his fellow men, as it had bled

in the French prisons, and he resolved to devote his time—his life, if necessary—to the alleviation of this form of human misery.

It is a glorious thing to have a grand object before our eyes, to classify and arrange the productions of nature, or to discover new worlds, to investigate the laws of science, or to probe the rotten places of philosophy; but how much more magnanimous is it to devote ourselves to the relief of human distress and suffering? Such was the object of Howard, and he accordingly took up his staff, and went forth as a missionary to those that were in prison. His researches proved how necessary it was that an angel of light should enter those dungeons of darkness, like the angel who came to the prison of the apostle; and he laid the result of his inquiries before the House of Commons, in March 1774, for which he received a vote of thanks.

He now determined to extend the benefit of his exertions to the world at large. He accordingly, in 1773 and 1776, made two tours on the Continent, and during certain intervals travelled into Scotland and Ireland, and revisited all the counties of England, solely employed, in all these places, in collecting every particular in the management of prisons. The result of his labours he published to the world, and in so cheap a form that it was attainable by all. The mass of cruelty, misery, and vice, which he revealed, raised the indignation of every feeling heart. He still continued his visits over the length and breadth of the land, and finally made a third and more com-

plete survey of the prisons of England and Wales. In these tours he comprehended another object of importance and humanity—that of hospitals. He everywhere observed and carefully noted down their structure and regulations, their defects and deformities, and the additional information thus obtained he published as an appendix to his other work.

One would have thought that this good man must have exhausted the objects of his benevolence, and would have been glad of repose after so much hard labour in the Lord's vineyard; but no, the divine light was in his mind, and the divine love within his heart, and these would not allow him to rest while anything remained to be done. The progress of contagion in prisons and in hospitals, had led him to consider of the best means of checking it, and he determined upon making an examination of all the principal lazarettos in Europe, with a view to alleviate human suffering by pointing out the best method of staying infectious or contagious diseases. The exposure of himself to contagion and infection never swayed him for a moment. He was ready to "give his life for the sheep."

Mr. Howard set out on his new expedition towards the end of 1785, unaccompanied by a servant, as he did not think it justifiable to expose to similar dangers any one not acted upon by the same motives. He took his way by the south of France, through Italy, Greece, and Constantinople. From this latter place he retired to Smyrna, where he knew the plague then to prevail, for the purpose of

going to Venice with a foul bill of health, that he might be subjected to all the rigour of a quarantine in the lazaretto, and consequently become acquainted with its rules. How the noisy deeds of military heroes shrink into nothing, compared with such cool and deliberate daring! Even kings stood astonished at it, and bent before him. He again returned to England, and again visited all the prisons and hospitals. In 1789 he was once more abroad at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and while pursuing his labour of love on the borders of the Black Sea, he visited a lady who was suffering from a malignant fever, and caught the infection. Providence seemed to say, stay thou good and faithful servant, "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and he died on the 20th of January, 1790, leaving an example behind him such as the world, with one divine exception, never saw, and securing himself a name which will be remembered so long as Christianity endures.

The spirit of Howard did not die. The world had been aroused by his exertions, and humanity walked the earth as the Saviour walked of old in Judæa. A work, which commenced at home, went abroad, and returned to its domestic hearth, as it were, inspired with fresh vigour, enterprise, and perseverance. Horrible indeed was the state of most of our prisons. The places set apart for the prisoners were often truly wretched—low, damp cells, or dungeons, or wards, close and ill ventilated, in which numbers of human beings were huddled together, covered with filth, vermin, and disease. The tried and the untried prisoners, the misdemeanant and

the felon, the juvenile offender and the veteran criminal, were all mixed indiscriminately together. Some of the cells excluded the light of day entirely, others were so damp that the floors were sloppy with water. In the old jail of Perth were found two prisoners, who had become lunatics through the inhumanity of the treatment—both in solitary confinement. They were confined in stone cells on beds of straw, abounding in filth of the very worst description, in which they wallowed almost in a state of nudity. They appeared in a state of fatuity, the almost inevitable consequence of the treatment to which they had been exposed. No one resided in the house to superintend these afflicted persons, some man living in the town having been appointed to feed them at certain hours of the day. They were, in fact, treated exactly as if they had been beasts. A few days after the visit of the two benevolent persons who record the fact, one of these *poor creatures was found dead on the straw*. In some prisons, so dreadful was the treatment, and such the brutality exercised by the keepers, that it was no uncommon thing for the prisoners to make repeated attempts at self-destruction. A woman had been “cast into prison” for debt only. She had a sickly babe, and so great was her horror at the fierce conduct of those with whom she had to mix, and the hardships and cruelties that she had to endure, that she contrived to strangle herself and child during the night, and both were found corpses in the morning. On board of the hulks, the treatment of the prisoners was also most wicked,

cruel, and demoralizing. There was no attention paid to age, to character, or to crime. The convicts were most of them double ironed, some of them young lads and very little boys; and thus ironed and linked together were the young and the old, the boy and the man, the felon, deserter, rioter, poacher, bigamist, with others convicted of revolting crimes. When collected together in the evening, preparatory to their nightly lock-up, they resembled the fiends of the lower world; and it was remarkable to trace, as their imprisonment continued, how every spark of intelligence and humanity left their faces, giving place to a countenance of the utmost brutality, with an idiotic cast, showing that the mind had left her throne to be usurped by the bestial. To show the kind of malefactors thus mixed together, to facilitate the work of human degradation, there were in one gang, all linked together, three notorious burglars, thirty-two housebreakers, two horse-stealers, seven shoplifters, six highway robbers, three lads for robbing their masters, one young man of very good character (his first offence), three boys for privately stealing, and two young men for resisting the press-gang. How pitiable must have been the condition of these poor young men and lads who were suffering this horrible penalty for slight offences, and how many comparatively innocent, or at least uncorrupted, youths must have been ruined for ever, both in body and soul, by this system of non-classification!

Nor was it in England only, as Howard had before ascertained, that the most insane cruelties existed in the

treatment of prisoners. It was in the year 1802, that George Basset, a benevolent Moravian, went on a mission of mercy to visit the galley-slaves of France. "The principal places in which they are employed are Brest, Toulon, Rocheford, and Cherbourg. The whole number of criminals there employed amounted to somewhat more than twenty thousand. They had been condemned, for specific offences, to the galleys for life, and for a term varying from five to twenty-four years. The greatest number were employed at Brest, who worked on the fortifications, or in the dockyards. They were all ironed, some heavily. They sleep upon a hard wooden bedstead, without straw. Along the top of this bed is a wooden ridge and an iron bar, to which, on each side, six of these miserable wretches are fastened by chains, which are attached to collars round their necks; they are besides all linked together as they sleep, so that one cannot rise without all the others rising likewise. The weight of these chains averages fourteen pounds per man.

"They are kept in great subjection—a word, or even a look—although it be only a look of anguish or sorrow—is looked upon as the 'fulks,' and is punished with the greatest brutality. A man is felled to the ground like an ox for only a look; for a word or complaint he is punished with great severity by the inhuman warder, who uses a long leathern whip with thick knotted thongs, with bits of iron inserted in the knots at the end. The sickness and mortality are so great that few live beyond six or seven years. They are covered with vermin, and all look

as if they had recently been discharged from an hospital, so lean are their bodies, so hollow are their cheeks, and so pale their countenances." The writer says he never saw anything so utterly vile, or human nature so utterly degraded, except in the hold of a slave-ship. A few weeks before the writer was at the spot, there had been a riot, occasioned, no doubt, by the sufferings to which the poor wretches were exposed. A cannon, loaded with grape shot, was brought to bear upon them while clustered together in the court-yard, which never ceased firing till more than six hundred were killed ~~on~~ the spot. Some days elapsed before the bodies were cleared away, and the dead and the dying were left together till no symptoms of life seemed to remain, when all were thrown into the sea.

Well might the Christian mind be aroused to the amelioration of such calamities, and the suppression of such cruelties, and it is to the glory of the female sex, that a lady was, under a merciful Providence, destined to this labour of love. Mrs. Fry visited Newgate, for the first time, nearly half a century ago, and she found the female side of the prison in a state that no language can describe. Nearly three hundred women—sent there for every gradation of crime, some untried, and some under sentence of death—were crowded together in the two wards and two cells, horribly offensive to the eye and nostrils. Every one except the governor was afraid to go amongst them. He persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in the office, telling her that even her presence could not prevent its being stolen from her. She saw

enough to convince her that every thing bad was going on. "In short," she said to her friend Mr. Buxton, in giving him this account, "All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality ; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious expressions and manners of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, are quite indescribable." One act, of which Mr. Buxton was informed from another quarter, marks the degree of wretchedness to which they were reduced. Two women were seen in the act of stripping a dead child for the purpose of clothing a living one.

The human degradation which Mrs. Fry witnessed induced her to devote herself as a servant of Christ to this work. Well might it be said of her by Adele du Thou, in her "*Histoire de la Secte des Amis*," "She is devoted to acts of virtue. She makes no distinction in persons ; the unfortunate are her brothers, whatever be their country or their religion. Her heart is universal charity walking the earth. She is at once a physician to the body and the soul. She regards vice as a disease ; and to the unfortunate, and even the wicked, she never denies assistance."

But this benevolent lady's efforts at first met with cold support, if not opposition. The City circumlocutory office stood in the way ; old prejudices were to be revered, old customs maintained, old laws to be preserved, and old gentlemen to be consulted. But at last the sheriffs and governors delegated every necessary authority

for carrying into effect the benevolent plan she had conceived of restoring the degraded portion of her sex confined within the walls of Newgate to the paths of knowledge and virtue. Her first plan was to form a *ladies' committee*, consisting of the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends; and this having been done, the work was commenced with faith in the superintending power of God, and in the love of his Son Jesus Christ, who is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

"I soon found," said Mrs. Fry, "that nothing could be done, or was worth attempting, for the reformation of the women without constant employment: as it was, those who were idle were confirmed in idleness, and those who were disposed to be industrious lost their good habits. In short, they went there to have the work of corruption completed, and subsequent examination has discovered to me the cases of many who, before that period, had come to Newgate almost innocent, and who left it depraved and profligate to the last degree." As she had then no hopes of a provision of labour, Mrs. Fry's attention was confined to about thirty children, whose miserable condition much affected her. They were almost naked, and seemed pining away for want of food, air, and exercise; but their personal suffering was the least part of their wretchedness—what but certain ruin must be the consequence of education in this scene of depravity? At her second visit this good woman requested to be admitted alone, and was locked up with the women,

without any turnkey, for several hours. Here she became acquainted with revelations of sin, sorrow, and suffering, which could hardly have been supposed to exist. Her mild, calm, and almost heavenly demeanour inspired the poor wretches with awe and veneration, and her words of comfort were as drops of balm to every heart. She especially called the attention of the poor creatures to the situation of their offspring, and expressed her desire to establish a school for their reformation and training in habits of order, morality, cleanliness, and comfort. She gave them the milk of religious instruction as "milk for babes." They said they all knew too well the misery of sin to wish to have their children brought up in it, and offered to assist her in her efforts. She wished them to be instrumental in their own salvation, and in the salvation of their children; and with her sister-help she urged self-help and exertion upon them, and a strong reliance upon the power and assistance of the great and good God, who would look with a benignant eye upon their efforts. At her next visit they had selected a young woman as school-mistress, and her conduct did credit to their discernment. She was a faithful and affectionate girl, one of themselves, who had fallen from virtue and self-respect, and had been imprisoned for a trifling theft. The women now wanted to attend school with the children, both old and young. They promised entire obedience. Many came, and behaved themselves with great propriety, and they went away reformed in their habits and character.

Having thus obtained the consent of the females, her

next object was to secure the concurrence of the governor. Mrs. Fry went to his house, and there she met both the sheriffs and the ordinary. They entered into her views with great cordiality, but no place in the prison could be converted into a schoolroom. But she was determined to carry out her good work. She again requested to be admitted alone among the women that she might see for herself, and if her search then failed, she would be content to abandon her project. She at last discovered a larger cell, which was not used; she thought it might be made use of to try the experiment. Upon this she returned to the sheriffs, who told her she might take it if she liked, and do the best she could.

The next day she commenced the school, in company with a young lady who then visited a prison for the first time. The railing was covered with half-clothed women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. The young lady who accompanied Mrs. Fry, said that she felt as if she was going into a den of wild beasts; and she well recollects shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in with such an apparently desperate community. This day, however, the school surpassed their utmost expectations; their only pain arose from the numerous applications made by young women who longed to be taught and employed. The narrowness of the room rendered it impossible to yield to their requests, whilst a denial seemed a sentence of destruction.

The next object of Mrs. Fry was to extend the advan-

tages of the school to the tried prisoners—for the utmost licentiousness prevailed amongst them, and wickedness of the worst kind was unblushingly committed. When the intention was mentioned by Mrs. Fry to her coadjutors, it at first appeared so visionary and unpromising that it met with very slender encouragement. It was strongly represented that it was impossible to wash the blackamoor white; and one gentleman, who ought to have known better, absolutely had the temerity to quote Scripture on the occasion, and to say it was written “let the filthy be filthy still.” Even the sheriffs strongly represented that a regular London female thief, who had passed through every scene and stage of guilt, whose every friend and connection were accomplices and criminal associates, was of all characters the most irreclaimable. They seemed to forget that when mercy was at work, the Lord was at hand.

Then there were croakers, as there always are, against good in any form—unbelievers, fearful hearts, and “economists,” who said that the novelty would soon wear off; that the good pretended to be done was only illusory; that the time would come when employment would be irksome, subordination would irritate their unruly feelings, and that wickedness, chained up for a season, would again burst forth with renewed violence and intensity. Some pooh-pooh’d the undertaking altogether, and said it was an amiable madness, while others sagaciously thought that a prison ought not to be made a little heaven for the benefit of those who had set the laws of the land at

defiance, stolen pocket handkerchiefs or horses, or forged easily-forged pound notes, and in other ways transgressed the law of *meum et tuum*. But these arguments were as dewdrops on the mane of a lioness, and Mrs. Fry and the committee of ladies, who were her working handmaids, exhibited, in their perseverance and energy, such a display of female heroism and devotion which completely silenced their opponents. They felt that the path of duty was open before them, that Christianity beckoned them onwards, and that mercy pleaded. This inspired them with confidence that could not be shaken, and they put their trust in Him who is often pleased to accomplish the highest purposes by the most feeble instruments.

With these impressions they had the boldness to declare, that if a committee could be found who would share the labour, and a matron who would engage never to leave the prison day or night, they would undertake to try the experiment—that is, they would find employment for the women, procure the necessary money, till the City should be induced to relieve them from the expense—and be answerable for the safety of the property committed into the hands of the prisoners.

The committee immediately presented itself. It consisted of the wife of an amiable clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends, as before. They professed their willingness to suspend every other engagement and avocation and to devote themselves to Newgate, and in truth they performed their promise most faithfully.

With no interval of relaxation, and with but few interruptions from the calls of other and more imperious duties, they lived among the prisoners. At first, every day in the week, and every hour in the day, some of them were found at their post, joining in the employments, or engaged in the instruction of the unfortunates; and even when the necessity of such close application was much abated, the matron states that, with one only short exception, she does not recollect the day on which some of the ladies have not visited the prison, and that very often they have been with her by the time the prisoners were dressed, have spent the whole day with them, sharing her meals, or passing on without any, and have only left the school after the close of day.

Such was the assiduity of these good people—but more remained to be done. The experiments had been made upon the untried prisoners only. It was now deemed expedient to establish a similar place for the *tried* prisoners. When this was proposed, the same silly objections were made by persons in authority and out of authority. But the culprits themselves implored of the ladies to extend the benefits of their humane interference to them, some of them with tears in their eyes; they also drew up a petition or memorial setting forth their desires, and also giving assurance of their good behaviour. The experiment was tried and succeeded; habits of order and obedience, self-respect and decorum, were induced. It had been the custom for convicts on their departure for the hulks, Botany Bay, or other penal places, on the night of their

departure to break the windows of the prison, to shout, to blaspheme, and to commit every kind of excess. But now the case was altered. There was not the least attempt at a riot, no windows were broken, no blasphemous language used, on the contrary, the poor wretches took an affectionate leave of their benefactors, with tears in their eyes, their hearts were subdued by kindness; love had done what severity failed to accomplish, and the last look that many of them gave as they entered the "condemned van," was that of affection and gratitude.

The success of the plan above adverted to was followed by reformatations in almost all our prisons. Thousands began to interest themselves for the worst of their fellow men, and to feel. It had been made manifest that the most degraded of criminals had hearts to be melted and souls to be saved, and that there were strings of sympathy to be touched in their bosoms that vibrated in harmony with humanity; and although some were envious, others sceptical, and not a few malignant, at the success of the good work, Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, and other branches of the royal family, gave it their powerful sanction. The queen, indeed, sent for Mrs. Fry, and heard from her own lips a full account of the proceedings in the prison, and testified in the most flattering terms to the good she had done. The grand jury of the city of London also marked their sense of Mrs. Fry's meritorious services in their report of the work at the Old Bailey on visiting Newgate on the 7th of February 1818, in the following manner:—

“The grand jury cannot conclude this report without expressing in an especial manner the peculiar gratification they experience in observing the important services rendered by Mrs. Fry and her friends, and the habits of religion, order, industry, and cleanliness, which her humane, benevolent, and praiseworthy exertions have introduced among the female prisoners, and that if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males as well as females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform, and instead of sending criminals back into the world, as is now too generally the case, hardened in vice and depravity, they would be restored to it repentant, and probably become useful members of society.”

Thus it was that a few good women taught the men the way to be charitable, and showed them that the work of sympathy was able to go on with the work of punishment. The result was such as might have been expected from those who have faith in the promises of God. And when we look at the good, we should not forget from whence the good cometh—from those gentle and tender affections with which God has endowed women pre-eminently. These affections comprehend all the different modifications of Christian love, from the transient good-will felt for a common stranger, to the fondness with which a mother watches over her child in its distress, or which watches by the bed-side of the dying in the crowded hospital, or kneels on the bed of straw in the dungeon of the prison. The power of love and

sympathy is mightier than the whirlwind, it will subdue the most ferocious natures, and conquer the most selfish of our passions. They teach us, too, when under the influence of reason, to look into the moral constitution of man, and, without ignoring human responsibility, impress powerfully upon us the truth that "we made not ourselves." This reflection will lead us to feel infinite gratitude to the Creator, and to show our gratitude, by conforming to and carrying out that great admonition of our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "I was in prison and ye visited me;" and "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." To be instrumental in the saving of souls is the Christian's highest privilege, and happy are those whom God has so appointed to do His work of salvation upon earth.

So much for our prisons; yet something may be said for many of those who manage them—for instance, the gaoler. Gaolers are often looked upon with very great suspicion. Like butchers, their profession is supposed to harden their hearts. But it often happens that both butchers and gaolers are able to feel, and do feel poignantly, the distresses of others, and noble sacrifices they make sometimes to do good. In the district of Suffolk, there is a gaoler, not less remarkable for his great intelligence than for his humanity; his mind is bent upon doing all the good he can, both for society at large as well as for the unfortunates under his

care. I was present at a highly interesting lecture given by this gentleman some time since, and was most forcibly struck with the noble sentiments it contained, the great kindliness of feeling which it disclosed, and the truly Christian spirit that pervaded the whole of it.

The present age and the past afford many instances of gaolers being touched with pity. In the year 1786 an order was received by Mr. Simpson, the keeper of Norwich gaol, to send three female convicts, under sentence of transportation, to Plymouth. One of these unfortunate females had an infant, about five months old, which she had suckled from its birth. The father of the child was likewise a felon, under a similar sentence. He had repeatedly expressed a wish to be married to the woman, and was much distressed at the order for her removal. Application was made to the Secretary of State to allow him to accompany her, but without success. When Mr. Simpson arrived with his party at Plymouth, the captain of the hulk refused to take the infant, saying he had no order to take children. Neither the entreaties of the humane gaoler nor the agonies of the poor woman could prevail upon the unfeeling captain even to permit the babe to be taken on board till instructions from the Government could be received. There were no railway-trains in those days, nor any electric telegraphs to dispatch messages with the speed of lightning. The journey from Plymouth to London was an event in a man's life, and a great expense too; but, nothing daunted by either of these considerations, or

the dangers and difficulties of travelling three hundred miles in an inclement season of the year, the heroic man determined to take charge of the child himself, and, if possible, to obtain a Government order in its favour. He started for London with the wretched little babe in his arms, and was obliged, for economy's sake, to travel outside the coach. He fed it with pap at every place the coach stopped to change horses, he carried it in his bosom, and it slept with him at night when he reached the metropolis. He felt that he loved the child, and, as he said, as if a maternal instinct had been imparted to him, and the child used to look up in his face and smile upon him, which was to him, as he expressed it, like a reward from heaven. Having reached London, he hastened to the office of Lord Sidney, the Secretary of State, but was rudely told to call again. He went again and again, but was told that the Secretary must appoint an interview before he could be admitted. He wrote several letters to Lord Sidney, but received no reply. He was determined to see his lordship notwithstanding, and to state his case. He at length resolved upon waiting at the hall door till he should see his lordship descend the steps to his carriage. As soon as the nobleman appeared, the poor gaoler fell on his knees before him, and held up the helpless infant. The Secretary was greatly astonished, and inquired what the exhibition meant. The particulars of the case were soon set properly before him. His lordship went back, called for pen and ink, and immediately forwarded an order

that the child should be restored to its mother, that the father should accompany them, and that they should be married before the transport ship set sail. He also, with a thoughtfulness that did him great credit, ordered that the gaoler's expenses should be paid. Thus ended an affair that reflected the highest honour upon the principal actor in it. It is curious, but it is true, and I had the story from a relation of the gaoler, that this child, though born in infamy, after a few short years, grew up into respectability. He was sent from the convict school at Sydney to a merchant's, as errand boy, from this he rose to the dignity of clerk. His after course was one by no means uncommon; he became a partner in the firm which he entered as an errand boy, and eventually the head of the firm itself. His convict father and mother never ceased to impress upon him the debt of gratitude that he owed to the good gaoler; and he never forgot it. After more than forty years spent in a foreign land, and having acquired a comfortable independence, he resolved to return to England. On his passage homewards he often thought of the good gaoler, and determined upon visiting him, and, if alive, to pay him by thanks, and the expressions of a grateful heart, for the benefits he had received from him. He went to the prison, but the good man was gone to that land which God has prepared for the reward of faithful service.

The present age is not without "good gaolers," men of the tenderest humanity, who wear on their hearts

their Saviour's image, and never forget that He comes to the prisoner in his cell as well as to the judge on the bench. In our own Suffolk district we are not without such a one. The governor of Ipswich gaol is a man who unites the firmness and acuteness of the gaoler with the benevolence of the Christian man. He is also a "brother helper" of no mean kind, his energies being ever ready to assist mankind at large. Perhaps no man ever had a greater influence over his prisoners—an influence not obtained by hard-hearted severity, but by a considerate brotherly love, which leads him to remember that, even in the worst of offenders, there is a way to the heart. Observation and experience, combined with a sympathizing mind, has convinced him that no criminal, however vile he may be, is too vile to be acted upon by kindness. He has found that the iron, which has withstood the most tremendous blows of the hammer, yields easily and readily to that flame of love with which God melts the human soul. And so it is that the prison, though it is still a prison, a place of retribution for evil, may yet be a place in which the feelings and sympathies of the most hardened can be awakened and subdued by the power of religion. Such men are brother helpers indeed, and have an important mission to perform; and happy must they be, and doubly blessed are they, when they feel that their exertions are not in vain. It is a bold but happy expression of St. Bernard, illustrative of the power of affection, that the soul or principle of life within us may be more truly said to exist when it loves

man than when it merely animates. The benevolent affections expand and multiply our being. They make us live with as many souls as there are in misery, or in the happiness which springs from the love we proffer and they receive. Blessed, yea, thrice blessed, are those who so truly live.

When I first came to London, which was in the year 1810, and I was a little boy, a good kind uncle of mine, desirous of my seeing all the lions of that day, among other "treats" took me to Old Bedlam, in Moorfields, to see the lunatics. We had been to see the lions in the Tower the same morning; but the treatment of the most furious of the beasts of the earth in that fortress was far more humane than the treatment of the unhappy lunatics confined in Bedlam. The impression of horror made upon my mind at that time, young as I was, haunted me for years, nor is it now entirely obliterated. Chains, filthy cells, instruments of coercion, brutal keepers, swearing, howling, blaspheming, furious maniacs, or some in the most terrible state of despondency, sitting or lying in their "horrid straw," were all there. But humanity at last looked in upon these dreadful dungeons, the spirit of brotherly love, the hand of brother-help, got to work.

Very early in the present century there seems to have been a kind of general movement all over Europe in favour of the poor forsaken lunatic. In France, Pinel, and in Germany, Horn, Frank, and others, not only succeeded in calling public attention to the subject, but

in effecting the most beneficial changes in the treatment of the insane ; and in this country the first warning voice came from a poor and then powerless medical student, Mr. Halliday, of the University of Edinburgh, in the form of an anonymous pamphlet, addressed to Lord Henry Petty, afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne. This pamphlet described, in very simple language, some of the heart-rending scenes which the author had witnessed in public and private madhouses, and made a very strong impression upon the minds of several very eminent individuals in England. The subject at last was mooted in the House of Commons, and a select committee appointed to inquire into the truth of the various statements which were now of daily occurrence. The inquiry led to an Act for providing county asylums for the insane population of England, and since the passing of that Act, in 1808, various county hospitals have been provided for the treatment of insanity upon sound and rational principles, and with a success that has scarcely been equalled in the treatment of any other disease.

Among the congregated multitudes of this great and overflowing metropolis, it was found that insanity prevailed to a very great extent, and that the parishes had been in the custom of providing for the lunatic's security by contracting with a private madhousekeeper for the confinement of the insane ; further inquiry detected the most disgusting cruelties and abuses in these dens of human suffering. The magistrates of the county of Middlesex commenced the erection of a county asylum

at Hanwell—a magnificent building. To the indefatigable zeal and humane feelings of the late Lord Robert Seymour, and the unwearied attention to and assistance of Colonel James Clithero, this great metropolitan county is indebted for this splendid establishment, which is perhaps the largest and best arranged of any in Europe, or the world. Here are no secrets to be hid from the eyes of man; no dungeons, where only the rattle of chains and manacles is to be heard; but a regular and well ordered community. Some are seen cheerfully enjoying the labours of the field, or busy at their usual trades, and all industrious and happy. The site chosen is perhaps the best in point of economy, healthiness, and convenience that could have been found, and the architect has secured for all the inmates the benefit of warmth, light, and air, as well as every comfort conformable with their malady. The aspect and arrangement of such a place has been put in a very strong light by a highly popular and humane writer.

The thing seems enigmatical. Conceive a spacious building resembling the palace of a peer, airy, elevated, and elegant, surrounded by extensive grounds and gardens. The interior is fitted up with galleries and workshops and music-rooms. The sun and the air are allowed to enter at every window, the view of the shrubberies and groups of labourers is unobstructed by shutters or bars; all is clean, and quiet, and attractive. The inmates all seem to be actuated by the common principle of enjoyment; all are busy, and delighted by being so. The house, and

all around, appears a hive of industry. When you pass the lodge, it is as if you had entered the precincts of some vast emporium of manufacture. Labour is divided so that it may be easy and well performed, and so apportioned that it may suit the tastes and powers of each labourer. You meet the gardener, the common agriculturist, the mower, the weeder, all intent on their several occupations, and loud in their merriment. The flowers are tended and trained and watered by one; the humble task of preparing the vegetables for the table is committed to another. Some of the inhabitants act as domestic servants, some as artisans; some rise to the rank of overseers. The bake-house, the wash-house, the laundry, and the kitchen, are all well supplied with indefatigable workers. In one part of the edifice are companies of straw platters, basket makers, knitters, spinners, among the women; in another, weavers, tailors, and shoemakers, among the men. For those who are ignorant of these gentle crafts, but are strong and steady, there are loads to carry, water to draw, wood to cut, and for those that are both ignorant and weakly, there is oakum to tease and yarn to wind. There is in this community no compulsion, no chains, no whips, no corporal chastisement, simply because these are proved to be less effective means of carrying any point than persuasion, emulation, and the desire of obtaining gratification.

But there are gradations of employment. You may visit rooms where the ladies are reading, or at the harp or piano, or flowering muslin, or making d'oyleys, or cro-

chetting, or engaged in some of those thousand ornamental productions in which female taste and ingenuity are displayed. You will encounter them going to church or to market, or returning from walking, riding, or driving in the country; you will see them ministering at the bedside of some sick companion. Another wing contains those gentlemen who were devoted to intellectual pursuits, or the amusements or accomplishments common to the station to which they belong. The billiard-room will in all probability present an animated scene. Adjoining apartments are used as news-rooms, and you will find politicians and men of letters there in earnest discussion. You will pass those who are fond of reading, drawing, music, and the like, scattered through handsome suits of rooms, furnished chastely, but beautifully. But the persons you find in them have their pursuits. Their time is not wholly occupied in agreeable trifling, or light reading. One acts as amanuensis, another is engaged in landscape painting, a third gives himself up to a course of historic reading, and submits to an examination on the subject of his studies; a fourth finds a consolation in binding the books he does not read. In short, all are so busy as to overlook, or so contented as to forget, their maladies.

What is the nature of this institution? Is it a house of moral improvement, compulsory, though by gentle means? Is it the voluntary refuge of such as are dissatisfied with the world? No; it is a lunatic asylum, such as modern science, humanity, and the highest order of benevolence have made it, where the poor brain-diseased,

mind-diseased inmates are treated upon the principle of brotherly love. Here is practically shown man's power over man, when wielded by humanity.

The human mind is a noble, and in many respects a fearful subject of contemplation. It is noble when we consider it in reference to its vast power, its resources almost infinite, its mysterious nature, its tangible but no less mysterious dwelling-place, and the inexplicable collection of causes which produce so endless a variety of effects. A certain degree of solemnity necessarily attaches to those subjects so far removed from our understanding, and a large amount of veneration, is also due to that power within us, which we are unable to define, much less to explain—a power which is the gift of that Almighty Being who made man after his own image. Thus the contemplation of the human mind forms a noble subject of study; but when we come to consider man as a being subject to stormy passions and fearful propensities, to strange eccentricities, wild wanderings and frantic irregularities, he is then presented to us as a being entirely dependent on a higher power for all that renders life desirable.

Whatever may be the causes which produce mental phenomena in the human race, we are reminded not only of vast and wondrous power, but also of sad and deplorable weaknesses. To behold the mind of such an estimable man as Cowper, delighting and instructing his own age and succeeding ages, confirming the wise, strengthening the weak, reproving the foolish, and ad-

monishing the fimple—a mind fo rich, and apparently fo powerful, and yet its owner the victim of mental difeafe, we cannot fupprefs an involuntary fhudder when we think of the “ills that flefh is heir to” extending their dominion to the mind, in which our immortality is faid to dwell.

Such thoughts influenced, probably, the noble lady who claims to rank with greateft of our “brother helpers,” Mrs. Elizabeth Crichton, widow of the late James Crichton, of the county of Dumfries, who founded and endowed an afylum, by funds left by him at her fole difpofal, for the purpofe of reftoring the infane to reafon, and to the fociety of their fellow creatures, or to greater tranquillity and happinefs than could be fecured to them elfewhere. The refponfibility and honour of carrying out this benevolent intention was confided to Mr. Halliday, now Sir James Halliday, and the eftablifhment has rifen into the higheft reputation. The amiable founder having had at her command funds fo ample, fhe was able to adopt every fuggeftion which experience, not only in this, but in every country in Europe, has fhown to have been ufeful, or in any refpect neceffary, for the fuccefsful treatment of the many varieties of mental aberration, by fecuring the fervices of phyficians who have made the nature and treatment of infanity the ftudy of their whole lives. The fituation of this noble inftitution is beautiful in the extreme. It embraces the whole bafin or vale of one of the moft romantic and beautiful freams in Scotland—the river Nith. The town of Dumfries ftretches along the banks of the river,

immediately at the foot of the rising ground on which the institution is built. The Solway Frith and the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains bound the southern horizon, while the hills of Galloway, Crawford Moor, and Annandale, encircle the view on the west, north, and east.

This institution is open to all classes, from the peer to the pauper, and the leading principles upon which it is conducted are justice, benevolence, patience, and scientific skill. The patients, so far as is consistent with their condition, are induced to regard the asylum as their home, and those to whose care they are confided as friends and companions. The resident medical officer and matron associate constantly with the patients, directing their pursuits and employments, suggesting and joining in their amusements, conciliating their affections and obtaining their confidence by treating them on rational and enlightened principles, by undeviating kindness, and by a scrupulous attention to the gratification of all their desires, whenever these are conformable with or conducive to health and tranquillity. They are intrusted, according to their experience and to the state and stage of the disease, with the care of one, four, or ten patients, whom they are not permitted to leave for a single moment, and whom they are enjoined to soothe, encourage, amuse, or employ, their presence and personal attention rendering restraint, to a great degree, if not altogether unnecessary. Whenever coercion is unavoidable, solitary confinement in padded rooms is resorted to in preference to any of the other modes of

physical restraint which have been so long in use, as being of a more depressing and less irritating character, and in no way interfering with the perfect performance of the bodily functions.

There are several public lunatic asylums in the country, well worthy the encomium of the Christian philanthropist, in which all the humane principles and the most effective scientific skill are carried out; but in none more so than in our Suffolk lunatic asylum at Melton, where the director, a gentleman of the most enlightened mind, and the most humane feelings, has succeeded in bringing as near perfection as can be, all the improvements in the treatment of the insane, with several of his own, in the highest degree important. A personal visit to this asylum convinced me how much can be done when the impulses of a kindly heart go hand in hand with the workings of a clever brain for the amelioration of human misery. I have sometimes, when visiting similar establishments, fancied, in going my rounds, that what I saw was like the outside gilded pipes of the organ—got up for show—and that behind the scenes were the real cases of insanity. Here I was convinced that the unoffending peaceable persons by whom I was standing were the very objects of my inquiry. There was not a single case that I might not have investigated, and I believe that the humane, judicious, and scientific arrangements of this asylum are second to none in the kingdom. My visits to it in the year 1836 and in 1858, it being still conducted by the same benevolent man,

and with increased powers of activity, even in declining age, testify to this; and I should not be acting the part of a faithful observer to withhold from him my unqualified praise.

The asylum at Lincoln is also one that has been distinguished for the liberal and enlightened views with which it has been conducted, and the zeal which all persons connected with it have shown in adopting and giving a fair trial to every suggestion that had for its object the happiness and well-being of the unfortunate patients confined in its cells, and to show the unnecessary nature of restraint. The following table speaks volumes, and we may affirm that it is a frank and veritable statement—

NUMBER OF THE PATIENTS RESTRAINED, AND OF THE INSTANCES AND HOURS OF RESTRAINT IN EIGHT YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Total number of Patients in the House.</i>	<i>Total number of Patients restrained.</i>	<i>Total number of Instances of restraint.</i>	<i>Total number of Hours passed under restraint.</i>
1829	72	39	1727	20,323
1830	92	54	2364	25,458
1831	70	40	1002	13,229
1832	81	55	1401	15,962
1833	87	44	1109	11,992
1834	109	45	647	6,699
1835	108	28	323	2,450
1836	115	12	30	334
1837	130	2	3	28

After deducting the number of patients introduced in the above table more than once in the years 1829-30-31-32-33-34-35, and also the readmitted cases within the same period; the actual number of patients restrained in the course of such seven years was 169.

Of these 169, there remained in the house at the end of such seven years 43.

Of these remaining 43, there were discharged from the books during the years 1836-7, *not having been restrained at all* during any part of such two years 11
 ————— having been restrained only for about *seven*
hours during any part of such two years 2
 ————— remained in the house December 31, 1837, *not having been*
restrained at all during any part of such two years 29
 ————— having been restrained *once only* (for about
 nine hours) during any part of such two years 1

43

More than once have I been able to witness an entertainment given to the insane. On one occasion, a New Years' Eve festival took place in a large establishment, to which I was invited. There were upwards of three hundred patients present. A large building had been lit up, decorated with flowers and evergreens, festoons and drapery, almost entirely by the patients themselves. There were long tables and benches, a raised platform, flags, music, banners of various sizes and colours, and with appropriate inscriptions, one of which was to "our noble selves."

The entertainment commenced with tea and coffee, then singing and music. Several of the patients sang songs, and one even attempted some rhymes of his own composition, which created much laughter from the oddness of the metaphors and poetic combinations. Others who had some little skill in music played upon various instruments; one poor fellow poured forth a sweet air from a flute, so plaintive and melancholy as to touch all hearts; and there was a very droll mad Irish-

man, who sung a mixture of Irish songs, running one into the other in the most incongruous manner, making the greatest diversion. When the fun was at its height one or two got a little excited, but they were easily managed, and got out of the room, returning again after a little while. The whole scene was one of pleasure and good humour, and of real happiness. How different to the scenes I had witnessed in the dens and dungeons of Old Bedlam, fifty years before !

The effect of these entertainments is to cheer and console the depressed, to dispossess the evil spirit of furor and wicked imaginings, and to interrupt the unhappy thoughts of the less disturbed with the associations of innocent diversion and joyousness. Such evenings are known to be looked forward to with pleasing anticipations for several weeks, and the patients join in the bustle of preparation for them with alacrity and cheerfulness. The happy associations, the delight evinced by the patients on the breaking up of the party, their orderly and good-humoured departure from the scene of this simple gaiety, leave the unaccustomed spectator impressed with wonder, and those most familiar with such a scene filled with emotions naturally arising from the view of so much happiness created by the mere exercise of kindness, in mansions thought to be dedicated to scenes of suffering and woe.

If these effects were transient, their advantage might be considerable ; but they are not so : for weeks afterwards,

the poor creatures retain an agreeable recollection of the pleasant party. The little indulgences then permitted are found to blend with all the best parts of moral management, and contribute to secure the confidence and the affection of the insane. The gratitude thus created becomes a bond of great power, for the patients can in general fully appreciate all that is done, not only to protect them from suffering, but to impart positive comfort and enjoyment. It would make a most interesting picture, could an artist of established power be induced to give attention to such a subject. I do not despair of yet seeing it pleasingly treated, and I hope some of my artistic friends will turn their attention to it.

A kindred society to such institutions has within these last few years sprung up, and is in effective operation at Colchester. I mean the Asylum for Idiots. Idiocy has many phases, and, in many cases, is repulsive and appalling. There is a great difference between idiocy and insanity. There is, in the latter case, not the hallucination of ideas, or the perversion of faculties, or the furious mania of dangerous propensities. The word idiot infers that the human creature is solitary—incapable of placing itself in that relation to others which enables it to exist. It requires help at every stage of its being. Many thrive and grow, yet appear to gain no more mental power than a child of a week old; others make a short intellectual progress, which however is soon arrested. Some are quite incapable of knowing

“mine from thine,” or of having the least idea of good or evil. Some are almost entirely deficient of memory ; others have a slight degree of it. In short, there is every variety of mental deficiency, all ending in incapability of self-government. It is indeed an affecting sight to contemplate, even under the improved system of the treatment of such unfortunates ; but what was it in former times, to behold persons in this condition, whether among poor or rich, a pain and trouble to their friends and relatives, who knew nothing whatever of the way in which to treat them, and from which their sufferings were very great ; nay, it is well known that they have often been treated with the greatest brutality by their wretched parents, sunk, perhaps, in the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness, vice and misery. But in this asylum all are taken care of with the most tender affection. Medical skill of the highest character, good food, warm and comfortable clothing, instruction, so far as it can be carried out, and by no means unsuccessfully, in many cases amusement, comfort, and even religious culture is not forgotten. The instances are many, and of a highly interesting character, of idiots who have, by means of a scientific mode of instruction, been brought to understand matters which, without such well-directed efforts, must have been a dead letter to them. But this is not all : the great feature of this asylum is, that it rescues human beings from much positive pain, and the misery attendant upon a course of ill-treatment and neglect which would otherwise have been their fate. No

person, benevolently disposed, but would be delighted by a visit to this place. He would have his sympathies awakened, and his mind and heart both enlarged, by observing this direction of brother-help and brotherly love, especially when he contemplates how the dim light of intellect may be aroused, and the affections of the heart brought into play, by the scientific skill of those who perform this labour of love. We are all, it has been said by a great philosopher, madmen or idiots at some time of our lives. Sin will take away our reason and destroy our affections. Let us feel for those who are fated to be so through the whole of their lives, not through the curse of sin, but by the will of Divine Providence, who wills nothing, however, but what is good, but whose mysteries are past finding out, and will remain so to the end of time.

Of our hospitals, none stand out more conspicuously than that of Thomas Guy. The character of this good man has scarcely had justice done to it. He was the son of a lighterman and coal-dealer, and was born in Horselydown in 1645. He was apprenticed to a bookseller in Cheapside, and, having been admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company in 1668, was received into their livery in 1673. He began business with a stock of about £200, in a house which formerly formed the angle between Cornhill and Lombard Street. His first success was owing to the great demand for English Bibles printed in Holland, in which he dealt largely. But, on the importation of these being stopped by law, he con-

tracted with the University of Oxford for the privilege of printing Bibles, and he furnished himself with type from Holland, carrying on this branch of his business for many years with great profit. He obtained large profits also from the buying up of sailors' tickets—a system of bad management in government affairs of that day, but by no means involving him in the slightest censure; for, looking at the general character of this good man, we may be fully assured that his means, already abundantly blessed, were not multiplied by any unfair dealings. Sober perseverance, tact, and energy, were Guy's fortune-makers, nor did he, as is very frequently the case, in the enjoyment or in the disposal of his property, forget those who were bound to him by the ties of friendship or consanguinity. He kindly lent money to some of his trade connections, to men struggling in business, and to others he granted annuities, to the former without interest, and to the latter without thought of recompense; indeed he on more than one occasion renewed his favour even to those who had proved not only undeserving, but even ungrateful. To his relations he was attentive while he lived, and he gave money to some and supported others; nor was he wanting in that tenderness and sympathy which make beneficence so truly charming. He was a man of very humble appearance, and of a melancholy cast of countenance. One day, when passing along one of the bridges of the great city, he attracted the attention of a by-stander, who apprehended that he meditated self-destruction, and could not refrain from addressing

him, with an earnest entreaty not to let his misfortunes tempt him to commit any rash act; then, placing in his hand a guinea, with the delicacy of genuine benevolence he hastily withdrew. Guy, roused from his reverie, followed the stranger and warmly expressed his gratitude, but assured him he was mistaken in supposing him either to be in distress of mind or in difficulties, making an earnest request to be favoured with the name of the good man, his intended benefactor. The address was given, the guinea was restored, and they parted. Some years after, Guy observing the name of his friend in the bankrupt list, hastened to his house, brought to his recollection their former interview, and finding, upon investigation, that no blame could be attached to his character as a merchant, made arrangements for relieving him of his liabilities, and re-established him in business.

But the great act of Guy's life was the hospital which bears his name. It is a noble monument of brother-help, and has been added to by other "brother-helpers." Its revenues are enormous, and the good it confers upon the sick and the suffering is incalculable. Guy lived to see it roofed in before he was called to his reward. But this was not his only help to others. He founded almshouses at Tamworth; he left annuities to his relatives; he left legacies to Christ's Hospital; for the benefit of his kindred in blood; to grandchildren of his uncles and aunts he left stocks in the funds, mostly in sums of one thousand pounds each, to the extent of more than seventy-four thousand pounds, and a thousand pounds

for the discharge of prisoners confined for small debts. But, above all, he left behind him a name to be honoured, and an example to be followed by all those who are the recipients of riches; which are given not to puff up our pride and vanity, but to administer to the poor, the afflicted, the neglected, and the destitute.

SAILORS AND THE SEA.—When we pass down the river Thames there are many noble objects of interest, for it is here that Commerce erects her proudest monuments. It is curious to contemplate them, standing side by side by that grim old *relic* and *relict* of feudalism, the Tower. There is the stupendous warehouse, the gigantic custom-house, the quay, the docks, the ship-building yards, and the host of wharves on each side of the river, of every conceivable no-style of architecture; but there is nothing that strikes the eye more, or that raises a more sublime emotion in the breast, than the glorious old “Dreadnought,” looming up high above the water like some huge castle of the by-gone ages. There she lies, the old warrior hulk, once mighty in her generation. She has borne the battle and the breeze, the sea buffet and the rock shock, was a terror to the enemies of old England, and a protection to her shores; but there she lies quiet, peaceable, profound—a lion couchant, not dead, although partaking no more of her old courage or ferocity. Her hundred and odd port holes, ranged tier above tier to a height that makes the steamers and other craft look paltry, give her still the character of a thunderer, and we

approach her with awe, and we think of Camperdown and Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar, and of the by-gone days in which we gained so much glory and lost so many fine fellows. When we look at these faded port-holes a little more closely, we find most of them filled up with windows, and we descry through them little bits of white drapery, and now and then a white night-cap—may be a little flower-pot, with a bit of a geranium stuck in it, in lieu of a sixty-four pounder or a long thirty-two, and we soon come to the knowledge of the fact that this fine old ship is no longer used for destroying human life but for saving it, and you now know her by her proper name, "*The 'Thames' Hospital Ship* (for it is written high and conspicuously upon her side) "*for the Seamen of all Nations.*"

Of all other hospitals and asylums in London, or in the world, this seems of the most universal character, for we here meet together, under the wings of mercy, persons not only of the most distant countries, but of the most opposite creeds. It seems, in some slight degree, to resemble our heavenly home, where men of every clime, complexion, degree, or way of thinking, may meet together, beneath the healing wings of the Redeemer. In the old ship all the families of man meet, and here they are brought together by the agency of brotherly love, their only recommendation being "need." It is enough, on presenting themselves alongside, that they are seamen, and that their condition claims the sympathies of humanity.

It is most interesting and impressive to go on board this ship—to see the dark Mulatto lying side by side with the white Albanian, the yellow Mongolese in juxtaposition with the black Ethiopian or the olive-skinned Malay. Not less so, to see the Turk and the Christian, the Hindoo and the Chinese idolater “messing together”—the angel of death standing by with his wand of dismissal stretched out ready to smite, or Providence, like a cherub, smiling aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack, and ministering spirits standing round—the physician and the nurse, the voluntary help and the official helper, all with countenances indicative of sympathy, and a desire to carry out brother-help to the fullest extent of their capacities.

This seaman’s hospital owes its origin to a committee appointed to manage a fund subscribed in the winter of 1817, for the temporary relief of distressed seamen, who were at that time to be found in great numbers in the streets of the metropolis. It having been then ascertained that there were many hundreds—and the number is now greatly increased—of such seamen destitute of medical aid, it was determined to establish a permanent hospital for their relief; and at a public meeting held on the 8th of March, 1821, at the London Tavern, it was resolved that a floating hospital should be established on the Thames, for the use of sick and diseased seamen only, to be supported by voluntary contributions. The hospital was first commenced on board the “*Grampus*,” a fifty-gun ship; but this not being large enough, the Govern-

ment placed at the service of the committee the fine old first-rate, the "Dreadnought," and since this, a still larger ship.

On board of this vessel we may see Germans and Russians, Prussians, Dutchmen, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Italians, Portuguese, Spaniards, East Indians, West Indians, British Americans, Mexicans, South Americans, Africans, Greeks, Turks, New Zealanders, South Sea Islanders, New South Wales people, Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, Esquimaux Islanders—in short, as many kinds of sailors or sea-faring people as there are points and sub-points in the mariner's compass—all attracted, as it were, by the same loadstone of charity, and which, like the electric chain, to which it is kindred, binds together all the nations of the earth in a circle of love.

It is pleasing to witness this, and the attention which, in more recent times, has been paid to the condition of seamen. One would, naturally at least, at first sight fancy that the life which sailors lead would render them in habits and manners quite the reverse of what they proverbially are. Exposed to the ever-varying change of the wind and the sea, one day stretching across the ocean in apparent perfect security and comfort, and the next, perhaps, caught and tossed in the arms of a tempest, or scattered helpless on a bleak shore—we might expect that, in addition to being brave, they would be thoughtful and forecasting, provident of their means, and ever on the watch to provide for contingencies. Yet, who does not know that the sailor on shore is one of the most rash,

inconsiderate, and foolishly-generous fellows that ever scattered money about? But in addition to their thoughtless improvidence, which can easily be traced to those reactive tendencies in human nature, which in different situations often impel the same individual into the most opposite courses, they are exposed necessarily to vicissitudes against which no prudence can guard, and which render them in distress peculiarly worthy the attention and kindness of a commercial nation, and indeed of every nation in which sailors are to be found. And it is in agreement with this statement that, to their great praise be it stated, the crowned heads, and the great leaders of every nation in the world, stand high on the list of the subscribers to this floating ark of mercy. But even with their powerful aid, the funds directed to this object are far from sufficient to carry out the design as it ought to be carried out in this great commercial country, and therefore it is proper to recommend it to the notice of every one who has his country's prosperity at heart, or who would look with a favourable eye upon those who suffer so much by the perils inseparable from their "water life," for the purpose of extending its usefulness in the erection of a recovery hospital on some high land riverwards; which we here take leave to suggest.

Sailors are the very essence of "brother helpers." They are full of sympathy, from the "admiral" to the "cabin boy." No place is more fertile in misfortune than the ocean, and thousands perish beneath its

bofom who might have lived to do service to others, who have been fingularly overlooked in their extremity. So fenfible was Sir Michael Seymour of this, that he was ever on the look-out, not more for the enemies of his country than for poor forlorn creatures on the mighty deep, to whom he might extend the hand of fuc-cour and affiftance. On one occafion he was cruifing in the Bay of Bifcay, and, looking with his telescope over the wide wafte of waters, he thought he difcerned at a great diftance, fomething that had the appearance of a wreck, or water-logged craft, of fome kind. The object lay a confiderable diftance out of his courfe, and many a lefs humane man would not have taken the trouble to alter it upon a mere uncertainty. Sir Michael, however, did fo, for he felt convinced that the object was at leaft fome part of a wreck. It blew, at the fame time, a ftrong gale; but the brave captain ordered his fhip to be put about, and fteered directly towards the wreck, as it proved to be. In a very fhort time they difcovered the hull of a merchant-veffel nearly level with the water, with a part of her lower maff alone ftanding. Not a foul was feen on board; but there was a caboose on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvafs and tarpauling, as if to afford fhelter to fome forlorn remnant of the crew. Sir Michael ordered a boat to be fent towards the wreck, to afcertain whether there were any human beings on board, whom the help of his brother men might fave from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mafs, and while

struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object, resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the caboose against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarcely to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the "Amethyst" with this miserable remnant of mortality, and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time signs of remaining life. It tried to move, and the next moment uttered, in a faint and almost indistinct voice, "There is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to put off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck, and, on looking into the caboose, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which he had dropped from his nervous grasp. Unfortunate men ! they had starved

on their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their lips.

The boat's crew, having now completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the ship's company engrossed by their efforts to preserve the wretched skeleton, who seemed to have just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still another man, his companion in suffering, to be saved, and to feel for him.

The captain committed him to the especial charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment, at first from his own hand, every ten minutes. The poor fellow gradually recovered, and in about six weeks from the time he was found was able to walk to and fro on the deck of the "*Amethyst*," and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

A similar instance of heroic devotion is recorded of Sir Samuel Hood, when commanding the "*Juno*," on the American station, in 1791. The ship was lying in St. Anne's harbour, when Captain Hood observed, at a great distance, a raft with human beings on board, making signals of distress. The weather was exceedingly stormy, and the waves broke into the harbour with such

violence that no boat seemed able to live upon the sea, besides which, the whole place abounded with sharks, and consequently the danger was the more increased ; for should a boat be capsize, the chances were that the sharks would swallow every one of its crew. Notwithstanding, however, Captain Hood ordered a boat to be manned and directed to the rescue of the unfortunates ; but the sea ran too high, and the crew declared the attempt impossible, and made certain significant allusions to the sharks, which they seemed to fear much more than the terrors of the sea, and at last refused to expose themselves to what they believed to be certain destruction. Feeling that an extreme case like this was a call upon the duty of his men beyond what he had a right to exercise, he told the sailors he would not force the task upon them. He then appealed to their feelings, addressing them eloquently from the quarter-deck. He pointed out to them that the case now before them might, in a very short time, be their own, and pictured the horrors which the poor wretched men must endure, and the still greater horror they must feel upon reflecting that help was possible, but that brother tars had denied it. He then asked who would follow him, and leaped into the boat. The tars responded to his address with a British cheer, and in the struggle to get into the boat one man fell overboard—but was got in again—there was so great a contest among them to “follow their leader.” The boat pushed off, and reached the raft with much difficulty, and as they made their way they several times saw the monsters of the

deep with open mouths, as it were seeking their prey ; but they persevered, and saved the men, who had been a fortnight on the raft, with their provisions quite exhausted. The House of Assembly at Jamaica, to testify their sense of this undaunted exertion in the cause of humanity, presented Captain Hood with a sword, of the value of two hundred guineas, and also rewarded the sailors for their generous assistance with a purse of money, which the brave fellows immediately made over to the fever hospital of that place.

The battle of Camperdown was considered one of the most glorious of our battles ; the carnage was dreadful, and the contending parties fought like lions. The “Delft,” one of the Dutch ships that were taken, was in so shattered a state that, after the greatest exertions for five days, to keep her from sinking, all hope of saving her was given up. The English prize officer called aside Mr. Hieburg—who had been first lieutenant of the “Delft,” and who had remained on board along with a number of the sick and wounded prisoners, who were not in a condition to be removed—and represented that it was impossible to save all, and that he felt himself under the necessity of, at a certain signal, throwing himself into the long boat ; and he invited Hieburg to avail himself of the opportunity which would be then afforded to effect his escape. “What !” exclaimed the noble Dutchman, “and leave my unfortunate countrymen to perish ? No, no, I will never desert the brave fellows who have so nobly fought for their country. I would rather perish a thou-

land times." The English officer, affected by the generosity of Hieburg's noble reply, answered, "Bravo, my good fellow, God blefs you! Here is my hand; I give you my word I will stay with you." He then caused his own men to leave the ship, and remained himself behind, to assist the Dutch. The "Ruffel" soon sent her boats to their succour, which brought off as many as could leap on board them. The boats lost no time in making a second voyage, with equal success. The "Delft" was now cleared of all but Hieburg and the English officer, with three subaltern Dutch officers and thirty seamen, most of them so ill from wounds as to be unable to move. While cherishing a hope that the boats would come a third time to their relief, on a sudden the "Delft" went down. The English officer sprang into the sea and swam ashore; but the good and humane Dutchman perished with those he so tenderly loved.

Princes are not very often heroes of the water, and do not very frequently risk their own lives to save those of others by jumping overboard, yet there is a case on record well authenticated. In the year 1792 the Prince of Orange took his guest, the Prince of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, to see the departure of the vessels destined for the fishery. The spectacle is a national one in Holland, and very imposing. The Prince was standing near the water's edge, and the vessels were then hoisting sail, when a boy on board one of them, in his eagerness to climb the mast to disentangle a flag which had got

“ fouled ” at the head of the mast, overbalanced himself and fell into the water. He sunk to a great depth, but rose quickly to the surface; the Prince, observing the boy’s distress, who called out loudly for help, and seeing no one making to his assistance, fearlessly plunged in to his rescue. The poor boy, however, had again sunk, and was seen no more. The Prince even dived under water with a view to save him, but to no effect, while the courtiers and people near the water seemed for a moment paralyzed. The Prince was now himself in the greatest danger of losing his life, but boats were quickly sent to his assistance. At length, having been rescued with great difficulty, some of his attendants asked him why he thus hazarded a life so valuable for one which could be of little or no value at all to the state. The answer of the Prince was worthy of him. “ The instant the poor lad fell in,” he said, “ I felt as much interest to save him as if he had been my brother.” He afterwards settled a pension on the parents of the lad, and ordered his two younger brothers to be brought up in the public service.

Another story is told, in the life of Sir Sydney Smith, of the humanity of an English sailor, well worthy repetition. It was during the siege of Acre that an old sailor, of the name of Daniel Bryan, then on board Sir Sydney’s ship, the “ Tiger,” made frequent application to be employed on shore, but his age and deafness were considered as insuperable obstacles. At the first storming of the breach, one of the French generals was slain. The Turks cut off his head, and after inhumanly mangling his body,

threw it out to be devoured by dogs. Bryan heard his messmates describe the horrid spectacle, and when any boat's crew returned from the shore he often inquired if they had buried the French general. The answer he commonly received was, "Go and see it, yourself." At length Bryan got leave to go and see the town, and, dressed in his best clothes, went with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. He procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted upon being let down through an embrasure, close to the breach. Some young messmates begged hard to share his danger, for a slight circumstance often enkindles the flame of humanity in a British sailor. Bryan would not permit his young friends to risk their lives; he said they were too far from old England to get fresh supplies of hardy fellows, and they must take care of themselves, as the honour of the English flag rested upon every single arm of their courageous band. He would go alone—he was old and deaf, and his loss would not be of any consequence. He was eloquent, in the style best adapted for dissuading his hearers from giving the enemy an advantage by reducing the number of the champions of old England. So the junior tars flung him on the bight of a rope and lowered him down, with his grave-digging tools. His first difficulty was to drive away the dogs, for these animals prowl about almost like wolves in Turkey and Syria, eating up garbage of every description; and it is said they are particularly fond of human flesh, and follow carnage wherever it goes. While he was thus engaged, the French levelled their guns at him, from their lines; they were just going

to fire at the veteran, who, as he professed, went to bury the French general, because, twenty years before, the French had treated him well in a prison in a fort, of which this general was at that time governor. When the French officer directing the fire saw what were the humane intentions of the old man, he ordered his company to shoulder arms. The fire was suspended, and in the still and solemn interval the old sailor performed the rites of sepulture for one of the generals of his foes. After a few days had elapsed, the circumstance came to the ears of Sir Sydney Smith, who ordered him into his cabin, when the following dialogue is reported to have passed between them :

Sir Sydney. Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general.

Dan. Yes, your honour.

Sir Sydney. Had you any assistance ?

Dan. Yes, your honour.

Sir Sydney. But I understand you had nobody with you ?

Dan. Oh yes, I had, your honour.

Sir Sydney. Ah ! but who ?

Dan. God Almighty, your honour.

One of the finest specimens of a thorough British sailor was the late Lord Exmouth. He was the son of George Pellew, Esq., of Falmouth, and was born in 1764. The British sailor is, as every one knows, and it is to be hoped will ever remain, not less celebrated for his bravery than his humanity, and it is with this characteristic we have to

do here. He commenced his naval career at thirteen years of age, and even at that early period of life, gave proofs not only of his valour but of his loving-kindness to those around him. At the opening of the war with the American colonists, he became midshipman of the "Blonde," frigate, with Captain Pownell, and was detached in February, 1776, to serve under Admiral Shank, to take part in the struggle for naval supremacy on Lake Champlain. During this arduous service, they cut down trees from the neighbouring forests, and in a few weeks converted them into vessels of war, with which they succeeded in driving the force under General Arnold from the lake; and in giving this effectual support to the British army the young hero gained great credit from the admiral, especially from the following circumstances.

An American cutter having long been descried at some distance on the lake, two man-of-war boats, well manned and armed, were sent out to capture her. In one of these a lieutenant commanded, the other was put under command of young Pellew: they speedily advanced towards the American vessel, and when they neared her, were received by a broadside which sunk one of the boats, that in which the lieutenant commanded, and the greater part of the men were either killed by the shot or drowned. Some, however, got into Pellew's boat, and with these, without allowing the Americans to load or fire again, he and the survivors rushed on board their vessel and drove the crew to the fore part, from which the captain and several others leaped

into the sea to save themselves from immediate death. When the decks were cleared of the enemy, Pellew observed something struggling in the water, and, looking attentively at the object, found it was a young man or youth vainly endeavouring to keep himself from sinking; Pellew, without a moment's consideration, leaped into the sea, caught hold of him by the hair of his head, and succeeded in keeping it above water, till a rope was thrown out, by which both were landed safely on board the captured vessel. The youth thus saved was of the same age as young Pellew, and was the nephew of the captain of the American vessel.

At the commencement of the war of the French Revolution, Captain Pellew was among the first officers who were called into active service, being appointed in January, 1793. He had been two years at Falmouth, and his popularity there was so great as to ensure him the love and regard of every one. But this popularity was gained not so much for the reputation he bore for courage and bravery, as for the milder virtues of humanity.

While at Falmouth he directed his attention, young as he was, to objects of mercy. He provided a hospital, or store, for the sailors that were sick, and not only visited them with all the attention of a hospital nurse, but provided for their comforts out of his own slender means. He took under his own charge a couple of orphans, whose father had been killed on board his own vessel, and he became the general benefactor of the merchant seamen trading in the port. When the time, therefore,

came for manning his ship, the people of Falmouth, and the miners in particular, rushed to the rendezvous and entered by scores, and they turned out as brave a set of fellows as ever went to sea. But he had no opportunity of proving their spirit until the summer of that year, when, having prevailed upon his brother to accompany him as a volunteer, he sailed from Falmouth on the evening of the 17th of June, and before the day closed, when off the Start they descried a large vessel, to which they gave chase, and followed through the night. At daybreak next morning she appeared again, standing towards them, and on her approach proved to be the French frigate "La Cléopâtre," of equal force. All was silent till the ships came within hail. Captain Pellew then ordered his crew to man the shrouds and give three cheers for King George. The French captain, not to be outdone by this act of gallantry, ordered his men into the rigging to do the same, and, coming forward on the gangway, waved his hat, exclaiming, "Vive la Napoleon!" which his crew accompanied by three cheers. Captain Pellew's putting on his hat was the signal for "La Nymphe" to begin the action. One more desperate was never fought—they were engaged throughout, yard arm and yard arm. The sails and rigging were so much intermixed during the engagement, that the crew of "La Nymphe" actually went from their own yards to those of "La Cléopâtre," and drove the men from their quarters. At length a shot from the British frigate carried away the enemy's mizen-mast, and another her wheel, so that she

became ungovernable. The gallant French captain was cheering on his crew when a shot struck him, and he fell dead—the French were disheartened ; the English rushed on board, with Pellew at their head, who, immediately that he saw the action was decided, turned round to his men, and even endangered his own life by his endeavours to stop the slaughter; interposing himself frequently to save the life of a fellow-creature, and receiving several wounds in consequence—nobler wounds than any he could receive in battle, gallantly and politely fought as this had been. For this exploit, Captain Pellew received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Edward was in many engagements after this, in which he was always victorious, and in which he ever exhibited those noble traits of mercy and humanity which had won him so large an esteem. Many other instances are recorded of his having leaped into the sea and saved the lives of drowning seamen ; and, justly as his conduct in command was entitled to distinction, nothing gained him more deserved honour than that union of prompt resolution and constitutional philanthropy which personally endeared him to his followers. Twice, also, when in the “Winchelsea” frigate, his heroic spirit had been signally displayed by his leaping from the deck, and thus saving two drowning sailors. A more conspicuous example of this noble feeling was shown at the commencement of the year 1796. On the 26th of January of that year, the “Dutton,” East Indiaman, was driven, by stress of weather, into Plymouth. The gale continued

with increased fury, and it was deemed advisable, for greater safety, to make the cutwater; but the buoy placed as a mark upon the reef off Mount Batten having been sunk or broken adrift by the late storms, of which the Plymouth pilots were not aware, the ship touched on the tail of the shoal and lost her rudder. Thus disabled, and ungovernable, she fell off, and grounded upon the citadel, near the "Barbican," the sea continually breaking over her, which occasioned her to roll so prodigiously that at one jerk all her masts went by the board, and fell towards the shore, the ship heeling off with her side to seaward. As many as were active and able got safe to shore, together with the captain and officers, but there still remained a considerable number of sailors and their wives on board. Captain Pellew, observing that the gale rather increased than abated, and knowing that a single rope from the ship to the shore was all the communication they could have with it, and that the flood tide would make a complete wreck of the vessel, earnestly entreated some of the numerous spectators to accompany him, by means of this rope, on board, that he might rescue the crew that remained from their impending fate. The shore was crowded with people of all descriptions, among whom were pilots and other seafaring men, to whom Captain Pellew offered any money, if a single individual would follow his directions. The scene was exciting—the gale was every moment increasing, and one and all were appalled, when at length Mr. Edsell, the first admiral's signal midshipman, came forward and nobly volunteered

his services. Captain Pellew and he were accordingly fastened to the rope and hauled on board. As they had not dared to make it completely fast on shore, lest the rolling and jerking of the ship should break it, it may easily be conceived that, by the rising and falling of the rope, these brave adventurers were at times high above, and at others under the water. Being at length got on board, they sent a hawser on shore, to which travellers and hauling-lines were affixed, and by this means the whole of the crew were saved.

The following is our hero's own modest account of this act of benevolence, extracted from a private letter written by him many years afterwards, when he was commander-in-chief in the North Seas.

“Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the ‘Dutton?’ I will tell you. Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the shore, and, learning there was a wreck, I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the certain loss of the whole five or six hundred, without some one to direct them, for the last officer was pulled ashore as I reached the surf. I urged their return, and was refused; upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board, established order, and did not leave her till every soul was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe, and so did he, and the ship went to pieces. But I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast, which had fallen towards the shore, and my

back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter His Majesty's intention of making me a baronet ! No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant, three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life, and both were saved. The struggle she had to entrust me with her bantling was more than I can describe, nor need you, and consequently you will never let this be visible."

The last heroic act of this noble man's life was one of humanity, although under the exercise of the war principle—it was to rescue Christians from slavery in the Algerine States, which he happily accomplished, though, of course, at great personal danger to himself. This highly-important service secured to him—he had been before created Lord Exmouth—the distinguished approbation of his sovereign, by whom he was advanced to the dignity of viscount, on the 21st September, 1816. The several powers whose subjects had been set free from all the horrors of slavery also awarded him the highest honours.

Our coast has every variety of character—it is bold and precipitous, bluff and hardy, low and sandy, shelving or stony. But it is all much the same with the men who love it ; whether we go to the granite headlands of the north, or the low shores of the south, we meet with a fine race of fellows. Pray God they may never degenerate ! Among the various breeds, for there are various breeds, on our seaboards—the old Norwegian and Danish, the descendants also of the Northmen, or Normans, who peopled Normandy, as well as our north coasts ; and a

heterogenous breed, putting in and out of rivers and creeks, bays and harbours, southward and westward,—among these there exists, on the shores of Deal, a race of amphibious human beings, whose peculiar profession it is to rush to the assistance of every vessel in distress. In moments of calm sunshine they stand listlessly on shore, quiet and dormant, like the dreamy ocean before them; but when every shopkeeper closes his door; when the birds fly about bewildered, and the cattle in the lowlands creep under hedges for shelter; when the snow is drifting across the fields; when a noble dinner party suddenly pause, to hear the hoarse laughter of old Boreas himself on the flinty beach—then the moment has arrived for the Deal boatmen to contend one against the other to see whose boat shall first be launched into the boiling surf. As the declivity of the beach is very steep, and as the greased rollers, over which the keel of the boat descends, are all placed ready for the attempt, they only wait a moment for what they call a lull, and then, cutting the rope, the bark, which seems as gallant as themselves, rushes to its native element.

The difficulty of getting into deep water would amount sometimes almost to an impossibility; and although some boats fail, others, with seven or eight men on board, are soon seen stretching across to that very point which one would think the seafaring man would most carefully avoid—the Goodwin Sands. To be in the neighbourhood of such a spot, even in the stoutest vessel, and with the ablest crew that ever failed, is a fate

which Nelson himself would have striven to avoid; but that these poor nameless heroes should not only be willing, but eager to go there voluntarily in a hurricane, and in an open boat, shows very clearly that, with all his follies and all his foibles, man really is or really can be the lord of the creation, and that within his slight frame there beats a heart capable of doing what every other animal in creation would shudder to perform.

It is not a love of danger, nor is it exactly a love of gain, that incites these noble-hearted fellows to this work; for they often brave these dangers without any hope of remuneration, and in vain; for half a dozen boats have continually to return, their services after all not being required. So long as a vessel can keep at sea, these boats are but specks on the ocean—insignificant and unnoticed—but when a ship is drifting on the sands, or has struck, then there exists no object so important as themselves. As soon as a vessel strikes the sands, the waves in succession break over her as they strike and pass her. Under such circumstances the only means of getting her afloat is for the shore boat to come under her bows and carry off her anchor, which, being dropped at some distance to windward, enables her to haul herself into deep water.

Of all the unwieldy articles that could be put into a small boat, a large ship's anchor is perhaps the worst. Either to receive or to get rid of it is dangerous in the extreme. When a vessel, from bumping on the sands, is unable to float, its last and only resource is to save some

of the crew, who, lashed to a rope that has been thrown aboard, are one by one dragged by the boatmen through the surf, till, the boat being full, they cut the only thread upon which the hopes of the remainder had depended, and, departing with their cargo, leave the rest to their fate.

It was in a case of this kind that the heroic devotion of a noble-hearted fellow was displayed. A Russian passenger vessel, of considerable burden—a prize barque of eight hundred tons—got ashore on the Goodwins. It was at the latter end of November. There were upwards of thirty passengers on board, going to St. Petersburg. It was towards the close of the evening that she struck, the wind at the time blowing violently. It was with the greatest difficulty that a boat could be got off from the beach; two had capsized before they could get into deep water, but the third succeeded. They rowed to the vessel, which lay on her beam-ends, with the sea beating over her; all her masts had gone by the board, and she looked a most pitiable spectacle. After the greatest exertions, the boatmen were enabled to get four-and-twenty of the crew or passengers on board their boat, which was all she would hold, and they were reluctantly obliged, despite the tears and prayers of those still on the wreck, to leave them to perish, as they must, the moment the ship went to pieces, which she was expected to do every minute.

However, there was, at this critical moment of time, a fishing-boat, named the “Curlew,” returning from the French coast, where she had been casting her nets before the storm sprung up. She was manned by two men and a

boy. One of the men was owner of the boat and father of the boy; the other was a strong, resolute fellow. They saw the perilous condition of the ship, and, as they came within a short distance of her, observed, with the deepest grief and commiseration, that the boat had left six persons behind on the vessel, and one of these seemed to be a woman. To approach the edge of the sand was, at the then condition of the wind and tide, not only perilous, but certain destruction; but, hearing the cries of the poor creatures, and seeing their repeated signals for help, they resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to keep "off and on," as the sailors term it, to render any assistance on the alteration of the tide, or at least to stand by them during the night. At considerable hazard they got near enough to the ship, to tell them, through a speaking-trumpet, to keep up their spirits; to hold on by the rigging; to stick by the vessel as long as she would last; that they would not forsake them during the night; and that if the wind lulled or shifted they would take them off in the morning. This inspired the poor sufferers not only with hope but with courage and endurance, and they blessed their protectors. But the gale continued to blow; the night came on thick and dark; the sea beat over the stranded ship with redoubled fury; but the poor creatures clung to it with a tenacity which could only be inspired by a trust in Divine Providence, and the brother-help of their deliverers. The smack placed a light in her rigging, so that the people struggling between life and death should know that they had not left them. And so was passed

one of the most fearful of nights. The smack never went more than half a mile from the vessel, and by dint of good seamanship alone was kept afloat on the waters. At daybreak the gale moderated, the tide had receded, and the ship lay with not more than four feet of water around her, although she had been sucked so deeply into the sand during the night as to have little more than her bulwarks above water. Signals passed between the respective parties at the earliest dawn; all were alive, but some of them nearly exhausted. The wind, however, having shifted as the tide fell, the danger from the surf-wave was greatly diminished. The old sailor, whose name was Marmaduke Gibbings, got into his little dingy and took upon himself the peril of nearing the wreck. He took off one; then, having conveyed him to the smack, he went for a second, a third, and so on, till all were saved. This was a noble instance of brother-help, and may well be recorded among the most heroic doings of the deep. Nor did it go without its reward; but the greatest reward, as the old sailor himself expressed, in a manly and unostentatious manner, was the feeling that he had saved the life of a fellow-creature.

An Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, who visited Deal for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of this meritorious but distressed body of men, thus describes his interview with one of them:—"Having previously learned that George Phillpotts was one of the most respectable, most experienced, and most daring of the Deal boatmen, we sent a messenger for him, and in

about twenty minutes the door of our apartment opened and in walked a short, clean-built, mild looking old man, who, in a low tone of voice, very modestly observed that he had been informed that we wished to speak with him.

“At first we conceived that there must have been some mistake, for the man’s face did not look as if it had ever seen danger, and there was a benevolence in it, as well as a want of animation in his small blue eyes, that appeared totally out of character with his calling. His thin white hair certainly showed that he had lived long enough to gain experience of some sort, but until he answered that his name was Phillpotts, we certainly did think he was not our man.

“‘Well, George, what shall it be?’ we said to him, pointing to a large empty tumbler on the table. He replied that he was much obliged, but that he never drank at all, unless it was a glass of grog or so about eleven in the morning; and, strange as it may sound, nothing that we could say could induce him to break through this odd regulation. As the man sat quite at his ease, looking as if nothing could depress or elevate him, we had little difficulty in explaining to him what was our real object in wishing to know exactly how he and his comrades were faring. On our taking up a pencil to write down his answers, for a moment he paused, but the feeling, whatever it was, only crossed his mind like the spray of the sea.

“In answer to our queries, he stated that he was sixty-one years of age, and had been on the water ever since he was ten years old. He had himself saved in his life-

time, off the Goodwin Sands, rather more than a hundred men and women ; and on this subject no sooner did he enter into details than it was evident that his mind was rich in pride and self-satisfaction, honourable to him in such a case. Nothing could be more creditable to human nature, nothing less arrogant, than the manly animation with which he exultingly described the various sets of fellow creatures of all nations he had saved from drowning. Yet, on the contra side of his ledger he kept as faithfully recorded the concluding history of those whose vessels, it having been out of his power to approach, had foundered on these quicksands only a few fathoms from his eyes."

Once, when on his expedition of brother-help, during a heavy gale of wind which had lasted three days, he saw at a great distance a brig which had foundered two days before, with all hands on board, its masts being, however, still above water. He looked, and observed something like lumps on the foremast, which seemed to move. He instantly bore down upon the wreck, and there found four sailors alive, lashed to the mast. With the greatest difficulty he and his crew saved them all. Their thirst was, he said, quite dreadful. There had been a fifth man, who had died, and his comrades, seeing this, had managed to unlash him, and he fell into the breakers.

In saving others, Phillpotts had, more than once, lost one or two of his own crew, and in one case he explained, with a tear actually standing in the corner of each eye, that he had lately put a couple of men on board a vessel

in distress, which in less than ten minutes was on the sands. His men and the whole crew were drowned before his eyes, all disappearing close to him. By inconsiderately pushing forwards to save his comrades, his boat got between two banks of sand, the wind blowing so strong upon them that it was utterly impossible for him to get back. For some time the three men that were with him insisted on trying to get out. "But," said Phillpotts, who was at the helm, "hold on, my lads, we're only prolonging our misery: the sooner it's over the better." The sea was running higher than the ship-mast over both banks, and they had nothing left but to steer right at the enemy. On approaching the bank, an immense wave to windward broke, and by the force of the tempest was carried completely above their heads; the sea itself seemed to pass over them. "How we got over the bank," said Phillpotts, who for the first time in his narrative seemed lost, confused, and incapable of expressing himself, "I can tell no man." After a considerable pause he added, "It was just God Almighty that saved us, and I shall always think so."

It not unfrequently happens that, without any opportunities being afforded for the display of active humanity, the humane tenor of a man's mind does a very great deal for the cause of humanity; gentleness and goodness, consideration for the weakness and infirmities of others, a mild and conciliating demeanour, kind words, looks, and tender thoughts, do much towards making this world a habitable region. The late Lord Collingwood was an

illustration of these remarks. From a very early period of his nautical life, he had been distinguished for the happy art by which he secured at once both the obedience and affection of all who were placed under his command. When he was in the "Excellent," Lord St. Vincent used to draft all the most ungovernable spirits of the fleet into that ship, certain, as he said, that Collingwood, if any man could, would reform them. As his experience in command and his knowledge of the dispositions of men were used, his abhorrence of severity in any form, or of corporal punishment, became stronger, and his love of mercy, gentleness, and forbearance increased; and as he still advanced in years, he became more and more convinced of the value of the law of kindness; but less experienced and harder hearted men could not comprehend this brother love in him. "I wish I were the captain, for your sake," cried Lieutenant Clavell one day, to some men who were doing a part of their duty in a slovenly manner; when, shortly after, upon turning round he saw the admiral, who had overheard him. "And pray, Clavell, what would you have done, if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them well, sir." "No you would not, Clavell; no you would not," he replied, "I know you better."

He used to tell the ship's company that he was determined that the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day, and in the interval, calling

the boy down to him, would say, in a kind, fatherly manner, "In all probability the fault was yours; and, whether it were so or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man, old enough to be your father, and who has, perhaps, a wife and children belonging to him, disgraced and punished on your account. It will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you will ask for pardon." When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding; but at length he would say, "This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope of your feeling grateful to him, and that you will be more careful in your conduct, I will, for this time, look over your offence." The punishments which he substituted for the lash were of many kinds—such as watering the grog, and other modes, now happily general in the navy. Among the rest was one which the men particularly dreaded—it was the ordering of any offender to be excluded from the mess, and to be employed in every sort of extra duty, so that he was at any moment liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors, that they have often declared that they would much prefer having three dozen lashes; and to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters became attentive and orderly. How he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of the men appears in

some of his letters. When they were sick, even while he was an admiral, he visited them daily, and supplied them from his own table, and when they were convalescent, they were put into the charge of the lieutenant of the morning watch, and daily brought up to the admiral, who used to inquire how they got on, and give them words of sympathy and hope.

The result of this conduct was that the sailors considered him, and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears at his departure. But with all this there was no man who less courted, or who more thoroughly despised what is called popularity. This was not his motive for being kind to his men; it arose entirely from the promptings of brotherly love. He was never known to unbend to his men, while at the same time he never used any coarse, violent, or unseemly language to them, being convinced that by so doing a man thoroughly degrades both himself and those to whom he applies it. Nor would he permit uncouth language to be used to the sailors from others. "If you do not know a man's name," he used to say to the officers, "call him sailor. Don't speak to him as if he were a dog; don't call out 'come here, you sir,' or 'you fellow;,' but call him sailor. Recollect he is a man, and also that, like you, he is ready to fight and die for his king and country. Think, too, what would be our case in the hour of battle, if our men were not to do their duty cheerfully and willingly, and what a character should we obtain, if our men were so

brutalized by our conduct to them, as to forget the humanity which a British sailor feels proud of showing to his enemies after the battle is over ! If we harden the hearts of our men it will ruin their character, for it is the proudest trait in the character of a British sailor, to be in the battle a lion, but afterwards rather to resemble the lamb in meekness, gentleness, and mercy."

With regard to expressions, it may be added, that after the mutiny at the Nore, he had most decided objections to the use of the word mutiny. When complaints were made of conduct which was designated as mutinous, he would exclaim, "Mutiny, Sir? Mutiny in my ship ! If it can have arrived at that, it must be my fault, and the fault of every one of the officers. It is a charge of the gravest nature, and it shall be most gravely inquired into." With this view of his feelings on the subject, the officer was generally induced to consider, and represent the offence more lightly, or sometimes to pass it over altogether.

This admirable man was imitated by many other good men in the navy, among whom may be mentioned the late Captain Brenton, whom the author of this work knew very well, especially in connection with the school for outcast boys which he established at Hampton Wick. A finer specimen of an English sailor did not exist ; his life was one noble work of humanity. He, like Collingwood, was averse to harsh and cruel modes of punishment, and was, like him, beloved on board ship, and looked up to as a father. To such men

our navy is greatly indebted for its present ameliorated condition ; but it must be borne in mind that there is still much to amend, and it requires on the part of officers increased forbearance, and the practice of self-government, and the repression of hasty, passionate feelings. That there are many ships in which the truly humane spirit exists I cannot doubt, from what I saw on board H.M.S. the “Pembroke,” some time since lying at Harwich, which affords a good specimen of a ship’s crew being governed by the exercise of gentlemanly feelings and humane principles.

BROTHER HELP, SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC.

It is creditable to human nature that “domestic worth” often equals public benevolence. In great cities, in small towns, in obscure villages, are often found men and women who do honour to their species, and that, too, without ostentation or pretence ; and it is pleasing to observe how much good may be done in a community by a person, often of small means, who takes upon himself the serving of his fellow creatures. Nor can the benevolent mind find a more agreeable object of contemplation than the character of a man whose life is spent in acts of social good, performed without any view to worldly advantage or fame, and who freely devotes his leisure, substance, and the talents with which the Creator has blessed him, to the good of others.

We are nearly all familiar with Pope’s “Man of

Rofs," but the lines recording his praise do not communicate enough, and we must refer to Forbush's "Areconesia," and to Rofs itself, for the faithful records of this celebrated character. His name was John Kyrle, and his grandmother was a sister of the celebrated John Hampden. The title of "The Man of Rofs" was given to him by a country friend in his lifetime, and although it signified very little, it conveyed a notion of a "man;" and the word man comprehends within its extensive meaning all that is good and humane, kind and amiable, honest and of good report, as well as of plain straightforward dealing, and unaffected hospitality and generosity.

The father of John Kyrle had purchased a house and a piece of land at Rofs, and here the "Man of Rofs" chose to reside, adding to his property by repeated purchases. The principal addition to his landed property was an estate called "The Close," consisting of fields that extended along the left bank of the river, and raised considerably above its level. Along the skirts of these fields Mr. Kyrle made a public walk, planted it with elms, and continued the plantation down the steep sides of the bank, which overhung the gracefully-winding Wye. His favourite occupations were building and planting, in which his skill and taste were as freely exercised for the benefit of his friends as in his own improvements. He frequently planned and superintended architectural works for persons who gladly availed themselves of his skill and taste. While improving his own property, he added to the beauties of his favourite spot, and freely imparted to his

townsmen the advantages which he had provided for the enjoyment of the lovely scenery around him. The churchyard was planted by him with elms, and a gateway erected leading to a field called "Prospect," from its commanding a noble view of the rich scenery of the Wye—so that his neighbours might enjoy its beauties. No path-stopping, no high wall-erecting with him, but a noble Christian-like desire to impart to all around the enjoyment of which he himself partook.

Nor was this all. He lived in times when the art of conveying water in pipes for the accommodation of the dwellers in a town was yet in its infancy—a great benefit was therefore conferred on the inhabitants of Rofs by the skill and enterprise of Mr. Kyrle, who made in this field an oval basin of considerable extent, lined it with brick and paved it with stone, and caused the water to be forced into it, by an engine, from the river, and conveyed by underground pipes to the public cocks in the streets, where a more effectual supply of water was introduced.

This public work is recorded by Pope in the lines,

"From the dry rock who bade the waters flow—
Not to the skies in useless columns toft,
Or on proud falls magnificently loft,
But, clear and endless, pouring through the plains,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swains."

The next work of John Kyrle was to make a causeway over a low and marshy ground, between the town and the bridge, on the high road to Monmouth. This causeway employed a large number of hands for some time. A great deal of the work to be got through was of a labour so con-

tinuous as to talk severely the strength and health of the labourers employed, but honest John was always near with a word of encouragement, and a can or two of beer.

The practice of the Man of Rofs was to go forth himself with his labourers when on any of his public improvement expeditions, such as planting trees, levelling walks, putting down seats for the footsore traveller to rest on, and the like. He went with a spade on his shoulder and a wooden bottle of liquor in his hand, assisted by two, three, or sometimes more workmen, according to the task to be performed. The bottle served his fellow labourers as well as himself. On one occasion his companion so thoroughly enjoyed the draught, that he did not take the bottle from his mouth till the last drop was drained. In vain did the Man of Rofs call out to him to stop, the workman's thirst was too great for him to listen. When he had done, Mr. Kyrle said, "John, why did you not stop when I called you?" "Why, sir," said the man, "don't you know that people can never hear when they are drinking?" The next time Mr. Kyrle applied the bottle to his mouth the man placed himself opposite to him, and opened his mouth as if bawling aloud, till Kyrle had finished. The draught ended, Kyrle asked, "Well, John, what did you say?" "Ah, you see, sir," said the man, "I was right; nobody can hear when he is drinking."

I suppose that Mr. Kyrle was what is called a good churchman, and perhaps there was no stir about church-rates in those days; but whether there was or no, he

seems to have done what every good churchman ought to do, take care of the fabric devoted to the worship of God, and no care is like that which comes from a voluntary spirit, for such has the mark of God upon it. If you go down to Rofs, you will observe, on some low hills shooting up just above the trees, a very elegant village spire, "pointing like a finger to the skies." But Kyrle discovered that although the church was in no danger (nor could it be while such a churchman was at work) that the steeple was ; and therefore, without suffering the parish to be burdened by a church rate, Kyrle went to his own pocket. He was fond of architecture and masonry, so he undertook the job himself, and pulled down forty-seven feet of the spire, which he rebuilt, daily inspecting the progress of the same, working with his own hands and with a cheerful heart.

Then came the question of a bell. Kyrle was fond of music, he had been a bell-ringer in his day ; and nobody knows the enthusiasm of that noble order of harmonists but themselves. Theirs is no light work ; and a triple bob major is a thing of the muscles, as well as of the brain. Kyrle was determined to place in the steeple a bell which should be heard all over the surrounding district, and a notable bell it was. The Man of Rofs attended when it was cast at Gloucester, and, with great loyalty and spirit, threw into the melting-pot his own large silver tankard, having first drunk his favourite toast of "Church and King."

The distribution of the weekly bread at the market-

house is a circumstance of peculiar interest in the life of this good man. The donation of bread was furnished by a grant, renewed by successive lords of the manor, of certain tolls on all corn brought to market. The Man of Rofs acted as the lord's almoner. Tradition reports, in homely language, "that it would have done one's heart good to see how cheerfully the old gentleman looked while engaged in the distribution." As the toll thus voluntarily transferred to the poor at the will of each succeeding lord was claimed by the townsmen as their legal right, the question was referred to the Man of Rofs by consent of both parties; and he, preferring truth and justice to popularity and self-gratification, determined, on the evidence, that the toll belonged to the lord. So are pride and covetousness found in communities as well as in individuals. Unwilling to acknowledge the obligation, lest they should be compelled to own a superiority in the giver, they endanger and lose the benefits which benevolence and liberality would bountifully bestow.

There are many anecdotes given of John Kyrle's humanity, singleness of purpose, active benevolence, and social goodness, and of his frequently returning good for evil. It would be absurd to suppose that a man standing so high for public and private worth should not have his enemies. He had many in the town of Rofs who envied him for his popularity, his means—and they were not large, not more than five hundred a-year—and for his uprightness and piety. As he says in one of his

memoranda, "There be those about me who would slay me if they dared, and cast my body to the dogs." One of these enemies was by trade a mason, and highly incensed at Kyrle's taking upon himself a portion of his trade, in the architecture of the steeple, raised a wicked report about him. The report was of so cruel and hideous a nature that Kyrle was obliged to take legal notice of it, and the man was cast into prison, where he lay for the space of two years or thereabouts, during all which time did this forgiving man provide for and take care of the slanderer's wife and children, and by employing a man took care also of his trade, and upon the man coming out of gaol delivered the whole over to him to begin again with, only warning him to be as charitable towards others as he could, and to slander no one.

Another anecdote also exhibits that noble confidence which none could express or feel but an honest man. About twelve months subsequent to the death of the Man of Rofs a tradesman of the town came to his executor, and said privately to him, "Sir, I am come to pay you some money, that I owed to the late Mr. Kyrle." The executor declared that he could find no entry of it in the accounts. "Why, fir," said the tradesman, "of that I am aware. Mr. Kyrle said to me when he lent me the money, that he did not think I should be able to repay him in his life-time, and that it was likely you might want it before I could make it up, and 'so,' said he, 'I won't have any memorandum of it beside what I write and give you with it, and do you pay my

kinsman when you can, and when you show him this paper he will see that the money is right, and that he is not to take interest.' ” Here the story stops. No doubt our readers would wish to know that the executor declined to receive what the tradesman might have withheld without fear of human discovery. Let us hope that if the property came to him in sole that he did so.

The personal appearance of the Man of Rofs was agreeable ; as he had no ostentation or parade of any kind, so was his habit and demeanour neat and simple. His dress was a plain suit of brown, with a king William's wig, according to the fashion of the day. Though he disliked large parties, his house was open to the refreshment of his friends, in the genuine spirit of old English hospitality. He loved a long evening, enjoyed a merry tale, and always appeared discomposed when it was time to part. His dishes were generally plain, malt liquor and cyder were the only beverages introduced ; there was no roast beef, except on Christmas-day. At his kitchen fire-place was a large block of wood, for poor people to sit on ; and a piece of boiled beef and three pecks of flour in bread, were given to the poor every Sunday. The Man of Rofs was a *daily* attendant at the parish church. When the chiming of the bells began, all business ceased with him ; he washed his hands and proceeded to his pew, and there said his prayers with unostentatious Christian devotion.

At the time of his decease he owed nothing, and there was no money in his house. He was borne to the grave

by his workmen, and was, by his express desire, buried at the feet of a dear friend, Dr. Charles Whetney, the vicar of the parish, a man of genuine piety and Christian zeal, and who was greatly instrumental in forming the character of the Man of Rofs, and who exhibited in all his doings and dealings with the little community in which he moved, a faithfulness to God, an uprightness in his daily dealings, a genuineness of spirit, and a brotherly love and affection for all around him, whether rich or poor, friends or enemies, which are well worthy our admiration and imitation. His life of well-doing shows what can be done to make the world better and happier, even with comparatively small means and slender opportunities.

The late Richard Reynolds, a brother-helper on a different scale to the Man of Rofs, was, perhaps, one of the most beneficent individuals that ever lived. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and resided at Colnbrook Dale. He was largely concerned in the ironworks there established, and amassed a princely fortune by his industry and perseverance. Being thus blessed by Divine Providence in his worldly estate, he looked upon himself, with Christian humility, merely as the steward of his heavenly Master. He made it the business of his life to search out and relieve objects of charity, and was not satisfied in his own conscience unless the whole of his income, after deducting the very moderate expenses of his housekeeping, was expended in this way. After devoting his fortune to the service of benevolence, he still thought that his

round of duty was incomplete, so he devoted his time likewise. He deprived himself of slumber, to watch over the bed of sickness and of pain, and to administer consolation to the heart bruised by affliction. Thus, until his hand grew cold it was constantly employed in distributing benevolence, or in wiping the tears from the eyes of anguish and of sorrow.

If we were to descend to particular instances of his beneficence, this volume would be too small to record them. However, some may be named. On one occasion he gave five hundred guineas to a benevolent institution, and, afterwards, one thousand to another. This was repeated several times, so that in one year he gave twenty thousand pounds away in charity. Not content with this, he purchased two estates in Monmouthshire, which he settled on trustees, for the benefit of certain charities in that city. When a subscription was opened for the relief of the distressed in Germany, he inclosed a bank bill to the committee for five hundred pounds. On another occasion he addressed a letter to some of his friends in London, desiring them to search out proper objects of charity and to draw on him for what sum they thought necessary. They accordingly did, by two drafts, draw the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Having gone thus far, it becomes necessary to point out the particular character of his benevolence. These large donations were generally inclosed in blank envelopes to the persons to whom they were addressed, bearing the modest name of "A Friend"—so anxious was he to conceal the

hand that distributed so much munificence. In one of the above-enumerated instances, when the subscription paper was presented to him, he subscribed a very moderate sum, to which he affixed his name. It was in a blank envelope that the bill for five hundred pounds was transmitted.

He wrote on one occasion to a friend in London, requesting to know what objects of charity remained. His friend informed him of the distresses of a number of persons who were confined in prison for small debts. He cleared the whole of their debts, and swept the prison of all its wretched tenants. But it may be thought that, though he attempted to veil such munificence from the eye of man, he was arrogating to himself merit in the eye of heaven. Let facts speak for themselves. A lady had applied to him for charity on behalf of an orphan, and he liberally contributed. "When he is old enough," exclaimed the lady, "I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop!" replied this good man; "Thou art mistaken—we do not thank the clouds for rain; teach thy child to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent," said he, "is the meanest of all talents, a little sordid dust—but the man in the parable, that had but one talent, was accountable; for the talent that I possess I am much more accountable." His charitable distributions amounted to £200,000. His benevolence was confined to no sect or party. On one occasion an outcast of society applied to him, being in

desperate circumstances. It was represented to him that the man was an atheist. His reply was, "No God, no God to fly to in his distress!—then he has the more need of the help of man." He not only administered to his necessities, but was instrumental in calling back a finner to the fold of the Good Shepherd, whom he himself so much resembled.

Perhaps this world never presented for its homage, admiration, and imitation, so great, so pure-hearted, so lofty-minded, and so good a man. What a contrast does he present to the high and mighty of the earth, to kings, conquerors, philosophers, and millionaires! What a life of pleasure must his have been! What a joy it must be to walk in the path of beneficence and duty, in the exercise of a God-like charity, in imitation of a Divine Redeemer, who, like him, went about doing good! The world, often slow to recognise worth, saw it in him, for his shone through the veil of modesty with which he would fain have hidden it, and illuminated the minds, and warmed the hearts of others. At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, held in the Guildhall of that city, on Wednesday, the 2nd of October, 1820, the right worshipful the mayor in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, "That in consequence of the severe loss which society has sustained by the death of the venerable Richard Reynolds, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the city of Bristol and its vicinity, and to excite others to follow the example of the departed philanthro-

pist, an association be formed, under the designation of the

REYNOLDS' COMMEMORATION SOCIETY."

The objects of the society were identical with the noble benevolence of Reynolds, to perpetuate his goodness as well as his name, and to show to the world that the exercise of beneficence creates a sympathy of universality among men. One of the speakers at the meeting emphatically said of Reynolds, "He was so heavenly-minded, that he was alarmed at the detection of his own benevolence, and blushed when he was rewarded by the approbation of his fellow-men. He shrunk from the spectacle of his own glory, satisfied that the presence of the Deity was not to be found in the whirlwind of popular applause but in the still, small voice of his own conscience, and in the light of that inward grace, which, descending from heaven, would diffuse itself in love."

There are still to be found many imitators of this good man; his spirit has not yet entirely departed. Among those who are apparently obscure, who shun the glare of notoriety, and who do good by stealth, high-minded and generous impulses are awake, which go far to soothe the sorrows, the hardships, and mishaps of the rugged lives of the unfortunate. Happy are they who are so privileged by their heavenly Master to be his ministers and almoners through the many trials and troubles that hedge round our mortal life, for no bliss can be equal to the bliss of doing good.

We have spoken of "brother helpers" in a historical and social point of view, we will now speak of one who is a "brother helper" in the field. We all know the character of the British farmer, and how honest, straightforward, industrious, loyal, and hospitable he is. We all know, too, his stubbornness, and how difficult it is to move him from his old habits and opinions—like a staunch old oak that has taken root in a hard and flinty soil, he clings to his prejudices with a tenacity which requires the strength of a giant to overcome. It is impossible to drive him, and difficult to lead him; but once touch the sympathetic nerve of his fine English and manly character, and he will hear you and respond to your bidding. How great then must be the value of the man who can do this effectively! Such a man is the agriculturist, Mr. Mechi. With a noble determination to benefit his fellow men, from year to year has this gentleman laboured, and, like all other good men, he has met with opposition, reproach, sneers, and vituperations, has had his motives impugned, and his statements denied. But, working on in a steady faith, and with a brave heart, he has succeeded in giving such an impetus to agriculture in all its departments, as to confer an everlasting blessing on his country. In a few years we shall have the satisfaction of beholding the annual crops of the country doubled. Science in all its forms will be brought to bear upon the soil, and capital will find a profitable investment in its culture. Landlords will reap their reward in the increased value of their estates, and the farmer will be in proportion benefited by the larger

yield of his crops. Why we speak thus of Mr. Mechi is because in all his experiments he has cheerfully sustained present loss in the full faith of future gain, if not to himself, to the cultivators of the soil throughout the length and breadth of the land. He, like a bold and skilful navigator, has founded the rocks and shoals, and opened the channels, wide bays, and noble havens of the agricultural sea. Nor is this all—with a heart glowing with charity, he has founded a noble asylum for the “British farmer,” where he may repose in comfort should Fortune frown upon him in the evening of his days. The civil gatherings at Tiptree Hall will be for many a day remembered, and many a young farmer will call to mind the lessons he has learned there, with a gratitude increasing as the scientific principles which were there propounded shall develop themselves; and the country at large will, in after times, be ready to recognise the value of those experiments which gave a new impulse to agriculture, and laid the foundation of sounder theories, more comprehensive views, and a more successful practice.

When we take a survey of this great metropolis, so vast, so multiform, and so heterogeneous, and contemplate the great tide of human life, full of restless activity, sweeping through its thoroughfares, we are overpowered by the stirring sublimity of the moving spectacle, and we feel that we are indeed in the empire city of the world. We look around us, and if we are impressed by the energies of the commercial community, by our warehouses, our docks,

our shipping, our tunnels, and railways, we are not less so by the mansions of our wealthy merchant-princes, and the palaces of our aristocracy; and whether we bustle along "the City," or faunter along the "West End," we receive on all sides proofs of the wealth, the greatness, and the surpassing luxury of our country and of the age in which we live. We go a step further, for from the height of luxury to the depth of poverty is but a step, and we behold, side by side with grandeur, human nature in its lowest depths of wretchedness and degradation. We behold physical and moral disease running the race of death like twin brothers. Scarcely a stone's cast from the palace of royalty itself, are cesspools of festering disease, and hot-beds of loathsome depravity; the children of want and misery lie haggard under the marble portico of pride—and this, too, in a Christian land. Well then is it for the sons and daughters of toil that a brother helper comes forth like Mr. Peabody, with sympathy for those who suffer, and who reflects the glory of his Lord and Saviour by doing good to his fellow men. His is no dead man's legacy, but a living man's gift, and one of the noblest that could be made towards wiping away from our national escutcheon the huge anomaly and discrepancy with which it is charged.

Mr. Peabody is an American by birth, who has acquired a princely fortune by the exercise of great energy and talent, combined with the most active industry, and his career has been one of mercantile honour and integrity.

In making an offer of his most beneficent donation of

one hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the poor of London, Mr. Peabody modestly, but emphatically, lays to the gentlemen to whom he has entrusted his plan—

“A kind Providence has continued me in prosperity, and consequently, in furtherance of my resolution, I, in the year 1852, founded an institute and a library for the benefit of the people of the place of my birth, in the town of Danvers, in the State of Massachusetts, the result of which has proved in every respect most beneficial to the locality and gratifying to myself.

“After an absence of twenty years, I visited my native land in 1857, and founded, in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland (where more than twenty years of my business life had been passed), an institute upon a much more extended scale, devoted to science and the arts, with a free library, coinciding with the character of the institution. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, and the building is now completed, but its dedication has been postponed in consequence of the unhappy sectional differences at present prevailing in the United States.

“It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a ‘stranger’ or in a ‘strange land,’ for in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, encouraged by early associations, and stimulated by my

views as well of duty as of inclination, to follow the path which I had hitherto marked out for my guidance, I have been prompted for several years past repeatedly to state to some of my confidential friends my intention at no distant period, if my life was spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London.

“ My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of £150,000, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. George Peabody & Co., as you will see by the accompanying correspondence.

“ In committing to you, in full confidence in your judgment, the administration of this fund, I cannot but feel grateful to you for the onerous duties you have so cheerfully undertaken to perform, and I sincerely hope and trust that the benevolent feelings that have prompted a devotion of so much of your valuable time will be appreciated, not only by the present but future generations of the people of London.

“ I have few instructions to give, or conditions to impose, but there are some fundamental principles from which it is my solemn injunction that those entrusted with its application shall never, under any circumstances, depart.

“ First and foremost among them is the limitation of its uses absolutely and exclusively to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and

augment the comforts of the poor who, either by birth or eſtabliſhed reſidence, form a recognised portion of the population of London.

“Secondly. It is my intention that now, and for all time, there ſhall be a rigid excluſion from the management of this fund of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either ſectarian as regards religion, or excluſive in relation to local or party politics.

“Thirdly. In conformity with the foregoing conditions, it is my wiſh and intention that the ſole qualifications for a participation in the benefits of this fund ſhall be an aſcertained and continued condition of life, ſuch as brings the individual within the deſcription (in the ordinary ſenſe of the word) ‘the poor’ of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of ſociety. It muſt, therefore, be held to be a violation of my intentions if any duly qualified and deſerving claimant were to be excluded either on the grounds of religious belief or of political bias.

“Without in the remotest degree deſiring to limit your diſcretion in the ſelection of the moſt ſuitable means of giving effect to theſe objects, I may be permitted to throw out for your conſideration, amongſt the other projects which will neceſſarily occupy your attention, whether it may not be found conducive to the conditions ſpecified above for their ultimate realization, and leaſt likely to prevent difficulties on the grounds I have pointed out for avoidance, to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the conſtruction of ſuch improved

dwelling for the poor as may combine in the utmost possible degree the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy.

“Preparatory to due provision being made for the formal declaration of the trust, and for its future management and appropriation, the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be at once transferred into your names and placed at your disposal; for which purpose I reserve to myself full power and authority. But, as a portion of the money may probably not be required for some time to come, to meet the legitimate purposes contemplated, I would suggest that as early as possible after the organization of the trust, one hundred thousand pounds (£100,000) should be invested for the time being in your names in Consols or East India stock, thus adding to the capital by means of the accruing interests, and the stock so purchased can be gradually sold out as the money is wanted for the objects designated. Meantime, pending the preparation of a formal trust-deed, you shall be under no responsibility whatever in respect of the fund, or its investment or disposition.

“With these preliminary stipulations I commit the fund to your management, and to that of such other persons as by a majority you may elect, giving you the power either to add to your number (which I think should not at any time exceed nine), or to supply casual vacancies occurring in your body. It is my further desire that the United States Minister in London for the time being should always, in virtue of the office, be a

member of the trust, unless in the event of his signifying his inability to act in discharge of the duties.

“ I have the honour to be, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

“ (Signed) GEORGE PEABODY.

“ To his Excellency Charles Francis Adams,

United States Minister in London,

The Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P.,

Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S.,

LL.D., &c., London.

Curtis M. Lampson, Esq., London; and

Junius S. Morgan, Esq., London.”

REPLY.

“ London, March 15, 1862.

“ Sir,—We have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., apprising us of your munificent appropriation of the sum of £150,000 towards ameliorating the condition of the poor of London, and intimating your wish that we should act in the capacity of trustees for the application of this fund, on principles which you have indicated for our guidance.

“ Whether we consider the purity of the motives, the magnitude of the gift, or the discrimination displayed in selecting the purposes to which it is to be applied, we cannot but feel that it is for the nation to appreciate rather than a few individuals to express their gratitude for an act of beneficence which has few parallels, if any, in modern times.

“ For ourselves, we are deeply conscious of the honour

implied by the confidence you have reposed in us, as the administrators and guardians of your bounty, and it only remains for us to assure you of the satisfaction with which we shall accept this trust, and the zeal with which we shall address ourselves to the discharge of its duties, so soon as its precise nature is sufficiently defined, and the arrangements for its administration sufficiently organized.

“ Ever faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

STANLEY.

J. EMERSON TENNENT.

C. M. LAMPSON.

J. S. MORGAN.

“ To George Peabody, Esq., London.”

The late Duke of Kent, in his brief days of activity, stood forth as a “ Brother-helper.” He was foremost in his devotion to the cause of humanity, and identified himself with every plan of his day for the amelioration of the human race, whether connected with education, bible and missionary societies, prison discipline, the abolition of slavery, the humanization of the penal code, the elevation of the great mass of the people from their degraded condition, and the improvement of the laws relating to the rights of labour and the emancipation of the working classes from political servitude and the slavery of sin. It seems as if Providence had ordained that royalty itself should be incorporated with Christian principles, heroism, and devotion; and the accession of our beloved QUEEN to

the throne of these realms has marvellously realized the supposition; for in the QUEEN we see the personification of every virtue, civil and domestic, and a monarch such as this or any other country on the face of the earth has never produced throughout the history of its annals, ancient or modern, which entitles her to the highest earthly appellation, namely, that of the *mother of her people*. How fully, too, was she sustained by the noble humanity, the devout, Christian sympathy, and the untiring faithfulness of the deceased Prince, who, although cut off by the wise dispensations of an inscrutable decree, gave evidence, not more in his public acts than in his private life, of a spirit stirring within him pregnant with the most elevated sentiments that could influence the human character. In him those who knew him best saw a soul burning with the warmest love for his fellow men, and more especially towards those whom fortune has placed at the bottom of life's ladder of trial, and vicissitude, and sorrow. Numerous instances are known to the author of these pages, and some even personal as regards himself, of the Prince's readiness to lend his aid in the furtherance of every project for the social and domestic comfort of the working classes, with the object of rendering their condition endurable. The loss the country has sustained by his death is incalculable, although his gain is of that eternal inheritance which passeth not away. On his heart, as in his face, was written, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men," and he descends to posterity with a title, "Albert the

Good," which will survive when monoliths or memorials, gorgeous temples or solemn edifices to perpetuate his goodness, shall have crumbled into dust.

Among the bright galaxy of sterling "Brother helpers" of our own day, none stand more brilliantly conspicuous than Lords Palmerston, Russell, and Shaftesbury—the first two as noble brother helpers of mankind at large, who have, by a straightforward course of English wholeheartedness, broken the fetters of groaning nationality in many lands, and have been the fearless vindicators of right over might in every part of the globe, while the other has brought truth and righteousness to every domestic hearth. To them humanity owes a debt of gratitude which it can never repay, and of them this country will be ever proud. And thus it is that, through all the phases and in every station of life, noble friendships and brotherly love break in upon us, and that opportunities of doing good present themselves, not more however to the most elevated than to the humblest of the community.

CHARITY UNIVERSAL.

There is not an hour in the day, nor a place ever so obscure, in which those who "will it" may not do some great or some little good, but we should never forget that *Charity* begins at home after all. There it is born and nurtured. It gets its education by the fire-side. One of its first lessons is to rock the cradle of infancy, lisping or singing a hymn to lull a babe to sleep; another, al-

most as early, to minister silently to the bed of sickness; and thus gradually expanding to its perfect growth, it becomes the religion of the hearth, the guardian genius of domestic life, the spirit that imbues and embalms all our best human affections. Thus trained for wider action, it soon delights to walk through the neighbourhood. It makes, as yet, no long excursions, but keeps within the vicinage of its beloved birth-place; nor is it ever at a loss to find objects having a natural claim on its tenderest solicitude. Charity should thus begin at home, but it ought not to end there, and should, from the focus of the household hearth, extend to the furthest extremities of the poles, if need be. The earth still lieth in darkness, the people thereof groan under oppression; spiritual wickedness exists in high places, and human misery is universal. To enlighten the earth with heavenly wisdom, to give liberty to the captives, to open the eyes of the blind, to bind up the broken heart, to relieve human misery, and to give consolation to all that are afflicted "in mind, body, or estate," is the duty of a Christian man. The voice of God, from the secret depths of the human soul in every thrill of sympathy, calls us to the work of active benevolence. The adorable Creator, in his works, and our blessed Saviour, by his example, exhibit to us an infinity of love with which we may clothe ourselves as with a garment. Creation is a work of love; our preservation is a work of love; redemption is a work of love. Let our daily duty be in accordance with this divine order of things,

and be a work of love also, for “God is Love,” and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God; and this commandment have we from Him, that “He who loveth God love his brother also;” and in the full perfection of that love, these pages are commended to all the faithful disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, the author and finisher of our faith, our glorious trust, and hope, and life for evermore.

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